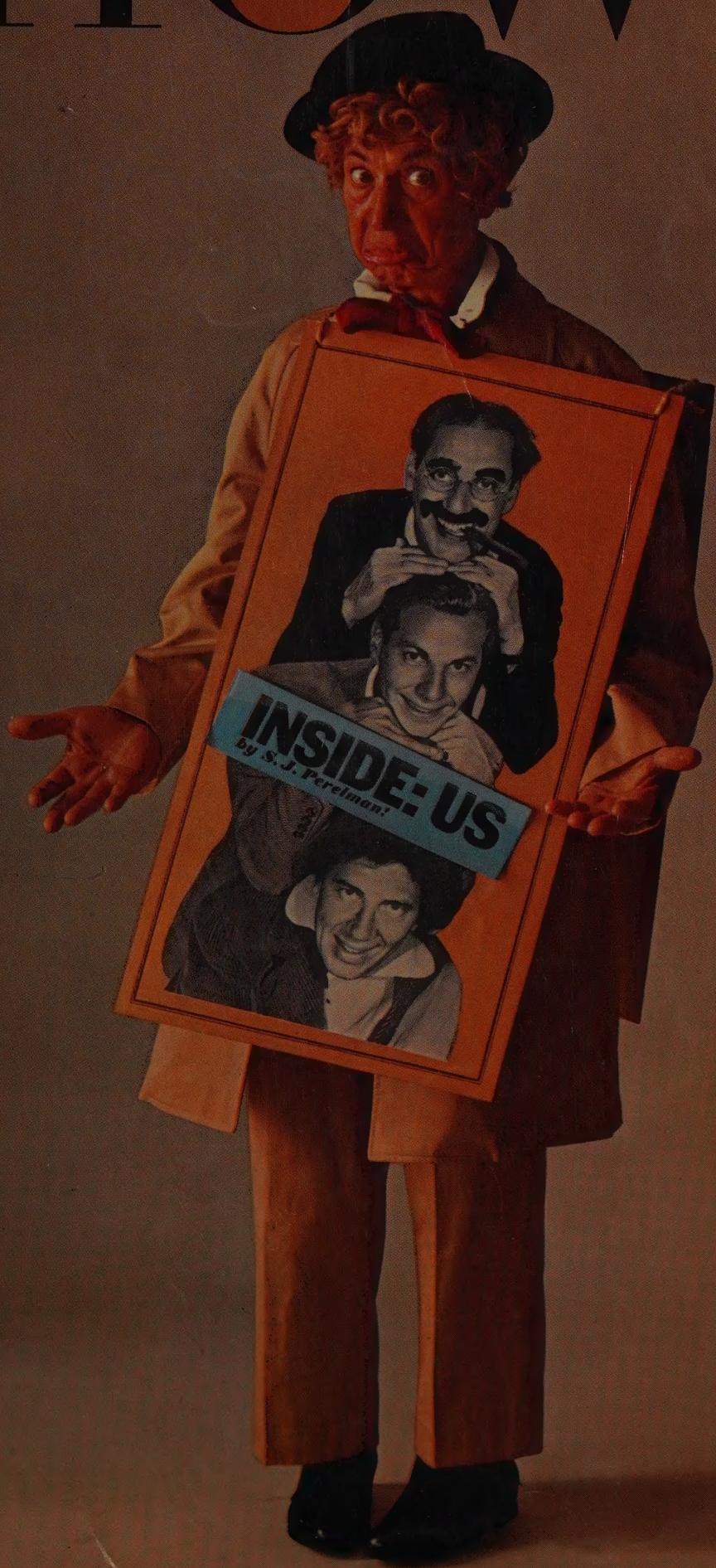


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4 Sideshow: Offbeat byways of the arts

9 Previews: The best of the month

34 The Winsome Foursome by S. J. Perelman

39 The Soft Mythology of Jazz by Nat Hentoff

48 Mr. B. and His Ballerinas by Robert Kotlowitz

51 Richard Boone: Television's Angry Gun by Richard Schickel

54 Tammy Grimes: I Dreamed I Was a Movie Star Photographed by Saul Leiter

60 Orson Welles: Genius Without Portfolio (Part II) by Kenneth Tynan

66 Opera for People Who Hate Opera by Herbert Kupferberg

68 Double Exposure Photographed by Jeanloup Sieff

70 Paul Scofield: England's Great Young Virtuoso Actor by Herbert Whittaker

72 One Last Whistle by Edgar G. Shelton, Jr.

76 The Classic Props Photographed by Ben Somoroff

78 Who Really Sells Tickets by Alan Levy

82 Yves Montand: That Old Ooh-La-La

84 What to Say When the Mind Fails by William North Jayme

86 A Portfolio of London's West End
The Plays by Richard Watts, Jr.
The Place by Richard Whedon
Photographed by Marvin Koner

94 Calendar

95 Criticism and Comment
Movies: Arthur Schlesinger, Jr.
Theater: Harold Clurman
Television: Warren Miller
Music: Vincent Sheean
Records: Douglas Watt

102 Dateline—Laos: Peripatetic Propagandists by James Jerrold

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SIDESHOW

Lobbyist

One of the predictable constants of the Broadway opening-night lobby scene—along with the gregarious Hope Hamptons, the inevitable Earl Wilsons, the unobtrusive critics, the uninitiated angels, the alert pack of toothy autograph hounds, and the eternal well-minked lady who proclaims in seasoned critical tones, "I don't know what they're raving!"—is the hulking person of Joseph James ("Happy") Maloney. This bit of intelligence will come as no surprise to those who, for one reason or another, have had to wade through the forbidding fens of first nights, for Happy Maloney, formerly of the New York Police Department's Pickpocket Squad, has been a standard fixture at most openings for close to thirty years.

While on the Force, Happy considered Broadway as part of his regular beat, but since his retirement in 1955 he has found he just can't stay away. During the holy months of the tribal first-night rites, he makes the long trip from St. Albans, Queens, to Broadway and stations himself imposingly in the particular evening's sacred lobby, where he presides much in the manner of a traffic cop.

Armed with these basic facts, I arranged to meet Happy in his native habitat—in this case the lobby of the Forty-sixth Street Theater at a recent opening. There was no missing Happy in the crowd. He stands well over six feet, wears a permanent smile, and continuously bellows at the first-nighters: "Step inside, please! You're blocking the entrance. We gotta observe the fire regulations. Move along, please!"

I introduced myself to Happy and asked if I could hang around for a while and see him in action. "Sure, sure," he said, out of the corner of his mouth. "I usually don't give out interviews, though. . . . Step inside, please! . . . See that guy over there? Television critic. . . . How ya doing? . . . He's a big critic. . . . Move along, please!" The critic winked broadly at Happy, and the detective waved back at him. I gingerly asked Happy how he manages to catch pickpockets when he hardly makes himself inconspicuous. "It's like this," he told me.

"When I'm here, pickpockets just naturally keep away. They know me, see what I mean? . . . Move along there! . . . They know my reputation. They're afraid of me, so they stay away. Once in a while I catch one, though. I see a known jostler and I hustle him out quietly and book him, just like that. . . . Hi, Mr. Solotaire. . . . That's George Solotaire, a big man. These people that come to first nights, they're a better class of people. They're done up well, so they stand around in the lobby and like to be seen, you know? . . . Hi, Mr. Coleman. . . . Bob Coleman. Great guy. . . . Step inside, please! . . . Like I was saying, they all want to be seen, so they just stand around and congregate. They'll never get inside if I don't give them a hand. Sometimes they forget their tickets and I have to help them out. Things like that. . . . Move along in, please! . . . There's Horace McMahon and Bert Wheeler. . . . Hi, Bert! . . . These people are like a lot of kids let loose in a birthday party. . . . Move along there, please! . . . You gotta watch over them, otherwise they'll just stand around being seen, get me? There's Chapman of the News. . . . How's it going, Mr. Chapman?"

A nervous woman appeared at Happy's elbow and inquired if he'd seen a Mr. Brandt come in. Happy said he hadn't. The woman departed, looking frantic. "That Mr. Brandt she was talking about, he's the head of a big theater chain," Happy offered in an aside. "Very big man. . . . Keep moving inside, please! . . . You see, you and me are little fries, you know? We ain't got nothing. These people, they're big, got a lot of money. This stuff means a lot to them, you understand? They gotta show it off. And I gotta take care of them, like children. . . . You're blocking the aisle. Step inside, please! . . . There's Mrs. Skouras getting out of that Cadillac. . . . Right this way, Mrs. Skouras."

Several unfamous faces, having the look of those who desperately want to be recognized by a headwaiter or a doorman, passed in review before Happy and tentatively called out, "Hi, Happy." Happy barely raised an eyebrow. "Like I say," he went on in another aside, "they all want to be seen."

Except for a few anonymous stragglers, whom Happy impatiently waved toward the ticket taker, anybody who was anybody was inside the theater. The over-

ture was over, and the first scene had begun. There was some non-committal laughter coming from within. Happy straightened his bow tie and hunched his large shoulders. "Well, it was a nice opening," he said. "Lots of people. That's the way I like it. I guess I'll drop over to the Rivoli now. There's a new Danny Kaye movie opening there."

BURTON BERNSTEIN

A Director to Trust

"You've got to have somebody on the other side of the camera," Gregory Peck said recently, "to tell you if you're hamming or faking. There are only three or four directors in this business I can trust to tell me that."

He named William Wyler, George Cukor, Alfred Hitchcock, and a man who is about to become better known than he presently is—J. Lee Thompson. Thompson has made the blockbuster "Guns of Navarone" and the unreleased "Cape Fear," another thriller, with Peck. "He treats you with concern and sensitivity, and naturally you flower under that kind of treatment," Peck said. "Besides, there's an awareness with Thompson, right from the beginning, of the story line and where it's going. The people who last in this business are the people who serve up the story line in good style."

Both Peck and Thompson like their stories brisk and terse. They want one thing to lead directly to another, and not to linger over mood or detail. "Everybody who makes a Thompson picture wants to make another with him right away," said Peck.

He could well have added that everyone who sees a picture by Thompson wants to see another right away. For Thompson is a man with a unique talent for suspense, one of the few men in the business who can make a two-and-a-half-hour, cast-of-thousands, super-duper-scope picture whisk by lickety-split, the way all movies seemed to when we were young and movies meant action, not talk.

"My technique is simple," said Thompson, who started as a writer of mystery thrillers for

the British stage and progressed through tight, little pictures to his present specialty of tight, big pictures. "I take scenes from all angles, so that when I get to the editing stage I've got enough variations to drop anything that seems dull. I always have these variations, so I can keep the essence of the scene and still keep it moving."

"I see the whole picture in terms of its final editing. Anybody can direct or act a single scene. But the one thing a director must be able to do is see the whole from beginning to end."

"He's trained his camera to keep the screen alive," said Peck. "He's unable to have a static moment—what Hitchcock calls 'egg on the screen.'"

"I shoot everything that's necessary," said Thompson. "It's very simple, until you see a lot of long faces on the set and everybody's talking about being over budget and behind schedule. It costs money, of course, but when they get in the theater and the film is tight, all is forgiven."

Thus does Hollywood return to first principles. David Wark Griffith often didn't have a script before him when he began to shoot. He had a story line and a vision in his mind of the picture he wanted to make—a restless, constantly moving thing. And he did his own cutting. The criteria for measuring a director changed when Hollywood became a production line turning out a given quantity of canned goods per month. It was then that it started giving one man's pictures to other men to cut. And it was then that it decided that the mark of genius was the ability to bring a picture in on time, on budget.

Movies remain a collaborative art, and, as Thompson said, "fundamentally, you come down to the script; you can't do a good job if you have to fight a bad script all the way." But, like a lot of good directors, he finds he's getting his head more and more often these days. Once again, a single all-encompassing vision is present on the set when a picture begins to roll.

Thompson brings that vision alive by attention to detail. "A big mob," he said, "must be controlled as carefully as two stars playing alone. You can't turn the crowd scenes over to a second-unit man and have a good picture." Careful of feelings, he always clears the set or, preferably, works with his actors privately before a difficult scene. "Sometimes," said Peck, "you have to make a fool of yourself when you're trying things out. And it's a lot easier to do when the set is dark and there aren't fifty people standing around watching you."

The result of all this for Thompson is an enviable string of pictures, including "Woman in a Dressing Gown," a low-budget psychological drama; "Tiger

Bay," the little English thriller that introduced Hayley Mills to the world; "Flame Over India," a much underrated spectacle; "Ice Cold in Alex," which took prizes all over Europe but which was slashed unmercifully before it was released here; and "Navarone."

Some of the films were artistic successes, some were commercial

successes, some were neither. But all of them had one element in common—suspense.

"People are always asking me when I'm going to do a nice little family picture," Thompson said, "but I think suspense is a tremendous challenge in itself. It's all a matter of limits. You can stretch it too far and dissipate its effectiveness. I wonder some-

times why frightening people is entertaining. I wonder if there's something wrong with this."

"But the thought that you're giving the public something they can't get elsewhere is satisfying. I like to see an audience happy. If I see an audience coming out of a theater depressed, I feel as if I've stolen their money."

R. S.

The New York Times described Islands in the Sun Club as "a service for non-conformist travelers and the armchair tourist." Members describe it as "kookie," "out of this world," and "the only club anywhere with a sense of humor." Each month we issue an exclusive 32-page report on an exotic, get-away-from-it-all island. Because our special reporters call them as they see them, you will find the reports honest, chatty, personal, illustrated, up-to-date, complete: How to get there, who and what you will find there, what to buy there (from baubles to land), where to dance and lounge there, etc., etc., etc. Among the islands covered to date: Cozumel, Tahiti-Moorea, Puerto Vallarta, Ibiza, Anguilla, Ischia. We are confident you too will agree that there's nothing quite like Islands in the Sun Club. Welcome aboard!

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Take the A Train

A few months ago, a young Negro comedian named Dick Gregory stood in front of a white audience in Manhattan's Blue Angel nightclub and told jokes

about Alabama, Georgia, and Little Rock. Mr. Gregory wore a narrow-shouldered suit that had notched lapels; he had the buttoned-down look of an undergraduate or a space salesman. His line, "I wouldn't want my sister to marry Governor Faubus," brought a big laugh. But there was also a sense of shock, for there were apparently few in the

Blue Angel that night who had ever seen a Negro comedian work before, and the customers were obviously surprised to hear jokes about racial problems.

Not long afterward, a lean, young Negro comedian named Dapper Sugar Willie made his debut at the Apollo Theater, in the heart of Harlem, and also told jokes about Alabama, Georgia, and Little Rock. He wore a white, wide-shouldered, peaked-lapelled suit and an outrageous, oversized straw hat. He walked with an exaggerated shuffle and affected a thick Southern drawl that made him difficult to understand. He was playing, of course, a caricature of the stereotype Negro, and when he said, "I wouldn't want my sister to marry Governor Faubus," the members of the Negro audience nudged each other and roared.

Dapper Sugar Willie may have been new to the Apollo audience, but the joke was familiar. Comedians like Nipsey Russell, Slappy White, and Redd Foxx have been working along topical lines there for years, and the audiences have uninhibitedly accepted jokes about color and segregation. They were laughing at Little Rock and discrimination long before Mr. Gregory opened the door to "Negro humor" in white clubs.

According to Bobby Schiffman, a white man in his early thirties who operates the theater with his father, Frank Schiffman, the Negro audience at the Apollo is "the hippest and most conscious of what's going on musically, socially, and politically."

Nevertheless, accusations have come from some white liberal quarters that there is a quality of "Uncle Tomism" about the theater. Bobby Schiffman admits that "the Apollo is a Negro theater in a Negro neighborhood and we have to play it that way." The barbs are aimed primarily at the comedians, and it is true that allusions to the law, playing the numbers, smoking reefers, and sex get big laughs. Even something as pertinent as segregation is received best when it is sprinkled with blue notes.

The audience's musical appreciation is more firmly based. Blues, jazz, gospel, and rock and roll make up the hard core of the theater's program. There is an occasional breakthrough with an offbeat show. One of the most successful, and one that has been booked several times, is "The Jewel Box Revue." It's a transvestite show, a "drag" show, that has done well in white clubs, too. (It's heralded on the theater's billboards as 25 MEN AND 1 GIRL

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This is a far cry from the late thirties and early forties, when whites and Negroes alike went to the Apollo to see the best in Negro entertainment. Those were

the days when the top performers made regular stops at the theater and it was fashionable to "go to Harlem in ermines and pearls," as Larry Hart wrote in "The Lady Is a Tramp," or to "Take the A Train," as Duke Ellington titled his salute to the subway that brought you uptown.

The "ofays," a pig Latin term for whites derived from the word

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oe," seldom take the A train to Harlem these days, and neither do many of the big Negro acts. Some of the stars come back occasionally," Bobby Schiffman said, "but it's always a financial sacrifice. We can't match the salaries offered by the downtown clubs. Performers like Sammy Davis, Jr., Pearl Bailey, and Martha Kitt try to play here at least once a year because it's home," but it's getting more and more difficult to get a Nat King Cole or a Harry Belafonte."

Even though the Apollo has lost many of its "name" entertainers to the downtown spots, it's still not at a loss for talent. Through its amateur night, a regular Wednesday feature, the Schiffmans are constantly in touch with new performers. There is a four-month waiting list for neophytes who want to get onstage, and anyone can gamble on getting the hook, the gong, or the applause. All a young performer has to do is fill out a card and wait for a call. From the Apollo's amateur night have come such performers as Ella Fitzgerald, Sarah Vaughan, Billy Eckstine, Ruth Brown, Roy Hamilton, and Clyde McPhatter.

With the Negroes beginning to move from the Harlem "ghetto" to other parts of New York or to the suburbs, it is questionable how long the Apollo will remain a "Negro theater in a Negro neighborhood." The theater, however, is used to change.

Situated on West 125th Street between Seventh and Eighth Avenues, the 1,683-seater was a popular burlesque house until 1934. Early that year, the city administration's nose turned blue, and burlesque became a part of New York's past. Frank Schiffman, who had been operating the Harlem Opera House (now a bowling alley) a block away, moved over and began the Negro vaudeville policy.

Soon after, *Variety* reviewed the Apollo. "It's not burlesque," the paper said, "and it's clean." The show featured a band, three dancing acts, two comedians, a straight man, and a "talking woman" (an old show-business term for a female stooge).

That same week, *Variety* listed twenty-one other theaters in New York City that were featuring vaudeville. Today only two remain, the Apollo and Radio City Music Hall. Some of the casualties are now movie houses, some hotels, and some parking lots.

Over the years, the Apollo, too, has fallen prey to the movies. As an adjunct to its vaudeville policy, the theater books a feature film. The films have titles like "Last of the Wild Stallions," "Macumba Love," "Land of the Unknowns," and "Riot in Juvenile Prison," and few people in the audience seem to care whether they're shown or not.

On the night Dapper Sugar Willie was on the bill, a movie called "Spy in the Sky" was on the

screen. The audience talked right through it. When the sounds of musicians tuning up were heard behind the still-lowered screen, a flurry of excitement passed through the house. The audience became restless. But first they had to sit through a newsreel.

When the five-minute newsreel ended, a sudden blaring fanfare introduced the announcement for

the following week's stage show. Every act scheduled to appear was listed on the screen, accompanied by hyperbolic selling copy. The screen was then raised, and an unidentified offstage voice repeated the names on the next bill.

Just as the announcement finished, the orchestra began to play a rhythm tune. The curtains parted. Immediately, the audience

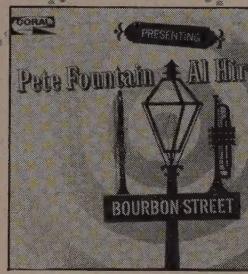
was with it. Hand clapping from every part of the house accompanied the beat, along with shouts of approval—mostly "Yes! Yes!" A little foot stomping followed. Over the sounds of exuberance, the candy butchers moved down the aisles, hawking ice cream and soft drinks. Another Apollo show had begun.

MICHAEL GROSS

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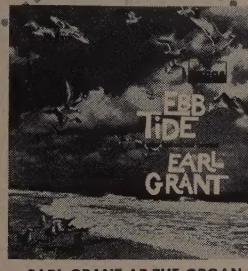
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PREVIEWS PREVIEWS PREVIEWS PREVIEWS PREVIEWS PREVIEWS PREVIEWS PREVIEWS PREVIEWS PREVIEWS

PREVIEWS

Each month in this section SHOW previews those films, plays, and television programs which it believes will be of interest to its readers. The idea is to provide advance knowledge of interesting new productions and to provide background information which will enhance the reader's enjoyment of them. Inclusion in the preview section means that, in the opinion of the editors, the movie or play or program is worth seeing. No attempt, however, has been made to warn readers away from the meretricious, except by declining to list such efforts here. Some productions are included in this section, not because they are perfect but because a portion of the work—a particular performance, an engaging bit of stagecraft, the importance of the subject matter treated—is worthy of attention even though the total conception may be flawed.

A word of caution about the listing of television program times and the dates when touring and community theater and music attractions may play in your area. Last-minute scheduling changes can occur, so it is well to check a reliable local source before making final plans for viewing or attending.

TELEVISION

by John S. Erwin

ERNIE KOVACS SPECIAL

ABC

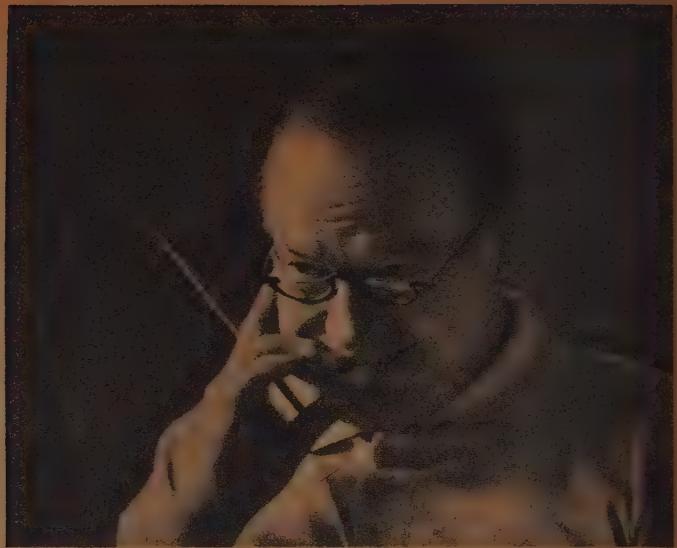
SATURDAY, OCT. 28, 8:30-9 P.M. EST.



Ernie Kovacs is a comedian who has created a style especially for television. It is essentially visual rather than verbal, and owes a great deal to the unabashed delight in movement once expressed by the great comedians of the silent screen. Like them, Kovacs is constantly at war against the tyranny of the gadget, the oppression of the machine. His best work is satirical, nearly always masking intelligent commentary on the way we live with a frenetic surface zaniness.

In this, the third of seven all too brief specials, he has outdone himself. In a schizophrenic set of sketches, Kovacs becomes, with lightning speed, Count Dracula, an overwrought psychiatrist with an underwrought patient, and a bedeviled surgeon. There are also a dream sequence, some business involving an invisible girl, and a very visible school for skin divers.

Kovacs, proving he can master the complexities of life among the machines when he sets his mind to it, takes special delight in creating abstract visualizations to accompanying music. He compiles these montages (live, on tape, not in the quiet of a cutting room) from separate shots made at a rate of one per second. In this special, the musical works given the Kovacs treatment include "Oriental Blues," "Mack the Knife," and "Panic in the Bird Cage." An attractive addition, Frances McHale, joins the Kovacs stock company, which includes the Old Master himself, Jolene Brand, Bobby Lauher, Joe Mikolas, and Maggi Brown. Their combined efforts have produced a fast and funny half-hour.



HOPE

THE WORLD OF BOB HOPE

NBC

SUNDAY, OCT. 29, 7:30-8:30 P.M. EST

In the first of these explorations into the dangerous but rewarding area of living biography, producer Eugene S. Jones and his film crew move in on Bob Hope. The show opens with Hope aboard a plane bound for Guantánamo Bay, Cuba, to entertain American troops on Christmas Eve. Hope's early history, from his birth in Eltham, England, to his boyhood in Cleveland, his career as a prize-fighter, vaudevillian, Broadway performer, and movie star will be covered. Contemporary Hope is seen at seven in the morning in his hotel room; visiting a children's hospital in St. Louis; dressing for a television show; in his home; and in his "vault," a building on the Hope premises, full of Hope memorabilia. The camera's-eye view of the subject will be augmented by comments from people closely associated with him. "Their opinions," says Jones, "both personal and professional, give the profile variety and depth. While we're 'intimate,' we're not doing the tabloid type of sketch. In the Hope show, we illustrate how his humor and satire have effectively mirrored our times."

On November 29, "The World of Billy Graham" will cover the noted evangelist as he held his largest crusade in Manchester, England. "With Graham, we probe the question: Is there a religious renaissance?" producer Jones says. "Graham fights sin wherever he goes. As part of our approach to Billy Graham, we have looked directly at man's sin. For instance, interspersed with shots of Graham's Manchester meeting will be glimpses of English brothels. We feel this is a daring and different approach to what some might consider a restrictive, religious theme."

In "Billy Graham," Jones will use footage taken on other Graham crusades, particularly the Africa-to-Holy Land trek, eighteen thousand roundabout miles from Liberia to Mount Zion; and he will focus on the Billy Graham Evangelist Association in Minneapolis, which sponsors Graham's "Hour of Decision," his radio program which reaches more than twenty million people each Sunday on four networks and on overseas stations.

The series as a whole has interesting possibilities, and the range of personalities to be treated is wide. The present listing tentatively includes FBI Chief J. Edgar Hoover, Casey Stengel, and Loretta Young.



GRAHAM

**THE ZIEGFELD TOUCH
(DU PONT SHOW OF THE WEEK)**

NBC
SUNDAY, OCT. 29, 10-11 P.M. EST

"The Ziegfeld Touch" might well have been called "The Ziegfeld Enigma," for the "touch" has never been successfully explained—or even isolated—in the numerous biographies, films, and sketches of Ziegfeld; he remains the small, dapper, unattractive man who presented to the public a multitude of discoveries—names that continue to reverberate in memory, and names that shone briefly and then vanished. NBC hasn't clarified the mystery of the man; producer William Nichols says, "The show will not tell you much about Ziegfeld himself, but we will deal with his theater, his music, his stars, and his time. Every great showman knows his own time. Ziegfeld knew his. He was the prototype of the spendthrift, money-mad era in which he lived. The 'Follies' were typical of that era." When Ziegfeld vanished from the scene, the "touch" vanished, too; the posthumous attempts by the Shuberts to revive the lavish "Follies" ended just this side of catastrophe, and added little to theater history and no luster to the Ziegfeld name—proving, doubtless, that the famous touch was a personal and indefinable magic.

Now NBC has made a fascinating study of the "Follies" and of Ziegfeld's era. Producer Nichols and director James Elson have picked great moments from the Great Ziegfeld's productions, with the counsel of many who knew the glorifier of the American girl.

Anna Held is introduced in one early film clip. In another, Fannie Brice does a spoof on an opera diva. And there is Bert Williams in his famous "Poker Game" sketch; W. C. Fields in "The Golf Lesson"; Helen Morgan, in a rare film, singing "Bill" at a private party; Adele and Fred Astaire arriving with Marilyn Miller for a rehearsal.

Together, these elements represent a commendable attempt to present a portrait of a man through his own creations. It is put together with humor and a shrewd sense of theatrical history. Joan Crawford is the narrator.



BARBARA COOK AS ANNA HELD



CRAWFORD



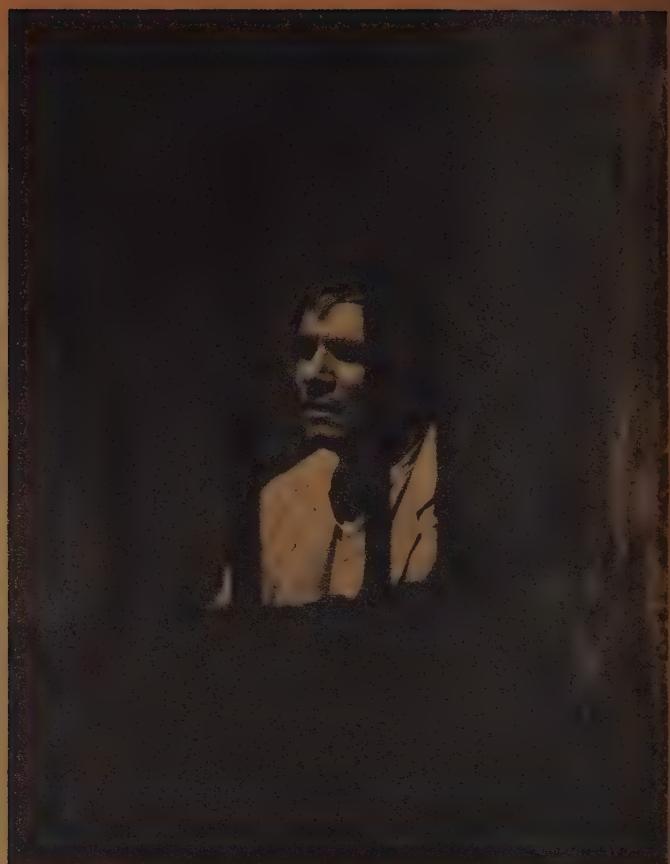
MARILYN LOVELL

THE POWER AND THE GLORY

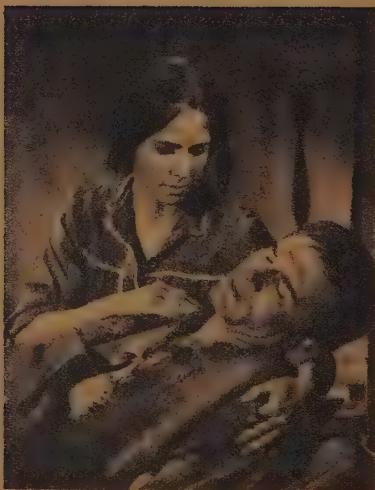
CBS

SPECIAL:

SUNDAY, OCT. 29, 9-11 P.M. EST



OLIVIER



HARRIS

OLIVIER

Graham Greene's novel "The Power and The Glory" was an immediate success with literary minds both here and in England; it soon filled the movie palaces and then, briefly, the theater. Now it comes to us as one of the most expensive of television ventures, two hours, \$780,000, and thirteen stars' worth. The production is designed not merely as a one-shot TV presentation but for the overseas movie market as well.

Graham Greene's basic theme—that God's grace is manifested in the most unlikely men and places—is here illuminated in its purest form. The story is laid in Mexico in the 1930's, at a time when the Church was being battered by a wave of persecution. As Greene fans will recall, the protagonist of the piece is a dissolute priest who escapes to a remote and more tolerant section of the country where the peasants, who have lost their own priest (and forgive him his sins—alcohol and women), receive him with joy. Here he finds love and protection. Finally, however, his conscience leads him back to his original parish and into the path of his pursuer, an atheistic army officer intent on carrying out anticlerical laws, and eventually to a martyrdom that proves Greene's point about the essential enigma of God's grace.

Dale Wasserman's adaptation is an excellent translation of Greene to screen. (John Ford's brilliant, forgotten movie version of the same story, "The Fugitive," remains the best reworking of a Greene work for another medium.) TV's "The Power and The Glory" is a grand gesture and a first-class production. Heading the cast is Sir Laurence Olivier; included in it are Mildred Dunnock, Julie Harris, Thomas Gomez, Martin Gabel, Frank Conroy, Patty Duke, Roddy McDowall, Tim O'Connor, George C. Scott, Fritz Weaver, Cyril Cusack, and Keenan Wynn.

TWENTIETH CENTURY

CBS
SUNDAYS, 6-6:30 P.M. EST
BEGINS: OCT. 29

"Twentieth Century" first appeared on CBS in October of 1957. Since then it has produced one hundred and five programs and earned twenty-one major awards. Subjects have ranged from personality profiles to famous battles to politics. The particular subject is chosen, associate producer Peter Poor says, "because that subject excites us." Existing film is assembled by the research department, and, Poor continues, "they are involved in all projects—if the show is historical, we submit it to our four film researchers, who immediately start pulling the film. For instance, we might mention that we need three particular German generals *together*. One research man is sure to say, 'I remember seeing that shot in such and such a film.' Usually, then, we have it, either from film companies or from private collections. If the subject is contemporary, we find a writer thoroughly familiar with it. Next, a director. He and his crew will then go out and start shooting. At this moment we have four crews shooting—in New York, in Honolulu, in Texas, and in Seattle."

Producer Isaac Kleinerman credits the program's quality to the film editors. "Unlike editors in Hollywood, ours are in complete charge of assembling the film. Theirs is a creative job, not just a technical one."

"Twentieth Century" will open the 1961-62 season on October 29 with "Hungary Today," a report filmed by the first American television reporters to be admitted to that country since the revolt was crushed in 1956. On November 5, the program will retrace the colorful trail that led Al Smith from the sidewalks of New York almost to the door of the White House. Film never before seen publicly (obtained from the Smith family) will be a highlight.

On November 12 and 19, there will be a two-part filmed report on the U.S. Army Special Forces. Called "Guerrilla!", it will examine Fort Bragg in North Carolina, where officers and enlisted men study "unconventional" warfare. Part two will illustrate the training of "counterguerrilla" troops in South Vietnam and Okinawa.

"Typhoon at Okinawa" (November 26) shows films of the last major battle of World War II, in which two winds, Japan's "Divine Wind" of kamikaze planes, and then the fearful typhoon, struck the American fleet and seriously jeopardized our victory.

Walter Cronkite is narrator.

GERONIMO—FORT BRAGG



TYPHOON



HUNGARY—1956

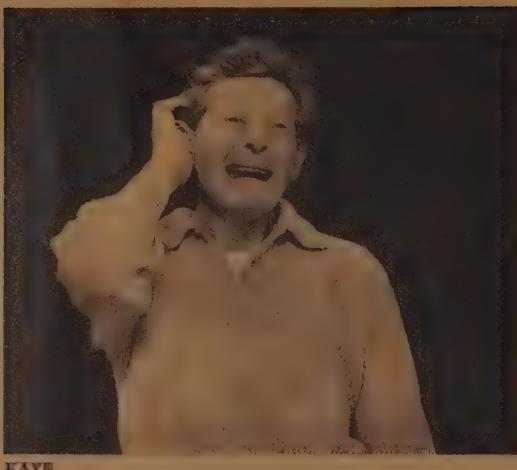


THE DANNY KAYE SHOW

CBS

SPECIAL:

MONDAY, NOV. 6, 9-10 P.M. EST.



KAYE

INTERMEZZO

NBC

SUNDAY, NOV. 19, 10-11 P.M. EST

Danny Kaye speaking: "What's the theme of the show? Man. It's about Man. That's the only way I can describe it." More specifically, the program opens with Kaye reflecting on Robert Burns's phrase about seeing ourselves as others see us. In rapid succession, Kaye gives us Man as others see him: the Herculean view of the father by his son; the seedy, scratching, torn-T-shirted husband, littering the bedroom his wife has just set straight; the lecherous lout seen by an ogled girl; the Casanova who lights the eyes of a faded, still romantic matron.

Through these situations Kaye moves as a comic Everyman, weaving songs, patter, and his special brand of sight comedy into an engaging and ultimately moving pattern, accompanied by song ("I Am an Is," "The Inchworm") and dance. Kaye is on camera almost every minute, and he supervised the entire production during a fretful, end-of-summer taping session. The show was originally much too long, so the cut product represents the best of Kaye's current best. Which is very, very good.

EXPEDITION! VALLEY OF SHANGRI-LA

ABC

MONDAY, NOV. 20, 7:30-8 P.M. EST



SHANGRI-LA

The second in a series (now called "Theater '62") of "live" adaptations of successful David O. Selznick movies. In the original 1939 film version, the late Leslie Howard appeared as the violinist, Holger Brandt, who falls in love with his daughter's young and beautiful music tutor, played by Ingrid Bergman in her first English-language film. Ingrid Thulin, the young actress selected for the Bergman role, also comes from Sweden, but she is not as unfamiliar to the American public as Miss Bergman was in 1939. Devotees of Ingmar Bergman's films will recognize Miss Thulin, who played prominent roles in "Wild Strawberries," "The Magician," and "Brink of Life." Like her predecessor in this sentimental tale, Miss Thulin is both beautiful and talented, and much of the interest in the program may be in comparing Thulin and Bergman. If you enjoy this sort of thing, take a ringside seat for "Intermezzo." As for the story, the violinist, played this time by Jean-Pierre Aumont, leaves his wife and daughter and goes on tour with the music teacher. The realization that he is merely using her to recapture his youth forces Miss Thulin's decision to send him back to his family. Fred Coe produces. Ronald Winston directs.

Believing themselves to be descendants of the soldiers of Alexander the Great, the people of the tiny kingdom of Hunza still live in a valley of the Himalayas where they settled 2,000 years ago. In the path of caravans traveling between Turkestan and India, theirs was a strategic position; but the days of plunder are over, the caravans are gone, and Hunza lies isolated, ringed by the towering mountains. Harvesting apricots, herding their sheep and goats, the people of this country often live to the age of a hundred and thirty. Men of ninety have been known to father children; women of ninety look half their age. Many of the elements of Western man's dream world, Shangri-La, are here.

The filmed "Expedition" to Hunza carries the explorers (this time German and Austrian scientists) through the canyons of the Hunza river, over precarious rope bridges, through the giant Himalayas, and finally to the beautiful, fertile valley of Hunza. They visit the Mir, ruler of this midget state, witness a trial, follow a mountain shepherd, and watch remarkable horsemanship in races and polo games.

The program is well produced, tightly edited, and intelligently narrated. One switches off the set wishing "Expedition!" lasted a full hour.

THE GARRY MOORE SHOW

CBS
TUESDAY, NOV. 21, 10-11 P.M. EST



MOORE

KIRBY

With Carol Burnett, Marion Lorne, and Durward Kirby in the cast of performers, "The Garry Moore Show" has come up with a Thanksgiving show that is uncommonly free from sentimentality.

A fixture of the show is "That Wonderful Year," and on this one the year is 1929, and the gimmick is a parody of the movie musicals which, in that early year of sound, reached a kind of wacky greatness. Garry Moore says: "In Hollywood, the magic word was musicals. Flicker fans loved them—even if all the big production numbers did look just the same—as long as there were attractive people on the screen and the patter of dancing feet."

The guest stars are Carol Lawrence, singing "Do It Again" in a revolving love seat, with considerable gymnastic agility, and Jonathan Winters in a hilarious monologue on amateur theatricals.

PREVIEWS

EISENHOWER ON THE PRESIDENCY (CBS REPORTS)

CBS
MONDAY, NOV. 20, 10-11 P.M. EST



EISENHOWER

On this, the second of a three-part series, Mr. Eisenhower discusses some of the critical decisions he faced during his eight years in office. The program was filmed at the former President's home and office in Gettysburg; the interview, conducted by Walter Cronkite, was informal. Eisenhower talked without notes (only the area to be discussed was predetermined), and Cronkite feels the relaxed nature of the production has made it possible to present the former Chief Executive as few saw him in office. "I was deeply impressed by Mr. Eisenhower's amazing warmth and ability to communicate," says Cronkite. "All of us kept hearing of this from people who were close to him—political associates, golf or dinner companions—but until I conducted these interviews I can't honestly say that I had experienced it. Naturally, I saw the personality, but I did not fully appreciate his deep sincerity and basic goodness."

The negatives of the series will remain permanently in the archives of the Eisenhower Museum in Abilene, Kansas, and will be available to scholars of all nations.

CROSSING THE THRESHOLD

NBC
FRIDAY, NOV. 24, 9-10:30 P.M. EST

BLAST-OFF



An astronaut's backward glance at the inhabitants of planet earth, as documented by NBC News and based on material gathered from previous test or manned projectile flights. When a significant moment in the flight occurs, the program will switch back to the people most directly concerned. The preparation and planning of that moment will then be analyzed. NASA officials, the astronaut's wife and children, the worker who made a small yet vital part, and the helicopter pickup man are but a few of the anxious onlookers. "We will establish an urgency, an excitement that will dramatize the human side of the flight rather than the purely technical aspects," producer Robert Bendick says. "Our program will be a kind of diary of the many participants. Its point of view: a man in orbit around the world is really not alone." "Crossing the Threshold" is the first of a three-part series. "At the Threshold" and "Other Thresholds" follow later in the season.

HOLLYWOOD: THE GOLDEN YEARS

NBC

SPECIAL:

WEDNESDAY, NOV. 29, 7:30-8:30 P.M. EST



CHAPLIN



GARBO



GRIFFITH



ADORÉE

GILBERT



PICKFORD

Some benighted Americans regard silent movies as quaint, like the custom of siphoning gin from a bathtub. For those lost ones, "Hollywood: The Golden Years" should be an educational experience. From it they may learn that the addition of sound did not necessarily make movies better than ever, that there was much that was admirable, from any point of view, about the silent, flickering world of the movie theater that was not wired for sound.

They will discover, for instance, that Mary Pickford was a remarkably good actress; that the farewell scene between John Gilbert and Renée Adorée in "The Big Parade" is touching and dramatic; that comedy, a rare art among movie-makers today, is broad and hilarious when performed by a group of clowns under the direction of Mack Sennett, subtle and masterly when created by a genius like Charles Chaplin.

Cecil B. De Mille gave added meaning to the word "spectacular," but it is inspiring and enlightening to watch D. W. Griffith's use of crowds and of the violence of nature in "The Birth of a Nation" and "Intolerance." Rudolph Valentino, associated now with the cornball, is at his torrid best in "The Sheik," with Vilma Banky. To be sure, Valentino's histrionics are comic by today's standards, but it is easy to see why women once swooned in the aisles. And once again the magic of Greta Garbo, in "Flesh and the Devil," reasserts itself in all its mystery, beauty, and sophistication.

Film editor Philip Rosenberg and director David L. Wolper have documented their product with obvious fondness, knowledge, and restraint. The narration, by Gene Kelly, is devoid of the facetious patter that usually accompanies old silent movies on television.

VICTORIA REGINA
(HALLMARK HALL OF FAME)

NBC
THURSDAY, NOV. 30,
9:30-11 P.M. EST

Julie Harris re-creates the role of Victoria of England, giving a sensitive and understanding performance in the part first played on the American stage by Helen Hayes in 1935. The cast includes Pamela Brown, Felix Aylmer, Isabel Jeans, Basil Rathbone, and James Donald.

PREVIEWS



DONALD

You see, Albert, I have never seen a man shave himself before.



HARRIS

And I heard them say, "Go it, Old Girl! You've done it well! You've done it well!" Of course, very unsuitable, the words; but so gratifying!

Queens must not think too much about others—only about themselves!



DONALD

HARRIS

TARGET: THE CORRUPTORS

ABC
FRIDAYS, 10-11 P.M. EST

CAIN'S HUNDRED

NBC
TUESDAYS, 10-11 P.M. EST

It may be a paradox that the public is fascinated, repelled, and shocked by exposés of corruption in high places, and at the same time is responsible—through its indifference—for the fault that runs through every stratum of society. It is hardly coincidence that two television shows, "Target: The Corruptors" (ABC) and "Cain's Hundred" (NBC), are dealing with this theme on two similar weekly programs.

In ABC's "Target," the episodes are inspired by recent scandals, and are solidly factual in basis, if not in every detail. In one, the recent garbage-disposal scandal in Nassau County, New York, unlikely as it may seem, makes for shocking copy.

NBC's "Cain's Hundred" approximates reality with a more contrived treatment but is nonetheless dramatic. The "hundred" are the faceless men of the nation's underworld government whom Nicholas Cain, a gangland lawyer turned inquisitor, is set on bringing to light. In an early episode, a wealthy and ostensibly respectable man meets a shattering doom when his daughter learns the source of her luxury—her father's control of a call-girl and dope ring. Each episode shows the retribution, of one sort or another, that comes to these powerful criminals. Great impact, good cast, good direction.

BEN CASEY

ABC
MONDAYS, 10-11 P.M. EST

DR. KILDARE

NBC
THURSDAYS, 8:30-9:30 P.M. EST

ABC's answer to NBC's "Dr. Kildare" is called simply "Ben Casey," and it is interesting to observe the networks in a "keeping up with the Dr. Joneses" competition. When all is said and done, this somewhat childish race is about even. Neither contestant makes much of a contribution to American thought and culture, although both are momentarily absorbing. Of the two, NBC's "Dr. Kildare" is more of a surprise. Despite characters derived from an ancient series of B movies, the episodes in the lives and the problems of the men and women who staff a large metropolitan hospital manage somehow to be entertaining. In this version the title role is played by newcomer Richard Chamberlain, whose acting and appearance lend credibility to the part. The gruff Dr. Gillespie is played by Raymond Massey. Sam Jaffe, who plays the Old Doctor in "Ben Casey," offers one rationale for the programs by stating that they "tell the public something about the science of medicine, how to detect illness, and what to do about it." If, however, symptoms persist, consult your physician. Or maybe take two aspirin and go to bed with a good book.

SPORTS:

CBS: "NFL Game of the Week." Repeat of previous Sunday's best game. Saturdays, 4:30-5:30 P.M. EST.

"NFL Pro Football." Sundays. Thanksgiving Day game: Green Bay at Detroit.

NBC: "NFL Pro Football." Sundays. Professional basketball "Game of the Week." Saturdays. "All-Star Golf." Saturdays, 5-6 P.M. EST.

ABC: "NCAA Football." Saturdays. "American Football League." Sundays. Thanksgiving Day game: Buffalo at New York. "Fight of the Week." Saturdays, 10 P.M. EST.

BETTMAN ARCHIVE



THE TEAM, 1898

OTHERS TO KEEP AN EYE ON:

"Dobie Gillis." Supervised by creator Max Shulman, the series is as far out as Mr. Shulman dares go on television. Dwayne Hickman, Frank Faylen, and Florida Friebus make up the family group. CBS; Tuesdays, 8:30-9 P.M. EST.

"The Joey Bishop Show." The very funny Mr. Bishop has gone into the series business, portraying a legman for a Hollywood public relations firm. NBC; Wednesdays, 8:30-9 P.M. EST.

"Frank McGee's Here and Now." Using the news magazine format, the series will present pictorial essays on medicine, sports, entertainment, business, and art—subjects that affect our lives, here and now. NBC; Fridays, 10:30-11 P.M. EST.

"Update." Weekly news report and conference for high-school and junior-high students. NBC; Saturdays, 12-12:30 P.M. EST.

"American Newsstand." News program with emphasis on subjects of special interest to the young: scientific achievements, educational opportunities, the Peace Corps. ABC; Monday through Friday, 4:50-5 P.M. EST.

"ABC Final Report." Network television's first weekday late-night report. ABC; Monday through Friday, 11-11:15 P.M. EST.

"Wisdom." Conversation between photographer Edward Steichen and Wayne Miller, his younger friend and fellow photographer. NBC; October 29, 5-5:30 P.M. EST.

"Moment of Decision" (Alcoa Premiere). Fred Astaire in an amusing Charleston plantation drama. ABC; November 7, 10-11 P.M. EST.

"Bell Telephone Hour." Ray Bolger, Dolores Gray, and Helen Gallagher pay tribute to the music of guest Richard Rodgers. Color. NBC; November 10, 9:30-10:30 P.M. EST.

"The Wonderful World of Toys" (Du Pont Show of the Week). An all-star cast illustrates the pure and simple joy of toys. Color. NBC; November 12, 10-11 P.M. EST.

"The Face of Spain." A documentary narrated by Chet Huntley. NBC; November 14, 10-11 P.M. EST.

"The Glamor Trap" (Purex Special for Women). What the American woman must endure to obtain and retain beauty. NBC; November 16, 8-8 P.M. EST.

"Hennesey." Navy doctor Chick Hennessey continues to dispense antibiotics and entertainment. CBS; Mondays, 10-10:30 P.M. EST.

"Saturday Night at the Movies." NBC series: "Soldier of Fortune," November 4; "Halls of Montezuma," November 11; "Demetrius and the Gladiators," November 18; "Dream Boat," November 25. The Saturday night dates start at 9 P.M. EST.

"Eyewitness." A fast-paced story behind each week's big news event. Walter Cronkite on the CBS scene. Fridays, 10:30-11 P.M. EST.

WAYNE MILLER/MAGNUM



MILLER

STEICHEN

SPECIAL THANKSGIVING SHOWS:

"Old-Fashioned Thanksgiving"—around the country with Charlton Heston and Dick Button. ABC; Nov. 21, 10-11 P.M. EST.

"Thanksgiving Circus," a special for children. NBC; Nov. 23, 10-10:30 A.M. EST.

"Macy's Thanksgiving Day Parade," a yearly institution, returns with an eyeful for the kids. NBC; Nov. 23, 10:30 A.M.-12 NOON EST.

"Home for the Holidays," a musical with Gordon MacRae, Patrice Munsel, Carol Haney, and Al Hirt, for a lazy hour on that overstuffed day. NBC; Nov. 23, 5:30-6:30 P.M. EST.

WIDE WORLD



TURKEY

MOVIES

by Donald W. LaBadie

FLOWER DRUM SONG

UNIVERSAL

PRODUCER: ROSS HUNTER

DIRECTOR: HENRY KOSTER

SCREENPLAY: JOSEPH FIELDS

MUSIC: RICHARD RODGERS AND
OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN II

CHOREOGRAPHY: HERMES PAN

CAST: NANCY KWAN, JAMES SHIGETA,
MIYOSHII UMEKI



KWAN AND CHORUS

Ross Hunter, a bland-faced, wavy-haired, dimpled young producer and former actor who, in his own words, saved Universal from closing down several years ago by dint of the success of his saccharine opus "Tammy and the Bachelor," has just completed his first musical, "Flower Drum Song." Mr. Hunter, best known for slick remakes ("Imitation of Life") and clotheshorse melodramas ("Midnight Lace"), finds "Song" no great departure from his theory on how to make pictures for the masses.

"I believe," he said recently, "in entertainment through beauty, and 'Flower Drum Song' will be beautiful. The trouble with most film-makers today is that they're trying to make the public take what it doesn't want. What I'm trying to do is to give the public what it does want, and I think six hits in a row prove I'm on the right track. People want to see the unreal: the old-fashioned soap operas—beautiful, rich living. I'll let the other producers wave the banners of realism. As for me, I say if you want a message, you should go to Western Union."

"When I first saw 'Flower Drum Song' on the stage," Hunter confided, "I didn't like it at all. But Hammerstein wanted me to produce it, and offered it to me for half what they could have gotten elsewhere. When I agreed to do it, it was with the stipulation that I'd be free to make any changes I saw fit."

Mr. Hunter grew pensive.

"I said I didn't want to wave the banner of realism, but that isn't completely true. On the set, they called me Mr. Meticulous, you know. I wanted everything to be real—real jewels, real flowers. People are becoming much more aware of what they see on the screen today; they can tell the real from the artificial and they want to escape from the ordinariness of their homes into authentic glamour. Speaking of real, we rebuilt San Francisco's Grant Avenue right on the set. Well, I think it's a hell of a picture. And, incidentally, Nancy Kwan is gorgeous. I'm sold on the glamour approach. After all, if you really want the girl next door, all you have to do is to go over and ring the bell."

THE MARK

CONTINENTAL DISTRIBUTING

PRODUCERS: RAYMOND STROSS AND
SIDNEY BUCHMAN

DIRECTOR: GUY GREEN

SCREENPLAY: SIDNEY BUCHMAN AND
STANLEY MANN

CAST: MARIA SCHELL, STUART WHITMAN,
ROD STEIGER, BRENDA DE BANZIE



WHITMAN

"The Mark," a new British drama, deals with a subject which, five years ago, no important British or American producer would have tackled. Hollywood still operates under the Production Code, the Catholic Legion of Decency has not been disbanded, and some state censor boards continue to operate, yet "The Children's Hour," a film which touches, if indirectly, on Lesbianism, has just been completed on the West Coast. In Britain, censorship is by no means dead (witness the furor over "Lolita" and "Lady Chatterley's Lover"), but "Victim," a picture centered on blackmail and male homosexuality, was that country's official entry at the Venice Festival this year.

The problem in "The Mark" is that of a man who has a compulsive sexual attraction toward little girls. Unlike the central character in an earlier movie called "M," the young man in "The Mark" is no deformed creature but an attractive protagonist who, by the time we come to learn the nature of the crime for which he has served a term in prison, seems a sympathetic figure.

"The Mark" begins with the deceptive simplicity typical of the best suspense dramas. A young man gets out of prison and, through the help of the prison's former psychiatrist, gets an executive job with a respectable firm. At his office, he meets a young widow, to whom he is emotionally drawn. He continues to visit the psychiatrist, has a room in the house of a seemingly friendly elderly couple, and is on his way to a new kind of life, when all hell breaks loose: a reporter tracks him down and reopens his case.

One of the script-writers was Sidney Buchman, an American who, strangely enough, numbers among his most recent credits "The Jolson Story" and "A Song to Remember."

THE CONNECTION

FILMS AROUND THE WORLD

PRODUCERS: LEWIS ALLEN AND SHIRLEY CLARKE
DIRECTOR: SHIRLEY CLARKE
SCREENPLAY: JACK GELBER
CAST: WARREN FINNERTY, CARL LEE,
 BARBARA WINCHESTER, JEROME RAPHEL,
 JAMES ANDERSON



CLARKE



ANDERSON

FINNERTY

In July, 1959, a play called "The Connection" by an unknown writer named Jack Gelber opened at the off-Broadway Living Theater to damning reviews from the second-string critics of the daily papers. Experimental in form and dealing with dope addiction with no attempt at pussyfooting, it somehow survived the summer and, by the late fall, with a big push from enthusiastic magazine notices, was no longer a *cause célèbre* but a chic success which well-groomed New Yorkers traveled downtown to see. "The Connection" has since toured Europe, and is still being presented as part of the Living Theater's repertory. It has also been made into a film which may cause more controversy than the play. On the one hand, it has been hailed as an exciting cinema work at both the Cannes and Venice festivals; on the other, it has already run into trouble with the New York State censors, who object to the frequent repetition of the colloquial word for defecation on the sound track.

The director of "The Connection" is Shirley Clarke, a slender, no-nonsense young woman who came to this, her first feature film, from the experimental short subject field. With script-writer Gelber and coproducer Allen, she raised the money from two hundred backers, under a limited-partnership agreement. Though the action of the picture is confined to one grubby room (read "pad") and there are no stars in the cast, it cost \$180,000, a very low figure for a picture whose producers expect to get commercial bookings, but a relatively high one for a picture made independently of Hollywood. "It cost that much," says Miss Clarke, "only because we made it with union help. A well-made film can't be done on any other basis. Some of the nonunion films that have been made here in the East have been technically very inadequate. Not that there isn't a problem with the unions. They need to make concessions, for one thing, to recognize that there's a difference between a \$3,000,000 and a small-budget film. And they need to allow us to use some nonunion people and to open their own doors a little to new talent."

"The Connection" has scant, if any, plot. A group of heroin addicts sit in an apartment waiting for their connection (supplier). A "director" and a "cameraman" are also present, making a film on addiction. The men discuss themselves and the nature of addiction; the "director" becomes more and more involved in the action until he also takes a shot of heroin when Cowboy, the connection, finally arrives. The "cameraman," who is seen in only three brief glimpses, meanwhile has been shooting away, focusing on the "director" as well as the addicts. What we, the audience, finally see is, of course, not the picture the "director" had intended to make, but, supposedly, what actually happened that day.

Miss Clarke believes that "The Connection," along with "Breathless" and "L'Avventura," is leading toward a new kind of cinema: "It's no longer a question of tight plots. We're using film, not as a storytelling medium, but for an exploration of people. You had something of this in 'The Iceman Cometh,' where you were confined to the barroom with a group of derelicts, or in the bedroom scene in 'Breathless.' You're on your own and, to some extent, have to find your own direction. This is akin to the modern novel, and as the serious novel demands something more than a passive reader, so here the audience must bring something to its viewing. In a plot film, it's always the obvious, the consequential, that's emphasized. Well, now we're getting nearer to the way people are, to the way that life really is, by emphasizing the seemingly inconsequential."

"But don't get me wrong," Miss Clarke says. "I'm not trying to put down plot films. They'll go on being made forever. I wish I could have made 'Casablanca,' but it's not my style, so I'll go on doing what I can do. I wouldn't have the guts to put myself on the Hollywood scene. I couldn't buck that setup. That's why I'll continue to work with low budgets. That way you don't begin to make the compromises so quickly. As soon as a lot of money is involved, you run into trouble. You may, for example, have an expensive set that's all wrong for a picture, but it cost so much you feel you have to use it."

Miss Clarke has three low-budget projects in various stages of preparation, all of which will deal, in one way or another, with the race problem in the United States. In discussing "The Connection," in which Negroes play a prominent part, she points out that the title has a number of meanings: "'Connection' doesn't only mean the drug supplier. The addicts had disconnected themselves from an atom-bomb society, had found an answer to hopelessness by withdrawing into a little world. But they were connected to each other, at least, by common needs. It didn't matter whether you were rich or poor, and it was the one place it didn't matter whether you were black or white. It only mattered whether you were a good guy or a louse. We've been sitting in our own big world, disconnected from the Negro. I don't think we can do it any longer."

THE NINTH CIRCLE

JADRAN FILMS
DIRECTOR: FRANCE STIGLIC
SCREENPLAY: ZORA DIRNBACH
CAST: DUSICA ZEGARAC, BORIS DVORNIK,
BRANKO TATIC



ZEGARAC

TATIC

In the American film world, Yugoslavia has been less well known for its native movie industry than as a place where Western producers might find a reasonable replica of the Russian steppes, along with those thousands of extras who certify pictures like "War and Peace" as genuine epics. The next few years may see this situation changing: the Yugoslavs have set up an office in Manhattan, headed by Mr. Jovan Petrovic, in an attempt to invade the United States film market. The picture with which they have launched their invasion is "The Ninth Circle," a harrowing story of the persecution of Jews in wartime Yugoslavia. The movie takes its title from Dante, and carried away most of the prizes in last year's Yugoslav Film Festival.

According to Mr. Petrovic, about thirty per cent of Yugoslavia's movie output is about war. While "The Ninth Circle" may not quite match the class of, say, Poland's "The Last Stop" or Czechoslovakia's "Distant Journey," it has qualities which should help put this very young industry on the international movie map. Particularly notable are the face and performance of an adolescent nonprofessional, Dusica Zegarac, as the doomed heroine.

"The Yugoslavian industry," says Mr. Petrovic, "began after the war, with documentaries. In 1947, we turned to features. At that time, we were making maybe fifteen films a year. Now production has more than doubled. That may not seem like much to a Westerner, but you must remember that your industries are more than fifty years old. We are very, very new, our market is small, and we have no popular stars to compare with your Hollywood stars. Still, there are seventeen companies turning out movies in Yugoslavia, all operated as co-operatives with boards of film workers themselves as overseers. We sell all over the world, except in the United States, and now perhaps we shall change that."

Mr. Petrovic functions not only as an importer but exports American films to his homeland. "The only ones which can't be exported," he says, "are murder, anti-Soviet, and glorification-of-America pictures." About half of all pictures shown in Yugoslavia are American. Among the capitalistic hits which made it big there last year were "Imitation of Life," "The Eddy Duchin Story," and "Pal Joey."

THE DEVIL AT FOUR O'CLOCK

COLUMBIA
PRODUCERS: MERVYN LEROY AND FRED KOHLMAR
DIRECTOR: MERVYN LEROY
SCREENPLAY: LIAM O'BRIEN
CAST: SPENCER TRACY, FRANK SINATRA,
JEAN-PIERRE AUMONT, BERNIE HAMILTON



SINATRA

"Actors don't attract me," said Mervyn LeRoy in his West Coast office after the completion of "The Devil at Four O'Clock." This is the South Pacific adventure film in which he worked with two of the few enduring "personalities" in the Hollywood galaxy: Spencer Tracy, again in the garb of a priest, and Frank Sinatra, playing a criminal in a prison colony. "No, it's always the story. I never saw an actor or a director who didn't need a story." LeRoy is short, tough, kindly man who smokes a mean cigar. He gives the impression that he might have walked out of one of those newspaper movies of the 1930's, like his own "Five Star Final"—the gruff city editor with a heart of gold.

"There just aren't enough good stories around," he continued. "Thrillers like 'The Devil at Four O'Clock,' for instance. And who's writing love stories today? People are afraid to write from the heart. You don't get pictures like 'Little Women' or 'Waterloo Bridge' or 'Random Harvest.' I say the play's the thing. In my mind, there's no such thing as a big star."

"Tracy and Sinatra were fine. Frank gets nervous after four or five weeks of shooting, but he's O.K. I'll tell you one thing: When I'm directing, I don't take direction. Actors should all make their own pictures; they'd end up in the toilet. But there are lots of pros around. Alec Guinness, who's working with me in 'A Majority of One'—he's strictly pro."

The problems in making "Devil" didn't involve actors or the story, which was ready-made for Hollywood when it was first published as a novel. This tale of convicts and a priest co-operating to save a children's leper hospital from an erupting volcano had all the requisite excitement. "The real problems," LeRoy said, "were technical. Most of the picture was made in Hawaii, but we still found it necessary to take along a portable volcano, a man-made earthquake, twenty-four plastic palm trees, outrigger canoes, and ten thousand island-type flowers. John Beckman, the art director, also spent \$375,000 reconstructing a French provincial town, the kind you find in French Pacific possessions."

With "The Devil at Four O'Clock," LeRoy will have been involved in fifty-two films, among them the memorable "I Am a Fugitive From a Chain Gang" and "They Won't Forget."

PURPLE NOON

TIMES FILM CORPORATION

PRODUCERS: ROBERT AND RAYMOND HAKIM

DIRECTOR: RENÉ CLÉMENT

SCREENPLAY: RENÉ CLÉMENT AND PAUL GEGAUFF

CAST: ALAIN DELON, MARIE LAFORET,

MAURICE RONET



DELON

LAFORET

Though you might not realize it, so angry and insistent has the roar of the New Wave during the past few years been, a number of highly honored elder directors are still at work in the French motion picture studios. One of the most eminent of these Old Wavers is René Clément, a spry forty-seven, who himself was once part of another wave that burst more quietly on the Gallic film scene after the last war. Clément is an eclectic director who has handled films as different, one from the other, as "Forbidden Games," "Gervaise," and the thriller "Purple Noon," which has just reached our shores.

"Purple Noon" centers on a rich young American, Philippe, who is accompanied on his dissolute travels through Europe by a sort of human satellite and parasite, Tom Ripley. Ripley not only looks like Philippe but can imitate his voice and successfully forge his signature. Eventually, Ripley murders his friend and assumes his identity, but he doesn't get away with it.

The story of "Purple Noon" is a more or less faithful adaptation of "The Talented Mr. Ripley," a novel by the American writer Patricia Highsmith, who also wrote the book which was the basis for Alfred Hitchcock's "Strangers on a Train."

When she saw the Clément picture, Miss Highsmith said, "Actually, I don't care if movie-makers are faithful to me or not. I feel that once they've bought one of my things, they have the right to change endings or do anything they please. As a matter of fact, the ending of 'Purple Noon' is different from the ending of 'Ripley.' My man got away with it."

"It's interesting. The French seem to like me. Raoul Levy has had the rights to my book 'Deep Water' for two years, and Yvon Guezel is going to start work any day on 'The Blunderer.' Besides that, 'A Game for the Living' and 'This Sweet Sickness' are about to come out in France, and I think the last one will be gobbled up."

"I don't have any particular talent for doing film scripts myself. My novels are mostly about the tortuous internal workings of character, like the complex, the amazing Tom Ripley. They're also awfully plotty. I guess that's why film people like them. They can throw out three-quarters of whatever I've written and still have enough left to work on."

BACHELOR IN PARADISE

M-G-M

PRODUCER: TED RICHMOND

DIRECTOR: JACK ARNOLD

SCREENPLAY: VALENTINE DAVIES AND

HAL KANTER

CAST: BOB HOPE, LANA TURNER, PAULA PRENTISS,

JANIS PAIGE



HOPE

PRENTISS

M-G-M, once the queen of studios, is back in heavy production again. Along with its expensive excursions into historical epics ("Mutiny on the Bounty") and its flirtations with heady Broadway drama ("Sweet Bird of Youth"), the company is turning out comedies right and left. This, added to the number and types of comedies being filmed at other studios, could mean that there is a trend back to the farces which were a staple of American movies during the 1930's.

During the past year, M-G-M has made three wacky comedies, and a fourth is on the way. "Where the Boys Are" was followed by "The Honeymoon Machine," "Bachelor in Paradise" is about to be released, and "The Horizontal Lieutenant" has just gone before the cameras. Aside from the fact that they are all supposed to be funny, the one element the four pictures share is Paula Prentiss (nee Ragusa), a tall (over 5'9"), good-looking brunette who is often compared to Kay Kendall and who may be the nearest thing Hollywood has had to a screwball comedienne since the death of Carole Lombard.

On-screen, Miss Prentiss goes through her paces with a vaguely idiotic air that somehow suggests she may really be a shrewd cookie off-screen.

In the M-G-M commissary on the day she finished "Bachelor in Paradise," Miss Prentiss said breathlessly: "I'm very lucky. You know, I can't believe it. I got a call from M-G-M the day I graduated from Northwestern. I took the Champagne Flight right out and here I am in the movies. Seriously, I can't grasp the hugeness of the industry; it has tentacles a mile long. I'm serious about acting. I like to do comedy; I feel that when it's shallow I can give it an extra dimension. And I'd love to do a musical."

"'Bachelor in Paradise' is the best comedy I've made so far. It's got a good script, and Jack Arnold, who did 'The Mouse That Roared,' is the director. Bob Hope plays a bachelor and Lana Turner's a bachelor girl and we all live in this housing development. Bob and I meet at the garbage-disposal unit and my husband gets jealous and —well, it all comes out all right in the end."

THEATER

by Louis S. Miano

THE COMPLAISANT LOVER

AUTHOR: GRAHAM GREENE
CAST: MICHAEL REDGRAVE, GOOGIE WITHERS,
RICHARD JOHNSON
DIRECTOR: GLEN BYAM SHAW
SETS: MOTLEY
PRODUCER: IRENE MAYER SELZNICK

TRYOUT: BOSTON, OCT. 16-28, COLONIAL THEATER
OPENS: NEW YORK, NOV. 1, BARRYMORE THEATER



REDGRAVE



GREENE

WIDE WORLD

BROADWAY

In a "Postscript on Censorship" to "The Complaisant Lover," published in England by William Heinemann, Graham Greene writes: "All praise must be given to the Lord Chamberlain who has at last admitted that homosexuality is a theme which may be presented on the English stage. Now we have some reason to hope that in the course of one or two more decades heterosexuality may also be permitted."

Mr. Greene's contribution to heterosexuality on the stage is this study of adultery among three very proper and reasonable Englishmen. They are Victor Rhodes (Michael Redgrave), a bumbling and kindly dentist; his wife, Mary; and her lover, Clive Root, a bookshop owner. In this dissection of English social and sexual mores, both marital and extramarital relationships are something of a trial. For example:

Mary, telling Clive of her sexless life with Victor: "It dies quicker in a marriage. It's killed by the children, by the chaps who gave notice, by the price of meat."

Victor to Mary when he discovers her affair: "First editions can be just as boring in time as dentists' drills. . . . The trouble about marriage is, it's a damned boring condition even with a lover."

Clive, to a young girl who has a crush on him: "Don't marry an Englishman. . . . Englishmen prefer their friends and their clubs to their wives, but they have great staying power and a great sense of duty. The lover relieves them of their duty. And then you see without that—trouble, a beautiful brother-and-sister relationship can develop. It's very touching."

Mr. Greene at last has given Americans a real chance to compare some pithy notes with their English cousins.

KEAN

BOOK: PETER STONE
MUSIC AND LYRICS: ROBERT WRIGHT AND
GEORGE FORREST
CAST: ALFRED DRAKE, LEE VENORA, OLIVER GRAY,
JOAN WELDON, PATRICIA CUTTS
DIRECTOR AND CHOREOGRAPHER: JACK COLE
SETS AND COSTUMES: ED WITTSTEIN
PRODUCER: ROBERT LANTZ

OPENS: NEW YORK, NOV. 2, BROADWAY THEATER



DRAKE



KEAN

BETTMAN ARCHIVE

Hold on: "Kean" is an adaptation by Peter Stone of a Jean-Paul Sartre play based on the Alexandre Dumas *père* rewrite of a drama (by a nineteenth-century French author named Marie-Emmanuel-Guillaume Théaulon) about the life of the English actor Edmund Kean. To this course in comparative literature has been added the first original score by the team of Wright and Forrest to reach Broadway. For their previous successes, "Song of Norway" and "Kismet," they "collaborated" with Edvard Grieg and Alexander Borodin, respectively. ("To work on 'Kean,'" says producer Robert Lantz, "they had to interrupt their musical version of 'Anastasia,' using Rachmaninoff themes.")

Two other "Kismet" alumni are reunited in "Kean." Alfred Drake brings his absolutely top-rank singing and acting talents to the role of the swashbuckling, openhearted, and romantic English actor. Jack Cole, who directed the earlier musical, keeps "Kean" hopping, especially in a rowdy tavern brawl reminiscent of the alcoholic fracas he staged in "Donnybrook!" last season, which left the stage of the Fifty-fourth Street Theater littered with panting bodies.

Both Mr. Stone and Mr. Lantz agree that "Kean's" book, like the Sartre play, owes a debt to Luigi Pirandello, who dealt with the confusions between illusion and reality and actors and their roles.

Of the social commentary on the place of the actor in society in the Sartre play, Mr. Lantz says: "That's all been left in. Actually, very little has changed since Kean's time. Actors can't join certain clubs, they're uninsurable in certain areas, and are still regarded as gypsies to an amazing degree. In many ways we've even regressed. Finally, the President's wife goes to the theater and brings it back to the people. The government *should* help. Wouldn't it have been amusing to see the Eisenhowers at 'Suddenly Last Summer'?"

GIDEON

AUTHOR: PADDY CHAYEFSKY
CAST: FREDRIC MARCH, DOUGLAS CAMPBELL,
 ERIC BERRY, EDWIN WOLFE
DIRECTOR: TYRONE GUTHRIE
SETS AND LIGHTS: DAVID HAYS
PRODUCERS: FRED COE, ARTHUR CANTOR
TRYOUT: PHILADELPHIA, OCT. 14-NOV. 4,
 NEW LOCUST STREET THEATER
OPENS: NEW YORK, NOV. 9, PLYMOUTH THEATER



MARCH

Paddy Chayefsky, the poet laureate of the Bronx and Brooklyn, is forsaking his New York butchers, bachelors, and housewives in his new play, "Gideon," to investigate some of their heroic ancestors in Palestine of the year 1100 B.C.

This comedy drama is a retelling of the story of Gideon from the Book of Judges of the Old Testament. The Lord, angry with the Israelites for taking up with false gods, has sent, for eight successive years, a horde of Midianites to plunder the descendants of Jacob. The Lord (played by Fredric March) decides to give them another chance and comes to earth in the form of an angel to save them from their oppressors. He chooses to drape Gideon (Douglas Campbell), a simple-minded farmer, in a warrior's baldric and make him the redeemer of his people. With God doing all the work, Gideon succeeds in destroying the Midianites with only three hundred men. Using this material, Chayefsky presents his ideas on the relationship between man and God. His depiction of the Lord is true to the image of the God of the Old Testament—vengeful, compassionate, cruel, jealous, and, above all, loving. The key to the kinship between man and his creator, the playwright says, is that God needs man's love as much as man needs God's. Because of this, He puts up with the repeated transgressions of the Hebrews and the frailty of human beings like Gideon. After the victory over the Midianites, the farmer gets too big for his baldric and demands that God make him the king. The Lord flies into a rage over his new vanity and threatens to destroy him and all the world. But he knows that He cannot, and so He sighs like a lovesick schoolgirl:

"Oh, I am in a state over this man! I love this addled, preening ass who cannot stay constant to me for an hour. And why indeed? I could love any animal; why man, who is an awkward creature...? Man's only grace is appreciation. Of all the brutes, he is the only one who is aware of me, the only one who can love me back."

The author has surrounded the Biblical speeches of God and Gideon with his own eloquent and stirring language. Let it now be known that Mr. Chayefsky can soar higher than:

ANGIE: So, what do you feel like doing tonight?

MARTY: I don't know. What do you feel like doing?

THE GAY LIFE

BOOK: MICHAEL AND FAY KANIN
MUSIC: ARTHUR SCHWARTZ
LYRICS: HOWARD DIETZ
CAST: WALTER CHIARI, BARBARA COOK,
 JULES MUNSHIN, LORING SMITH
DIRECTOR: GERALD FREEDMAN
CHOREOGRAPHER: HERBERT ROSS
SETS: OLIVER SMITH
COSTUMES: LUCINDA BALLARD
PRODUCER: KERMIT BLOOMGARDEN
TRYOUT: TORONTO, OCT. 24-NOV. 11,
 O'KEEFE CENTER
OPENS: NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 18,
 SHUBERT THEATER

Arthur Schnitzler's "Anatol" is a minor classic of life and love in Vienna at the turn of the century. Its hero is an eternal romantic, a young man in love with love. "The Gay Life," a musical adaptation of the play, might very well be subtitled "Anatol Grows Up." This is how adapters Fay and Michael Kanin see it:

"We show Anatol at the point in his career when he's finally had it and decides that he wants something more meaningful in his life. In his time, of course, romance and marriage were two different things. We show him finding a woman whom he loves and who still provides the security of marriage. It's almost like a whole new play that's a kind of sequel to the original."

To play the title role, producer Kermit Bloomgarden has imported the popular Italian stage and film star Walter Chiari.

"Walter," says Mr. Kanin, "is in many ways a kind of Anatol himself. He has a great love of life and doing things. He races cars, fights the bulls, and was a prizefighter and champion swimmer." (Because of his attentions to actress Ava Gardner, it has been said, Chiari was once challenged to a duel by Frank Sinatra, a kind of Italian-American Anatol.) Barbara Cook, whose crystal-clear vocalizing last brightened "The Music Man," plays Liesl, the girl who brings Anatol to rest.

The musical also reunites the talents of composer Arthur Schwartz and lyricist Howard Dietz for the first time since 1948. (A full-length portrait of the team will appear in the December issue of SHOW.)

The Kanins feel that it is important for modern audiences to see what life in old Vienna was like. "The world had a kind of grace then," says Mrs. Kanin. "Living was an art. Today we're more materialistic and, of course, more tense and harried."

"We want to show," adds Mr. Kanin, "how things used to be, in the hope that maybe in the future we can recapture some of the good things of the past as we go onward and upward with technology."

"Finally," says Mrs. Kanin, "we want people to come to our show and relax and enjoy themselves and forget that they've been fighting crosstown traffic and haven't had time for dinner. That's the difference, you see—the people in our show *always* have time for dinner."

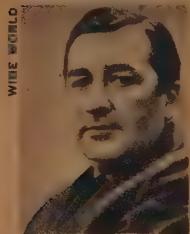


CHIARI ROSS

A MAN FOR ALL SEASONS

AUTHOR: ROBERT BOLT
CAST: PAUL SCOFIELD, LEO MCKERN
GEORGE ROSE, ALBERT DEKKER
DIRECTOR: NOEL WILLMAN
SETS AND COSTUMES: MOTLEY
PRODUCER: ROBERT L. WHITEHEAD

TRYOUT: PHILADELPHIA, NOV. 6 - NOV. 19,
WALNUT STREET THEATER
OPENS: NEW YORK, NOV. 22, ANTA THEATER



BOLT



MORE



Sir Thomas More, a saint of the Roman Catholic Church, was described by a countryman, Samuel Johnson, as "the person of greatest virtue these islands ever produced."

More was Lord Chancellor of Great Britain, the highest judicial officer of the crown, during the reign of Henry VIII. Because he opposed Henry's divorce from Katharine of Aragon and his subsequent marriage to Anne Boleyn, he retired to private life. Henry, however, still insisted that he swear to the Act of Supremacy, which dissolved the ties to Rome and made Henry the head of the Church of England. When he refused, More was imprisoned and beheaded.

English playwright Robert Bolt prefacing "A Man For All Seasons" (published in England by Heinemann) with an explanation of why he has taken for the hero of his play "a man who brings about his own death because he can't put his hand on an old black book and tell an ordinary lie." Bolt's apology begins with the idea that in our present society we no longer have a picture of "individual Man (Stoic Philosopher, Christian Religious, Rational Gentleman) by which to recognize ourselves and against which to measure ourselves..."

He continues: "Thomas More, as I wrote about him, became for me a man with an adamantine sense of his own self. He knew where he began and where he left off, what area of himself he could yield to the encroachments of his enemies, and what to the encroachments of those he loved. It was a substantial area in both cases, for he had a proper sense of fear and was a busy lover. Since he was a clever man and a great lawyer, he was able to retire from those areas in wonderfully good order, but at length he was asked to retreat from that final area where he located his self. And there this supple, humorous, unassuming, and sophisticated person set like metal, was overtaken by an absolutely primitive rigour, and could no more be budged than a cliff."

Perhaps the greatest attraction More offered the playwright is described as follows: He "found something in himself without which life was valueless and when that was denied he was able to grasp his death. For there can be no doubt, given the circumstances, that he did it himself. If, on any day up to that of his execution, he had been willing to give public approval to Henry's marriage with Anne Boleyn, he could have gone on living."

Besides More, there is another key figure in the piece. He is called "the Common Man." Bolt says he used him as "the most notorious of the alienation devices, an actor who addresses the audience and comments on the action." He emphasizes that such a device is for deepening the audience's involvement in the play and that by "common" he means that which is "common to us all" and not "that mythical beast, the Man in the Street." The Common Man, a sly and compromising fellow, assumes a variety of roles in the play. He is More's steward as well as his jailer, the foreman of the jury that condemns him and, at last, his executioner. As he says at the play's opening: "The Sixteenth Century is the Century of the Common Man...like all the other centuries."

Explaining the techniques of the play, the author says that his style was "a bastardized version of the one most recently associated with Bertolt Brecht." He adds that he was "guaranteed some beauty and form by incorporating passages from Sir Thomas More himself. For the rest," he says humbly, "my concern was to match with these as best I could so that the theft should not be too obvious."

Bolt's "theft" pays off, and his re-creation of More makes a charming, courageous, and eloquent stage figure. Bringing him magnificently to life is English actor Paul Scofield, who created the role in London. (See pages 70-71.)

In the heroic sixteenth-century setting, there is pointed contemporary significance. When he has at last been found guilty of treason, Sir Thomas More tells his inquisitors: "What you have hunted me for is not my action, but the thoughts of my heart. It is a long road you have opened. For first men will disclaim their hearts and presently they will have no hearts. God help the people whose Statesmen walk your road."

Postscript: Last month, playwright Bolt, one of Lord Bertrand Russell's Committee of 100, was sentenced to one month in prison for "refusing to keep the peace" in a protest against nuclear weapons.

KICKS & CO.

BOOK, MUSIC, AND LYRICS: OSCAR BROWN, JR.
CAST: BURGESS MEREDITH, LONNIE SATTIN,
VI VELASCO, NICHELLE NICHOLS
DIRECTOR: VINNETTE CARROLL

OPENS: NEW YORK, MID-NOVEMBER
(THEATER TO BE ANNOUNCED)

DUANE MICHALS



NICHOLS

REVIEWS

The Devil is a man of many colors in Oscar Brown, Jr.'s first musical. Burgess Meredith, playing Old Scratch, will change from brown to pink to red during the course of the play. This multicolored Satan, who represents Everyrace, is out to corrupt the Negro students of a Southern college who are staging sit-in demonstrations.

Brown says he is using the problems of Negro students to illustrate the moral dilemma which confronts all young people today. Along the way, the author makes a pitch for integration, Freedom Rides, and equal rights. During rehearsals, the show provided what may have been a first in the hallowed halls of New York's Central Plaza: "O.K., O.K." a choreographer pleaded to his chorus, "everybody on for the Afro-Asian bit!"

Along with old pro Meredith, "Kicks" offers a host of handsome newcomers, like Nichelle Nichols (pictured at left), who plays Hazel, a hip, hip-swinging waitress.

THE GARDEN OF SWEETS

AUTHOR: WALDEMAR HANSEN
CAST: KATINA PAXINOU AND MADELEINE SHERWOOD
DIRECTOR: MILTON KATSELAS

TRYOUT: PHILADELPHIA, OCT. 24-28,
WALNUT STREET THEATER
OPENS: NEW YORK, OCT. 31, ANTA THEATER

FOR SPECIAL TASTES

This first play by Waldemar Hansen is a strongly flavored Greek-American stew into which Katina Paxinou and Madeleine Sherwood vigorously sink their teeth. Miss Paxinou plays the long-suffering matriarch of a maladjusted brood that is trying to find itself far from its origin in the sunny land of Sophocles. Miss Sherwood has the role of the sharp-tongued daughter-in-law, who fancies her husband's brothers. The actresses should make a banquet of the evening even if audiences find the play a bit rich for their tastes. Of special interest is the Broadway bow of director Milton Katselas, who whipped up "Call Me by My Rightful Name" into a stunning and often moving off-Broadway production last year.

SHADOW OF HEROES

AUTHOR: ROBERT ARDREY
DIRECTOR: WARNER LE ROY
PRODUCERS: WARNER LE ROY AND PAUL LIBIN

OPENS: NEW YORK, NOV. 21, YORK THEATER

LESSING/MAGNUM



BUDAPEST, 1956

OFF BROADWAY

"Shadow of Heroes," a dramatization of the events leading to the Hungarian Revolution of 1956, marks the return to the stage of playwright, scenarist, novelist, and journalist Robert Ardrey. The writer was a correspondent in Vienna at the time of the uprising and had extensive interviews with escaped Freedom Fighters and others directly involved. The resultant play was first produced in London in 1958, but Ardrey decided to take it off the stage. He felt that the longer the time between the actual happenings and a re-creation of them, the greater the impact on audiences would be. He has now agreed to an off-Broadway production.

With the exception of a few minor characters, everyone in the play is an actual historical figure (Laszlo and Julia Rajk, Janos Kadar), and every scene is based on an actual historical incident.

"One of the problems we anticipate," says director and coproducer Warner LeRoy, "is that this is a very accurate picture of the way the Communist party and its leaders function behind the Iron Curtain, and most Americans just don't understand it. Communism is a religion, not a political dogma, to these men. They believe, no matter what they think is going wrong, that Communism is the true answer."

"As for the Revolution," he continues, "it's important to remember that it was antigovernment and anti-Russian, not anti-Communist. The rebels wanted a free Communist state with ties to the West."

"It's very timely, considering what's going on in Germany right now. There are many interesting parallels. By the way, the play never discusses whether or not the West should have helped the Freedom Fighters at the time. It's implicit, but nothing direct is said. The sad thing is that there is nothing the Hungarians can do now. The cream of the nation left after the uprising. They're a crushed people. But the revolution did have some positive effects. There are no longer any Soviet troops in Hungary. But of course," LeRoy adds, "they're only twenty minutes away, in Czechoslovakia."

THE APPLE

AUTHOR: JACK GELBER
DIRECTOR: JUDITH MALINA
SETS: JULIAN BECK
PRODUCER: THE LIVING THEATER

OPENS: NEW YORK, NOV. 15, IN REPERTORY WITH
MANY LOVES, IN THE JUNGLE OF CITIES,
AND THE CONNECTION, AT THE
LIVING THEATER

CHARLES BOTWIL



MALINA

BECK

THE POLICEMEN

AUTHOR: SLAWOMIR MROZEK
DIRECTOR: LEONIDAS D-OSSETYNISKI
PRODUCER: THE PHOENIX THEATER

OPENS: NEW YORK, END OF NOVEMBER
PHOENIX 74th STREET THEATER



MROZEK

"The Apple," a new play by Jack Gelber which Judith Malina and Julian Beck are adding to the Living Theater's repertory, is the playwright's second work. His first was "The Connection."

"He reminds me," Mr. Beck says, "of what Dame Edith Sitwell once said of herself—'I write very little, but I write very well.'"

The play is set in a coffee shop whose habitués include a young Chinese girl, an old drunk, a Negro cook, and the Living Theater's audience. Miss Malina, who is directing the play, says of it:

"It's the kind of script that most people think reads terribly. We love literary theater, but it's not what we like to work with. A lot of theater gets hampered by what's on the printed page. A theater that's purely verbal or purely visual is not enough. You have to take the audience into account. A play of ideas is very much affected by the political climate of the audience. Not by how it votes but by what it thinks of the world and its place in it on a particular night. The audience is in a different emotional state every day depending on, say, what's new in Berlin or with the A-bomb tests."

Explaining the play's title, Miss Malina says: "There are lots of apples, after all. There's the apple of the Bible, the Chinese apple, and the Golden Apple of ancient Greece. Jazz musicians even refer to New York City as the Big Apple. It could mean any one of these things. I don't know. What's your apple?"

The second offering at the Phoenix Theater's new uptown home is a double bill made up of George Bernard Shaw's "Androcles and the Lion" and the American premiere of "The Policemen," written by a young Pole, Slawomir Mrozek, who still lives in Warsaw. The play was first produced there and has since been seen in France, England, Czechoslovakia, Yugoslavia, Chile, and on Canadian television.

In his "Author's Notes to the Producer," in a text of the work published in "East Europe" magazine, Mr. Mrozek offers specific instructions:

"This play does not contain anything it does not contain, i.e., it is not an allusion to anything; it is not allegorical; its meaning should not be sought between the lines.... Nor is this play—God help us—a comedy.... I also wish to state most emphatically that this play is not in any sense whatever a 'modern' or 'experimental' play. I do not think it necessary to explain exactly what I mean by such terms."

The young satirist then proceeds to give us an allegorical, uproariously funny, and very "experimental" work that might have been a collaboration between Ionesco and Pirandello (this season's favorite) written expressly for the Three Stooges.

The play opens in a nameless police state as the last political prisoner is about to sign a loyalty pledge after serving ten years in jail. This event threatens to put the police commissioner and his efficient force out of business. The commissioner's sergeant poses as an *agent-provocateur* in an attempt to drum up some subversive trade. (The sergeant is a dedicated policeman who hates wearing civilian clothes. He even has his wife sew war ribbons on his long johns.)

But things are so "good" in the country that the sergeant's efforts fail completely. His wife tells the commissioner that "everyone is so loyal nowadays, it's hopeless," and adds:

"There was one old man down the street who used to complain, but it turned out that all that bothered him was a stiff back. Anyway, he died. To be on the safe side, you know."

The commissioner finally asks the sergeant to pose as a real revolutionary in order to give the police something to do. While he is in jail, the sergeant-prisoner begins to believe his own revolutionary slogans and gets confused about his real role. ("Am I myself when I'm policeman," he asks, "or when I'm a prisoner?")

One day a general and his aide (the original prisoner at the play's opening) arrive at the prison to see this dangerous criminal. They all badger him into committing an act of violence, and in the resulting confusion of charges and countercharges the commissioner, the general, and his aide put each other under arrest. This leads the aide to make a commentary on some of the ticklish situations which are bound to arise in any well-run police state:

"What we still have to solve is the problem of whether a policeman who has arrested a person who has arrested him can arrest a third person who has previously arrested him along with the first person who is linked to the policeman in a state of mutual arrest."

WHAT'S PLAYING

THEATER

ADDITIONAL NEW YORK OPENINGS

BROADWAY

Oct. 25: *Look! We've Come Through*,
Hudson Theater, 141 W. 44th St.
Oct. 26: *Write Me a Murder*,
Belasco Theater, 111 W. 44th St.
Nov. 23: *Sunday in New York*, Cort
Theater, 138 W. 48th St.
Nov. 27: *A Short Happy Life* (Theater
to be announced)
Nov. 29: *Simone* (Theater to be announced)
Nov. 30: *Daughter of Silence*, Music Box
Theater, 239 W. 45th St.

OFF BROADWAY

Oct. 28: *The Buskers*, Cricket Theater,
162 Second Ave.
Nov. 2: *Go Fight City Hall*, Mayfair Theater,
235 W. 46th St.

ON THE BOARDS

BROADWAY

A FAR COUNTRY
Music Box Theater, 239 W. 45th St.

A COOK FOR MR. GENERAL
Playhouse Theater, 137 W. 48th St.

AN EVENING WITH YVES MONTAND
John Golden Theater, 252 W. 45th St.

A SHOT IN THE DARK
Booth Theater, 222 W. 45th St.

BLOOD, SWEAT AND STANLEY POOLE
Morosco Theater, 217 W. 45th St.

CAMELOT
Majestic Theater, 245 W. 44th St.

CARNIVAL
Imperial Theater, 249 W. 45th St.

COME BLOW YOUR HORN
Brooks Atkinson Theater, 256 W. 47th St.

DO RE MI
St. James Theater, 246 W. 44th St.

DO YOU KNOW THE MILKY WAY?
Billy Rose Theater, 208 W. 41st St.

EVERYBODY LOVES OPAL
Longacre Theater, 220 W. 48th St.

FIORELLO!
Broadway Theater, Broadway at 53rd St.

FROM THE SECOND CITY
Royale Theater, 242 W. 45th St.

**HOW TO SUCCEED IN BUSINESS
WITHOUT REALLY TRYING**
46th St. Theater, 226 W. 46th St.

IRMA LA DOUCE
Plymouth Theater, 236 W. 45th St.

KWAMINA
54th St. Theater, 152 W. 54th St.

LET IT RIDE!
Eugene O'Neill Theater, 230 W. 49th St.

MARY, MARY
Helen Hayes Theater, 210 W. 46th St.

MILK AND HONEY
Martin Beck Theater, 302 W. 45th St.

MY FAIR LADY
Mark Hellinger Theater, Broadway at
51st St.

PURLIE VICTORIOUS
Cort Theater, 138 W. 48th St.

SAIL AWAY
Broadhurst Theater, 235 W. 44th St.

THE CARETAKER
Lyceum Theater, 149 W. 45th St.

THE SOUND OF MUSIC
Lunt-Fontanne Theater, 205 W. 46th St.

THE UNSINKABLE MOLLY BROWN
Winter Garden, 1634 Broadway

OFF BROADWAY

**ACROSS THE BOARD ON TOMORROW
MORNING and TALKING TO YOU**
East End Theater, 85 E. 4th St.

ALL IN LOVE
41st St. Theater, 125 W. 41st St.

CLANDESTINE ON THE MORNING LINE
Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. So.

DIFF'RENT
Mermaid Theater, 422 W. 42nd St.

FOURTH AVENUE NORTH
Madison Ave. Playhouse, 120 Madison Ave.

EIHOSTS
Fourth St. Theater, 83 E. 4th St.

GO SHOW ME A DRAGON
Midway Theater, 420 W. 42nd St.

LITTLE MARY SUNSHINE
Players Theater, 115 Macdougal St.

MISALLIANCE
Sheridan Sq. Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. So.

O MARRY ME!
Gate Theater, 162 Second Ave.

ONE WAY PENDULUM
Phoenix 74th St. Theater, 334 E. 74th St.

**THE AMERICAN DREAM and THE
DEATH OF BESSIE SMITH**
(In repertory with **HAPPY DAYS**)
Cherry Lane Theater, 38 Commerce St.

THE BALCONY
(In repertory with **UNDER MILKWOOD**)
Circle in the Square, 159 Bleeker St.

THE BLACKS
St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave.

THE FANTASTICKS
Sullivan St. Theater, 181 Sullivan St.

THE OPENING OF A WINDOW
Theater Marquee, 110 E. 59th St.

THE RED EYE OF LOVE
Provincetown Playhouse, 133 Macdougal St.

THE SAP OF LIFE
One Sheridan Square, 1 Sheridan Sq.

THE THRACIAN HORSES
Orpheum Theater, 126 Second Ave.

THE THREEPENNY OPERA
Theater de Lys, 121 Christopher St.

ON THE ROAD TO BROADWAY

A SHORT HAPPY LIFE
Lubbock, Tex., Coliseum, Oct. 24

Wichita Falls, Tex., Memorial Auditorium,
Oct. 25

Wichita, Kan., Arcadia Theater, Oct. 26
Kansas City, The Music Hall, Oct. 27, 28
Minneapolis, Orpheum Theater,
Oct. 30-Nov. 4

Madison, Wis., Orpheum, Nov. 5
Milwaukee, Oriental Theater, Nov. 6

South Bend, Ind., Civic Auditorium, Nov. 7
Rochester, The Auditorium, Nov. 9-11

Syracuse,* Nov. 13
New London, Conn.,* Nov. 14

Danbury, Conn., Palace Theater, Nov. 15
Hartford, Bushnell Memorial Hall, Nov. 16

Providence, Veterans Memorial, Nov. 17
Bridgeport, Klein Memorial, Nov. 18

Philadelphia, Walnut St. Theater,
Nov. 20-25

(*Theater to be announced)

AGE OF CONSENT
New Haven, Shubert Theater,
Nov. 25-Dec. 2

DAUGHTER OF SILENCE
Philadelphia, Erlanger Theater,
Oct. 30-Nov. 27

FIRST LOVE
New Haven, Shubert Theater, Nov. 8-11
Boston, Colonial Theater, Nov. 13-25

SUBWAYS ARE FOR SLEEPING
Philadelphia, Shubert Theater, Nov. 6-25

SUNDAY IN NEW YORK
Wilmington, Del., Playhouse Theater,
Nov. 1-4
Washington, D.C., National Theater,
Nov. 6-18

THE NIGHT OF THE IGUANA
Rochester, The Auditorium, Nov. 2-4
Detroit, Shubert Theater, Nov. 7-18
Chicago, Blackstone Theater,
Nov. 20-Dec. 23

TOURING SHOWS

ADVISE AND CONSENT
Cleveland, Hanna Theater, Oct. 24-28
Baltimore, Ford's Theater, Oct. 30-Nov. 4
Pittsburgh, New Nixon Theater, Nov. 6-11
Detroit, Fisher Theater, Nov. 13-25
Hartford, Bushnell Memorial Hall,
Nov. 27, 28

Rochester, The Auditorium, Nov. 29, 30

A TASTE OF HONEY
Toronto, Royal Alexandra, Oct. 9-Nov. 4
Hartford, Bushnell Memorial Hall, Nov. 6, 7
Mineola, N.Y., Mineola Theater, Nov. 8-11
Montreal, Her Majesty's Theater,
Nov. 13-18
Boston, Wilbur Theater, Nov. 20-Dec. 2

BYE BYE BIRDIE

Chicago, Erlanger Theater (indefinite run)

FIORELLI!New Haven, Shubert Theater, Oct. 24-28
Hershey, Pa., Community Theater,
Oct. 30-Nov. 1Hartford, Bushnell Memorial Hall, Nov. 2-4
Boston, Shubert Theater, Nov. 7-Dec. 2**GYPSY**Los Angeles, Biltmore Theater (indefinite
run)**MY FAIR LADY**Chicago, Shubert Theater, through Nov. 11
Milwaukee, Pabst Theater, Nov. 13-Dec. 9**THE MIRACLE WORKER**

Minneapolis, Orpheum Theater, Oct. 24-28

Milwaukee, Pabst Theater, Oct. 30-Nov. 4

Madison, Univ. of Wisconsin, Nov. 5, 6

Wichita, Kan., University Auditorium,
Nov. 8, 9

Omaha, Music Hall, Nov. 10, 11

San Francisco, Geary Theater, Nov. 13-

Dec. 2

THE MUSIC MAN

Toledo, Rivoli Theater, Oct. 24, 25

Grand Rapids, Civic Auditorium, Oct. 26, 27

Fort Wayne, Scottish Rite Auditorium,
Oct. 28

Youngstown, Palace Theater, Oct. 31

Mansfield, Ohio Theater, Nov. 1

Battle Creek, Kellogg Junior High
Auditorium, Nov. 2, 3

Lansing, Mich., Civic Auditorium, Nov. 4

Evansville, Ind., Loew's Victory, Nov. 6

Bloomington, Ind., Indiana Univ.
Auditorium, Nov. 7Lafayette, Ind., Music Hall, Purdue Univ.,
Nov. 8, 9South Bend, Ind., Morris Civic Auditorium,
Nov. 10, 11Davenport, Iowa, RKO Orpheum Theater,
Nov. 13, 14

Waterloo, Iowa, Paramount Theater, Nov. 15

Peoria, Ill., Peoria Junior High
Auditorium, Nov. 16

Rockford, Ill., Coronado Theater, Nov. 17

Appleton, Wis., Appleton High School,
Nov. 18Wausau, Wis., Wausau High School,
Nov. 19

Duluth, Dinfeld Auditorium, Nov. 21, 22

St. Paul, St. Paul Auditorium Theater,
Nov. 23-27

Sioux Falls, S.D., Coliseum, Nov. 29

Fargo, N. D., Civic Theater, Nov. 30

THE SOUND OF MUSICChicago, Shubert Theater, opens Nov. 14
(indefinite run)**THE TENTH MAN**

Boston, Wilbur Theater, Oct. 23-Nov. 4

Toronto, Royal Alexandra Theater,
Nov. 6-Dec. 2**TOYS IN THE ATTIC**Philadelphia, Forrest Theater, Oct. 23-
Nov. 11

Toledo, Rivoli Theater, Nov. 13, 14

Columbus, Hartman Theater, Nov. 15-18

Cincinnati, Shubert Theater, Nov. 20-27

**COMMUNITY, RESIDENT, AND
COLLEGE THEATERS**

*Indicates premiere

†Indicates run with closing date indefinite

ALABAMAMobile: The Taming of the Shrew, Nov.
8-12, Theater Guild**ARIZONA**Phoenix: High Button Shoes, Nov. 23-26,
Phoenix Musical Theater**CALIFORNIA**Alameda: Roar Like a Dove, Fris., Sats.,
Nov. 3-Dec. 9, Altarena Playhouse
Oxnard: The Andersonville Trial, Nov. 7-18,
Plaza Players Theater
Roseville: Stop and Let Him Catch You*
(by June Phipps and Marion
Stonesifer), Nov. 3, 4, 10, 11, 17, 18,
Civic TheaterSacramento: Under the Sycamore Tree,
Wed. nights through Nov. 15; Roman
Candle, Fri. and Sat. nights, through
Nov. 4; A Mighty Man is He, Fri. and
Sat. nights, Nov. 10-Dec. 9,
JayRob Playhouse; Born Yesterday,
until Oct. 28; The Crucible, Nov. 16-
Dec. 2, Eaglelet TheaterSan Bernardino: Peter Pan, Nov. 6-11, Civic
Light OperaSan Diego: The Importance of Being
Earnest, Nov. 21-Dec. 17, Old Globe
TheaterSan Francisco: San Francisco's Burning,*
opens late Oct.,† Playhouse; Swimming
Under Water* (by Mark Harris),†
Marines Theater; Ruddigore, through
Nov. 25, Harding TheaterStanford: The Master of Santiago, Oct.
18-27; The Marriage of Mr. Mississippi,
Nov. 9-11, Memorial Theater**COLORADO**Denver: The Cold Wind and the Warm,
Nov. 2-11; Hansel and Gretel, Nov. 23-
25, Univ. of Denver TheaterFt. Collins: Take Me Along, Nov. 8-11; The
Caine Mutiny Court-Martial, Nov. 30-
Dec. 2, Old Main TheaterGreeley: Bernardine, Nov. 10-12, Little
Theater of the Rockies**CONNECTICUT**New Britain: Leave It to Jane, Nov. 13-18,
Repertory TheaterNew Canaan: The Fireman's Flame, Nov.
23-25, 30, Dec. 1, 2, South School**DELAWARE**Dover: Duet for Two Hands, Nov. 30-Dec.
2, Wesley Coll. Little Theater**DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA**Washington: The Prodigal, Nov. 14-18,
American Univ. Theater; Death of a
Salesman, Nov. 10, 11, Georgetown
Univ.; The Caucasian Chalk Circle,
Oct. 30-Nov. 25, Arena Stage**FLORIDA**Hollywood: The Bad Seed, Nov. 21-26,
Little TheaterMiami: Rashomon, Oct. 29-Nov. 4, Ring
TheaterOcala: Witness for the Prosecution,
Oct. 23-26, Marion PlayersSt. Petersburg: The Rainmaker, Nov. 26-29,
Little TheaterTampa: The Boy Friend, Nov. 8-11; Peter
Pan, Nov. 30-Dec. 2, Community Theater**GEORGIA**Atlanta: Look Homeward, Angel, Nov. 10, 11,
17, 18, Drama Tech. TheaterMacon: The Crucible, Nov. 9, 10, University
Theater**IDAHO**Moscow: Rashomon, Nov. 3, 4, University
Theater**ILLINOIS**Chicago: The Caine Mutiny Court-Martial,
Nov. 10-19, Athenaeum; The Little
Foxes, Nov. 8-18, John Woolman Hall;
The Little Hut, Nov. 17-Dec. 2, Stage
Guild; George Washington Slept Here,
Nov. 10-18, Ridge Park Field House; The
Desl Set, Nov. 16-18, Playmakers
Community TheaterDecatur: Twelfth Night, Nov. 2-4, Albert
Taylor HallEvergreen Park: A Roomful of Roses,
through Oct. 29; Skylark, Oct. 31-Nov.
26; Over Twenty-one, opens Nov. 28,
Drury Lane TheaterHomewood: The Velvet Glove, Nov. 3-5,
Homewood AuditoriumLake Forest: School for Dictators,* Dec. 1-3,
Garrick Theater
Park Forest: Mr. Roberts, Oct. 27-29,
Playhouse**INDIANA**

Elkhart: Bus Stop, Nov. 2-4, Civic Theater

Fort Wayne: The Golden Fleecing, Oct. 27-
Nov. 11; Romanoff and Juliet, Dec. 1-16,
Civic TheaterSouth Bend: The Cocktail Party, Nov. 9-18,
Notre Dame Univ. TheaterValparaiso: George Washington Slept Here,
Nov. 17-20, Memorial Opera House**KANSAS**Prairie Village: The Seven Year Itch, Nov.
2-4, Tomahawk Theater**KENTUCKY**Owensboro: Elektra, Nov. 15, Union Building
Theater**LOUISIANA**New Orleans: Pygmalion, Dec. 1, Players
Guild, Dillard Univ.**MARYLAND**Annapolis: An Inspector Calls, Nov. 16-23,
Colonial Players TheaterBaltimore: The Prodigal, Nov. 9-19, Johns
Hopkins Playshop; Royal Gambit, Nov.
15, Goucher Coll. Theater; Pal Joey,
Nov. 1, Actors' Theater**MASSACHUSETTS**Boston: Cockadoodle Dandy, Nov. 2-4, Boston
Univ. Theater; The Great God Brown,
opens Oct. 10,† Charles Playhouse; The
Diary of Anne Frank, Nov. 3, 4,
Northeastern Univ.Haverhill: The Mousetrap, Nov. 14,
Community PlayersWorcester: Bells are Ringing, Nov. 24, 25,
Atwood Hall**MICHIGAN**East Lansing: Born Yesterday, Nov. 1-5;
Dr. Faustus, Nov. 29-Dec. 3, University
Theater**MINNESOTA**Bloomington: The Skin of Our Teeth, Oct. 29,
Civic TheaterDuluth: Look Homeward, Angel, Nov. 10-18,
PlayhouseSt. Paul: La Vie Parisienne, Nov. 24-Dec. 10,
Theater St. PaulWinona: Bloomer Girl, Nov. 16-19, Coll. of
St. Teresa**MISSOURI**Columbia: Death of a Salesman, Oct. 25-
Nov. 4, Stephens Coll. PlayhouseMaryville: Tall Story, Oct. 26, 27, Northwest
Missouri State Coll.Springfield: The Grass Harp, Nov. 28-Dec.
2, Clara Thompson HallWebster Groves: Epitaph for George Dillon,
Dec. 1-5, Theater Guild**MONTANA**Bozeman: King of Hearts, Nov. 1-4;
Antigone, Nov. 30, Dec. 1, Student
Union Theater**NEBRASKA**Omaha: Julius Caesar, Nov. 24-Dec. 10,
Playhouse**NEW HAMPSHIRE**Nashua: The Gypsy Baron, Nov. 14-18,
Parish House**NEW JERSEY**Cedar Grove: Up in Central Park,
Nov. 7-26; Can-Can, opens Nov. 28,
Meadowbrook Dinner Theater

East Orange: The Solid Gold Cadillac, Nov. 13-18, Elmwood School
Parsippany: Separate Tables, opens Nov. 29, Barn Theater
Secaucus: Laura, opens Dec. 2, Community Theater
West Orange: Bus Stop, through Nov., Community Theater
Woodbridge: Waltz of the Toreadors, Nov. 17-25, Circle Players

NEW MEXICO

Hobbs: Bells Are Ringing, Nov. 13, 14, High School Auditorium

NEW YORK

New Hartford: Our Town, through Oct.; Kiss Me Kate, Nov.-Dec., Players Theater
Rye: An Evening with Robert Burns, Nov. 5, Chrysler Auditorium
Watertown: Dear Delinquent, Nov. 14, 15, Little Theater

NORTH CAROLINA

Winston-Salem: The Remarkable Mr. Pennypacker, Nov. 14-18, Little Theater

OHIO

Athens: Thieves' Carnival, Oct. 24-28; The Glass Menagerie, Nov. 14-18, University Theater
Cleveland: Lady in the Dark, opens Nov. 8, JCC Theater; A Majority of One, opens Oct. 18, Drury Theater; The Andersonville Trial, Oct. 25-Nov. 19, Euclid 77 Theater
Columbus: Major Barbara, opens Nov. 25, Jewish Center; Lysistrata, Oct. 31-Nov. 5; The Visit, Nov. 28-Dec. 3, Ohio State Univ.

Dayton: Hidden River, Nov. 10-12, Community Theater

Findlay: Our Town, Nov. 10, 11, Findlay Coll. Theater

Dover: The Caine Mutiny Court-Martial, Nov. 29-Dec. 2, High School Auditorium

OKLAHOMA

Oklahoma City: Two for the Seesaw, Oct. 23-Nov. 7, Mummers Theater; The Cocktail Party, Oct. 26-31, Oklahoma City Univ. Theater

PENNSYLVANIA

Bala-Cynwyd: Our American Cousin, Dec. 1, 2, Penn Valley School

New Castle: Picnic, Nov. 30-Dec. 9, Playhouse

New Kensington: Dracula, Oct. 30, 31, High School Theater

Philadelphia: Many Loves, opens Oct. 12,† Society Hill Playhouse; The Merchant of Venice, Oct. 27, 28; Blood Wedding, Nov. 16-18, Univ. of Pennsylvania Players

Pittsburgh: The Deadly Game, through Oct. 29, Theater Upstairs; Period of Adjustment, through Nov. 5; Little Mary Sunshine, Nov. 18-Dec. 30, Hamlet St. Theater; Nude with Violin, through Oct. 29; Monique, Nov. 4-19, Craft Ave. Theater (all at Pittsburgh Playhouse)

Ridley Park: The Madwoman of Chaillot, Nov. 9-11, Auditorium

SOUTH CAROLINA

Greenville: A Majority of One, Dec. 2-14, Little Theater

TENNESSEE

Oak Ridge: Summer of the Seventeenth Doll, Nov. 16-25, The Playhouse

TEXAS

Abilene: The King and I, Nov. 20-25, Christian Coll. Theater

Fort Worth: Ring Round the Moon, Nov. 1-11, Community Playhouse

Houston: Once Upon a Mattress, opens Sept. 25,† Theater, Inc.; Captain Brassbound's Conversion, opens Sept. 25, Alley Theater; Send Me No Flowers, through Nov. 4; The Loud Red Patrik, Nov. 8-Dec. 9, Playhouse Theater

VIRGINIA

Hampton: The Andersonville Trial, Nov. 1-4, High School Auditorium

Richmond: Paint Your Wagon, Oct. 18-Nov. 18, Museum Theater

WASHINGTON

Richland: The King and I, Nov. 17-20, Chief Joseph Junior High School

Seattle: H.M.S. Pinafore, Oct. 28, Nov. 4, 11; Treasure Island, Dec. 2, 9, 16, Palomar Theater; The Frogs, Oct. 26-Dec. 2, Penthouse Theater; Nina, through Oct. 28; White Sheep of the Family, Nov. 7-11, Cirque Playhouse

WISCONSIN

Elm Grove: See How They Run, through Nov. 5; The Rainmaker, Nov. 22-Dec. 10, Sunset Playhouse

Kenosha: Inherit the Wind, Nov. 30-Dec. 2, Lincoln Junior High School

Milwaukee: The School for Scandal; The Tavern; The Sea Gull; Boy Meets Girl; Man and Superman; Twelfth Night; Right You Are, If You Think You Are, in repertory through Dec. 23, Fred Miller Theater

CABARET THEATERS

CHICAGO

Medium Rare: Happy Medium, Rush and Delaware

Second City Revue: Second City, 1842 N. Wells St.

LOS ANGELES

Hullaballoo: Ben Blue's, 2210 Wilshire Blvd., Santa Monica

NEW YORK

Greenwich Village U.S.A.: Bon Soir, 40 W. 8th St.

Dressed to the Nines: Downstairs at the Upstairs, 37 W. 56th St.

The Prickly Pair: Showplace, 146 W. 4th St.

Seven Come Eleven: Upstairs at the Downstairs, 37 W. 56th St.

The Premise: The Premise, 154 Bleeker St. Time Gentlemen, Please!: Strollers Theater-Club, 154 E. 54th St.

DANCE

LENINGRAD KIROV BALLET

Nov. 1-4, Washington, D.C.

Nov. 6-8, Philadelphia

Nov. 10-18, San Francisco

Nov. 20-Dec. 3, Los Angeles

BAYANIHAN PHILIPPINE DANCE COMPANY

Tour itinerary through Nov. 30:

Nov. 1, Waterloo, Iowa

Nov. 2, Madison, Wis.

Nov. 4, Kohler, Wis.

Nov. 6, Ann Arbor, Mich.

Nov. 7, Columbus, Ohio

Nov. 8, Pittsburgh

Nov. 9, Buffalo

Nov. 11, Corning, N.Y.

Nov. 12, University Park, Pa.

Nov. 13, Wilkes-Barre

Nov. 14, Atlantic City

Nov. 15, Allentown

Nov. 16, 17, Philadelphia

Nov. 19, New York

Nov. 24, Newark

Nov. 25, 26, Washington, D.C.

Nov. 27, Richmond, Va.

Nov. 28, Norfolk, Va.

Nov. 29, Lynchburg, Va.

Nov. 30, Durham, N.C.

AMERICAN BALLET THEATER

Tour itinerary through Nov. 30:

Nov. 1: Athens, Ga.

Nov. 2, Lima, Ohio

Nov. 3, Huntington, W. Va.

Nov. 4, Columbus, Ohio

Nov. 5, Dayton

Nov. 7, Louisville

Nov. 8, Decatur, Ill.

Nov. 9, Evansville, Ind.

Nov. 11, 12, Chicago

Nov. 14, Peoria, Ill.

Nov. 15-17, St. Louis

Nov. 18, Columbia, Mo.

Nov. 20, Tulsa

Nov. 21, Oklahoma City

Nov. 22, Topeka, Kan.

Nov. 24, Wichita, Kan.

Nov. 25, St. Joseph, Mo.

Nov. 26, Kansas City, Mo.

Nov. 28, Oxford, Miss.

Nov. 29, Nashville

Nov. 30, Atlanta

ORCHESTRAS

NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC

Carnegie Hall

Conductor: Leonard Bernstein

Schedule through Nov. 30:

Nov. 2-5, soloist: Zara Nelsova

Nov. 9-19, guest conductor: Paul Paray

Nov. 16-19, soloist: Fou Ts'ong

(Philharmonic debut)

Nov. 23-26, soloist: Shura Cherkassky

PHILADELPHIA ORCHESTRA

Academy of Music

Conductor: Eugene Ormandy

Schedule through Nov. 30:

Nov. 3, 4, 6, soloist: Lorne Munroe

Nov. 10, 11, conductor: William Smith,

soloist: Michael Rabin

Nov. 17, 18, 20, guest conductor: Hans Schmidt-Isserstedt

Nov. 24, 25, guest conductor: Constantin Silvestri

Tour:

Nov. 1, 15, Baltimore

Nov. 21, New York

BOSTON SYMPHONY

Symphony Hall

Conductor: Charles Münch

Schedule through Nov. 30:

Nov. 3, 4, soloist: Adele Addison

Nov. 6, 7, 10, 11

Tour:

Nov. 13, Storrs, Conn.

Nov. 14, New Haven

Nov. 15, New York

Nov. 16, Washington, D.C.

Nov. 17, Brooklyn

Nov. 18, New York

Nov. 21, Cambridge

Nov. 24, 25, Boston, soloist: Gary Graffman

CLEVELAND ORCHESTRA

Severance Hall

Conductor: George Szell

Schedule through Nov. 30:

Nov. 2-4, soloist: Robert Casadesus

Nov. 9-11, soloist: Rafael Druian

Nov. 19, conductor: Robert Shaw

Nov. 23-25, soloist: Lorin Hollander

Nov. 30-Dec. 2, soloist: Zino Francescatti

DETROIT SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

Ford Auditorium

Conductor: Paul Paray

Schedule through Nov. 30:
Nov. 9, 11, 16, 18, guest conductor:

Sixten Ehrling

Nov. 9, 11, soloist: Van Cliburn

Nov. 24, soloist: Erick Friedman

Nov. 25, Young People's concert

Nov. 30, guest conductor: Istvan Kertesz

CHICAGO SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

Orchestra Hall

Conductor: Fritz Reiner

Guest conductor: Hans Rosbaud

Schedule through Nov. 30:

Nov. 2-4, soloist: Zino Francescatti

Nov. 7, Young People's concert

Nov. 9-11, soloist: Robert Casadesus

Nov. 16, 17, soloist: John Browning

Nov. 18, Popular concert

Nov. 23-25, soloist: Sidney Hargh

Nov. 30

Tour:

Nov. 20, Milwaukee, soloist: John Browning

Nov. 28, Wheaton, Ill.

PITTSBURGH SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

Syria Mosque

Conductor: William Steinberg

Schedule through Nov. 30:

Nov. 3, 5, soloist: Yehudi Menuhin

Nov. 24, 26, soloist: Abbey Simon

Tour:

Nov. 6, Binghamton, N.Y.

Nov. 7, Rome, N.Y.

Nov. 8, Scranton, Pa.

Nov. 9, Plainfield, N.J.

Nov. 10, Montclair, N.J.

Nov. 12, Great Neck, N.Y.

Nov. 13, Burlington, Vt.

Nov. 14, Hanover, N.H.

Nov. 15, New London, Conn.

Nov. 16, Bridgeport

Nov. 18, Boston

Nov. 20, New York, Carnegie Hall

Nov. 21, Larchmont, N.Y.

MINNEAPOLIS SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

Northrop Auditorium

Conductor: Stanislaw Skrowaczewski

Schedule through Nov. 30:

Nov. 3, soloist: Lilian Kallir

Nov. 10

Nov. 17, soloist: Glenn Gould

Nov. 24, soloist: Norman Carol

DALLAS SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

Opening concert: Nov. 19, McFarlin Auditorium

Conductor: Georg Solti

Schedule through Nov. 30:

Nov. 26, 27, soloist: Gina Bachauer

SAN FRANCISCO SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

Opening concert: Nov. 22, War Memorial Opera House

Conductor: Enrique Jorda

Schedule through Nov. 30:

Nov. 29, 30, soloist: Stephen Bishop

LOS ANGELES PHILHARMONIC ORCHESTRA

Philharmonic Auditorium

Opening concert: Nov. 9, guest conductor:

Erich Leinsdorf

Schedule through Nov. 30:

Nov. 10

Nov. 16, 17, guest conductor: Walter Hendl, soloist: Leon Fleisher

Nov. 22, 24, guest conductor: Walter Hendl, soloist: Geza Anda

BERLIN PHILHARMONIC

Conductors: Herbert von Karajan (through Nov. 8) and Karl Boehm (Nov. 10-22)

Tour schedule through Nov. 30:

Nov. 1, Cleveland

Nov. 3, Ann Arbor

Nov. 4, Lafayette, Ind.

Nov. 5, Chicago
Nov. 6, Bloomington, Ind.
Nov. 7, Fort Wayne
Nov. 8, Oberlin, Ohio
Nov. 10, Detroit
Nov. 11, Grand Rapids
Nov. 12, East Lansing
Nov. 13, Toronto, Ontario
Nov. 14, Ottawa, Ontario
Nov. 15, Burlington, Vt.
Nov. 17, Northampton, Mass.
Nov. 18, Newark
Nov. 19, Washington, D.C.
Nov. 20, Lewisburg, Pa.
Nov. 21, Baltimore
Nov. 22, New York, Carnegie Hall

Nov. 13, Little Rock
Nov. 14, Kilgore, Tex.
Nov. 15, Denton, Tex.
Nov. 16, Austin, Tex.
Nov. 17, San Angelo, Tex.
Nov. 19, Port Arthur, Tex.
Nov. 20, Vicksburg, Miss.
Nov. 22, 23, Nashville, Tenn.
Nov. 24, Cleveland, Tenn.
Nov. 25, Greenville, S.C.
Nov. 27, Albany, Ga.
Nov. 28, Athens, Ga.
Nov. 29, Columbia, S.C.

OPERA

SAN FRANCISCO OPERA

Tour itinerary through Nov. 30:
Los Angeles: Shrine Auditorium
Nov. 1, Boris Godunov
Nov. 3, Aida
Nov. 4, Lucia Di Lammermoor
Nov. 5, The Marriage of Figaro
Nov. 6, Rigoletto
Nov. 7, Turandot
Nov. 8, Blood Moon (Norman Dello Joio)
Nov. 10, Nabucco
Nov. 11, A Masked Ball
Nov. 12, Die Meistersinger von Nürnberg
Nov. 13, A Midsummer Night's Dream
Nov. 14, Aida
Nov. 15, Fidelio
Nov. 17, Turandot
Nov. 18, Rigoletto
Nov. 19, Madame Butterfly
San Diego: Fox Theater
Nov. 2, Lucia Di Lammermoor
Nov. 9, Fidelio
Nov. 16, Rigoletto

NEW YORK CITY OPERA

New York City Center
Season continues through Nov. 12
Tour itinerary through Nov. 30:
Nov. 16, Lafayette, Ind., Così fan Tutte
Nov. 17, Detroit, Madame Butterfly
Nov. 18, Cleveland, The Mikado
Nov. 19, Cleveland, Madame Butterfly
Nov. 20, East Lansing, Così fan Tutte
Nov. 21, East Lansing, The Mikado
Nov. 22, Batavia, N.Y., La Bohème
Nov. 24, Rochester, Madame Butterfly
Nov. 25, Rochester, La Bohème
Nov. 27, Albany, La Bohème
Nov. 28, Middletown, N.Y., Marriage of Figaro
Nov. 30, Genesee, N.Y., La Bohème

LYRIC OPERA OF CHICAGO

Civic Opera House
Season continues through Nov. 29

DALLAS CIVIC OPERA

State Fair Music Hall
Season: Nov. 3-18
Opening: Thais (Massenet)
Cast: Denise Duval, Joan Marie Moynagh, Regina Sarfaty, Luigi Alva, Nicola Zaccaria

Conductor: Nicola Rescigno

Repertoire will also include La Bohème and Lucia Di Lammermoor.

GOLDOVSKY GRAND OPERA THEATER (see pp. 66-67)

Tour of Rossini's Barber of Seville
Nov. 1, Minneapolis
Nov. 3, Lincoln, Neb.
Nov. 4, Ames, Iowa
Nov. 5, Grinnell, Iowa
Nov. 6, Des Moines
Nov. 7, Sioux City
Nov. 8, Omaha
Nov. 9, Topeka, Kan.
Nov. 10, Kansas City, Mo.
Nov. 11, Bartlesville, Okla.

RECORDS

The following is a selective list of LP's scheduled for release in November. (Unless otherwise noted, all recordings are available in both stereo and monaural.)

CLASSICAL

Bach: Four Suites

Yehudi Menuhin and the Bach Festival Chamber Orchestra. (Capitol)

Sviatoslav Richter at Carnegie Hall.

Five Beethoven sonatas recorded in Carnegie Hall. Two records. (Columbia)

Music of Alban Berg.

Robert Craft conducting the Columbia Symphony. Two records. (Columbia)

Chopin: Concerto No. 1.

Artur Rubinstein with the New Symphony Orchestra of London conducted by Stanislaw Skrowaczewski. (RCA Victor)

Bach: Mass in B Minor.

Robert Shaw Chorale and Orchestra. (RCA Victor)

OPERA AND OPERETTA

The Incomparable Bjoerling.

Arias by Puccini, Mascagni, and Verdi, among others. (RCA Victor)

Wagner: Tannhäuser.

Complete. With Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau, Hans Hopf, Marianne Schech. Four records. (Angel)

Martyn Green Sings the Gilbert and Sullivan Song Book. (M-G-M)

POPULAR

The Best of the Dukes.

Dukes of Dixieland. (Audio Fidelity)

The Gay Life.

Original cast album of the new musical comedy. (Capitol)

Flower Drum Song.

The sound track of the motion picture based on Rodgers and Hammerstein's Broadway musical. (Decca)

Al Jolson—Oscar Levant. Songs and dialogue. (Decca, monaural)

Inside Sauter-Finegan Revisited. (RCA Victor)

JAZZ

Dave Brubeck Quartet: Time Further Out. (Columbia)

The Indispensable Duke Ellington.

Two records. (RCA Victor monaural)

The Essential Lester Young. (Verve monaural)

The Essential Count Basie. (Verve monaural)

This is Jimmy Giuffre. (Verve)

Anita O'Day: A New Day, A New Life, A New Love. (Verve)

SPOKEN WORD

Poetry of Thomas Hardy.

Read by Richard Burton. (Caedmon)

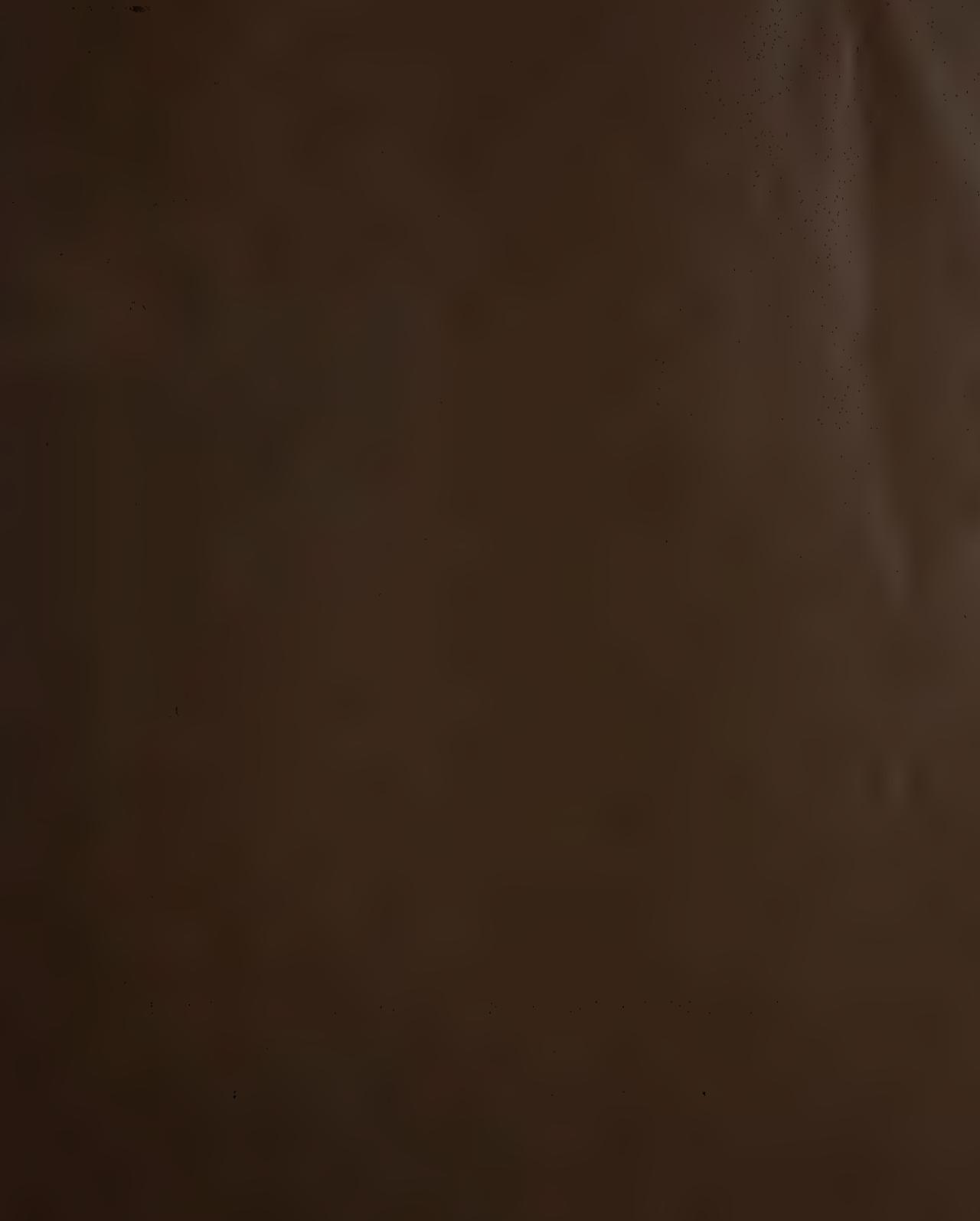
John Masefield Reading His Own Poetry. (Caedmon)

The Poems of Lawrence Durrell.

Read by the author. (Spoken Arts)

The Zoo Story.

Mark Richman and William Daniels in the Edward Albee play. (Spoken Arts)





THE WINSOME FOURSOME

How
to
go
batty
with
the
Marx Brothers
when
writing
a
film
called
"Monkey
Business"
by S. J. Perelman

One October evening in the fall of 1931, a few minutes after the curtain had risen on the second act of "Animal Crackers," a musical comedy starring the Four Marx Brothers, the occupant of the seat adjoining mine, a comely person with a mink coat folded on her lap, suddenly reached through it and twitched my sleeve. I was then, and still fatuously conceive myself to be, a hot-blooded young man; and if I did not respond immediately, there were several cogent reasons. To begin with, the occupant of the other seat adjoining mine, whom I had espoused a couple of years before, was holding hands with me, so that I had none left to twitch back. Furthermore, the custodian of the lady in mink, I had observed during the entr'acte, was a chap with an undershot jaw and a beefy neck, the kind of lout I knew would tolerate no poaching. More important than either consideration, however, was the fact that I was breathlessly and rapturously absorbed in Groucho's courtship onstage of the immortal Margaret Dumont, impersonating a dowager named Mrs. Rittenhouse. It was at least five seconds, accordingly, before I realized that my neighbor was extending a note and gesticulating toward an usher in the aisle to indicate its source. Straining to decipher the message in the half darkness, I grew almost dizzy with exaltation. Mr. Marx acknowledged the card I had sent in during the break to express my admiration, and requested me to call on him backstage after the show.

While our meeting was in no sense epochal, it did have an unpredictable consequence, and my forehead, to say nothing of my career, might have been far less wrinkled had I not paid this fortuitous homage. For the half-dozen years preceding, I had been a contributor, in the dual capacity of artist and writer, to "Judge" and "College Humor." Both these magazines, during my undergraduate days at Brown University, had reprinted drawings I had done for the college periodical, and when faced with the choice of a livelihood, I turned naturally (if naively) to comic art. There were vicissitudes that seemed insurmountable at the time, but thanks to a stomach that shrank as they arose, I managed to weather them. About the end of 1928, my work was appearing in some profusion, and Horace Liveright, whose daring as a publisher verged on audacity, brought out a collection of it called "Dawn Ginsberg's Revenge." It was a curious little volume, bound in the horripilating green plush used to upholster railroad chairs, and, as far as one could tell, had only two distinctive aspects. The title page omitted any mention whatever of an author—I presumably was so overawed at the permanence

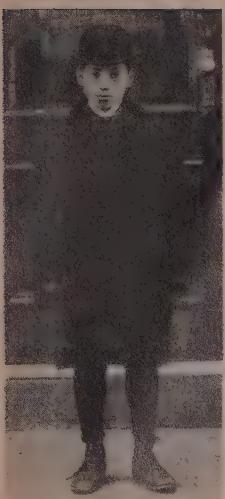
I was achieving that I neglected to check this detail—and the dust jacket bore a blurb from, coincidentally, Groucho Marx. It read: "From the moment I picked up your book until I laid it down, I was convulsed with laughter. Some day I intend reading it."

To say, therefore, that I had set the Thames on fire by that fateful evening in 1931 would be hardly accurate. The brush and quill were yielding a pittance which I had persuaded the idealistic lady whose hand I held to share with me, and through some legerdemain we had managed to squeeze in two summers abroad on the cheap. But the magazines I worked for were feeling the Depression, and all of a sudden the barometer began to fall. I started receiving a trickle of letters from the bank that soon grew into a cascade. Perhaps, its officials hinted delicately, I would like to transfer to some bank that had facilities for handling smaller accounts. Maybe I didn't need a bank after all, they hazarded, but merely a loose brick in the fireplace. A deep cleft, reminiscent of the Rift Valley in East Africa, appeared between my eyebrows about the first of every month. Beyond rending my clothes or dropping an occasional reference to the poorhouse, though, I was careful to conceal my anxieties from my helpmate. Whether she suspected anything from the newspaper recipes I left around the kitchen, for cheap but hearty agglomerations of macaroni and tuna fish, I cannot say. If she did, she gave no hint of it.

This was our approximate situation, then, at the moment the summons from Groucho arrived, and it was without any portent that the encounter would be fateful that I happened backstage after the performance. Once, however, we had exchanged cordialities—a bit awkward for my wife, since Groucho was clad only in his shorts—he breezily confessed to an ulterior purpose in his invitation. One of the networks had latterly been entreating the Marxes to appear in a radio series, and he wondered if I could be cozened into writing it. Flattering as I found his esteem, I was frankly overwhelmed.

"I—I wouldn't know how to begin," I faltered. "I've never worked on a radio script."

"Neither has Will Johnstone," admitted Groucho. "He's the fellow we'd like you to collaborate with." He went on to explain: Johnstone, like myself a comic artist, and a staff member of the *Evening World*, was the author of "I'll Say She Is," a boisterous vaudeville sketch which the Marxes had amplified into their first Broadway success. "Yes siree," he concluded somberly. "I can't imagine two people worse equipped for the job, but there's one thing in your favor. You're



Harpo, age 11

both such tyros you might just come up with something fresh."

It was a dubious basis for any undertaking, and yet, as events proved, his words had a certain perverse logic. Johnstone turned out to be a jovial, exuberant chap in his late fifties, a raconteur with a fund of newspaper stories. We put in a couple of enjoyable sessions that got nowhere, except for a misty notion that the Marxes might be characterized as stowaways aboard an ocean liner. On the day designated to report our progress, the two of us met outside the Astor, resolved to confess our inadequacy and throw in the towel. Luncheon with the troupe was as disorganized as my colleague had predicted it would be. Groucho expatiated at length on his stock-market losses, Chico kept jumping up to place telephone bets, and Harpo table-hopped all over the dining room, discomposing any attractive lady who gave him a second glance. Finally, the issue could be postponed no longer, and Johnstone, courageously assuming the burden, divulged the sum total of our conferences. To our stupefaction, it evoked hosannas.

"Listen," said Groucho, after a whispered colloquy with his brothers. "You fellows have stumbled on something big. This isn't any fly-by-night radio serial—it's our next picture!"

Primed for a totally opposite reaction, Johnstone and I surveyed him speechless; we had expected to be pistol-whipped and summarily flung into Times Square, and, in our humility, thought he was being ironical. Within the next half-hour the brothers dispelled any doubt of their enthusiasm. Pinioning our arms, they hustled us across the street into the office of Jesse Lasky, the head of Paramount Pictures. There was a short, confused interval brimful of references to astronomical sums of money, contracts, and transportation to the Coast—inexplicably, for our wives as well. We were to entrain for Hollywood within the week, it was tempestuously agreed, to write the screenplay. The Marxes, scheduled to terminate their Broadway run in a fortnight, were off to London for an engagement at the Palladium, after which they would return to California to shoot our film. When Johnstone and I reeled out into what was now truly the Gay White Way, our faces had the ecstatic, incredulous look of prospectors who had just blundered across the Lost Dutchman mine.

The delirium of leave-taking for California was, of course, punctuated by the usual untoward incidents that complicate life at such moments. My wife—deliberately, I felt at the time—slipped on an icy sidewalk and fractured her arm, and Johnstone, an undisguised foe of Prohibition, was suddenly dis-

heartened by rumors that applejack was unprocurable in Los Angeles. Solutions materialized for both dilemmas; at the eleventh hour, she was able to board the Twentieth Century encased in a cast, and influential friends of Johnstone's mercifully supplied him with three stone crocks of his life-giving ichor. To restrict our mobility further, we took with us our pet of the moment, a large and aggressive schnauzer whose antipathy to trainmen and porters kept the compartment in an uproar. He was eventually exiled to the baggage car, where he ululated for three thousand miles and spread neurasthenia among the postal clerks. Much more awesome than any scenery we saw on the trip, it developed, was Johnstone's creative drive. In less than sixty-five hours, he dashed off fifteen or twenty strip cartoons for his paper, not to mention innumerable water colors of the sunsets, mesas, and hogans en route. How his hand remained sufficiently steady, considering the roadbed of the Santa Fe and the contents of the three stone crocks, was a mystery. I sometimes lay awake in my berth for as long as two minutes pondering it.

Of all the world's storied thoroughfares, it must be confessed that none produces quite the effect of Hollywood Boulevard. I have been downcast in Piccadilly, chopfallen on the Champs Elysées, and *doloroso* on the Via Veneto, but the avenues themselves were blameless. Hollywood Boulevard, on the contrary, creates an instant and malign impression in the breast of the beholder. Viewed in full sunlight, its tawdriness is unspeakable; in the torrential downpour of the rainy season, as we first saw it, it inspired an anguish similar to that produced by the engravings of Piranesi. Our melancholy deepened when the mem and I took an exploratory walk around the hotel. As we sat in a Moorish confectionery patterned after the Alcazar, toying with viscous malted milks and listening to a funereal organ rendition of "Moonlight in Kalua," the same thought occurred to each of us, but she phrased it first.

"Listen," she said. "Do we really need the money this much?"

"That's cowardice," I said, vainglorious because I had held my tongue. "Why, we just got here—you can't judge a place so fast. Besides, it's raining. It's probably beautiful when the sun comes out."

"It's no such thing," she retorted. "You're whistling in the dark, and you know it. It's the Atlantic City boardwalk—a hayseed's idea of the Big Apple. We've made a terrible mistake."

"Oh, we have, have we?" I shouted. Two or three cadavers near us, startled out of



their torpor, turned to survey me, but I didn't care. "Well, you're certainly a comfort. Here we are in the mecca of show business, the paradise everyone dreams about, with one foot on the golden ladder—"

"Unscramble your metaphors," she interrupted coldly. "This town's already beginning to affect you."

"Well, you don't have to sprinkle weed killer over our hopes the first day," I said sulkily. "You could fake a little optimism."

"O.K.," she said, assuming an insincere, metallic smile. "No more crabbing. Maybe it's that dismal hotel room of ours that got me down. Let's go find a cheerful nest somewhere and start acting like forty-niners."

The bivouac we ultimately settled into, a modest duplex in a bungalow court, had only one advantage—it was new. Otherwise, it was an unalloyed horror, from its overstuffed suite to its painted bedsteads, from its portable gas heaters to its garish dinette. Seated there of an evening over our avocado salads while the radio tinkled out commercials for high colonics, crematoriums, and sculptured broadlooms, one had the sense of living in a homemaker's magazine. After a few days, I could have sworn that our faces began to take on the hue of Kodachromes, and even the dog, an animal used to bizarre surroundings, developed a strange, off-register look, as if he were badly printed in overlapping colors. Our neighbors were the customary hodgepodge—studio technicians, old ladies studying Bahism, bit players, chippies, and all the mysterious lammisters who tenant the Los Angeles substratum. They rarely emerged from their burrows, but once in a while we could hear upraised voices extolling the virtues of various faith healers or laxatives. Country people in general display a preoccupation with their innards bordering on the religious, and in Los Angeles, a metropolis made up of innumerable Midwestern hamlets, it amounted to a fixation. Apart from dry cleaners, saddlaries, and stores that eternalized baby shoes in bronze, almost every shop in the district was a health-food depot. I have no figures on the per-capita consumption, in Southern California during the early thirties, of soy bean, wheat germ, and blackstrap molasses, and I am thankful. It was frightening.

At the studio, where Johnstone and I were now daily applying ourselves to the script, another and equally fanciful atmosphere prevailed. The two of us were quartered in a ramshackle warren of tan stucco that housed thirty or forty other scribes. They were all in various stages of parturition, some gestating gangster epics and horse operas, others musical comedies, dramas, and farces. Few of them were writers in the traditional sense,

but persuasive, voluble specialists adept in contriving trick plot situations. Many had worked before the advent of dialogue, in silent pictures; they viewed the playwrights, novelists, and newspapermen who were beginning to arrive from New York as usurpers, slick wordmongers threatening their livelihood, and rarely fraternized. My collaborator and I, however, had little time to promote social contacts, for a managerial eye was fixed on us to assure that the script would be forthcoming on time. Herman Mankiewicz, our supervisor, was a large, Teutonic individual with an abrasive tongue, who had been a well-known journalist and the "New Yorker's" first dramatic critic. Though he was married into the Hollywood hierarchy, his fondness for cards and good living kept him in a state of perpetual peonage and had made him a sort of Johnsonian figure in the industry. Luckily, his duties as our overseer lay lightly on him. He stressed the fact that we were to proceed as fancy dictated, cynically adding that, in any case, the Marxes would keelhaul us.

"They're mercurial, devious, and ungrateful," he said. "I hate to depress you, but you'll rue the day you ever took the assignment. This is an ordeal by fire. Make sure you wear asbestos pants."

Johnstone, whose earlier association with the brothers had left no scars, was inclined to scoff at these sentiments, but several weeks later, an incident occurred that unnerved us both. One morning, we were called to Mr. Lasky's office and shown a cable from the Marxes in London. Stating their disenchantment with us in the most succinct terms, they recommended our instant dismissal and replacement by capable writers. Transfixed, we pointed out to Lasky that nobody thus far had seen a word we'd written. He nodded paternally.

"Don't be upset," he advised, smiling. "Actors, you know—they're all a little unstable. I've already replied. I told them to stick to their vaudeville and we'd worry about the movie end."

Evidently the vaudeville was providing its quota of headaches, because rumors of a very cool reception in England soon drifted back to us. Music-hall audiences were not yet attuned to anarchic comedy, and they saluted the Marxes' whirlwind antics by jeering and pitching pennies onto the stage. Insulated from their problems by a continent and an ocean, however, my collaborator and I continued to peg away at our script. We devised jokes and plot twists so hilarious that we could barely gasp them out to each other; we groveled with laughter in our lazaret as we invented extravagant puns for Groucho, pantomimic flights and Italian malapropisms



for his brothers. Zeppo, the younger, was never a concern, since he was always cast as the juvenile love interest. His speeches were usually throwaways like "Yes, Father" or song cues on the order of "I think you have the loveliest blue eyes I've ever seen."

Six weeks from the day we had begun work, we were notified that the deadline was looming. The troupe was back in the country and about to converge on Hollywood, and we were to read the screenplay to them, *viva voce*, the following Friday night at the Roosevelt Hotel. We put in some intensive burnishing—though, truth to tell, our handiwork already seemed to us to outshine the Kohinoor. To make it still more acceptable, we decided to salt our pages with as many technical movie phrases as we could, many of which we only half understood. We therefore went over the action line by line, panning, rising down, and dissolving; painstakingly sandwiched in Jackman and Dunning shots; and even, at one point, specified that the camera should wokapich around the faces of the ballroom guests. Neither of us, of course, had the remotest notion of what this last meant, and it was years before I discovered that it derived from a special-effects genius named Slavko Vorkapich. I still have no idea, between ourselves, whether his technique could be applied with impunity to the human face.

At eight-thirty on the appointed evening, I met Johnstone in the suite reserved for our audition. The onus of reading aloud a 126-page script weighed heavily on both of us, so we flipped a coin and I, to my despair, was elected. Half an hour passed without any sign of the quartet, during which I twice urged my colleague to abandon the whole enterprise and leave with me by the fire escape, but his dentures were chattering so loudly that he did not hear me. Fifteen minutes later, the first auditors arrived—Papa Marx, the progenitor of the band, accompanied by a fellow pinochle player. Our whiplash, Mankiewicz, turned up next, in company with his brother Joseph, then a rising screenwriter at Paramount. They were followed by Zeppo and his wife, who brought along a stately brace of Afghans they had purchased in England. The dogs had eaten the upholstery of a Packard roadster that afternoon and were somewhat subdued in consequence, but they looked intimidating, and they took up a position near my feet that boded ill. Harpo now strolled in with a couple of blonde civilians he had dined with, and close on his heels the Chico Marxes, leading a scrappy wirehair that immediately tangled with the Afghans. In the midst of the tohu-bohu, Groucho and his wife entered; I supposed that thirteen constituted a quorum

and made as if to start, but was told to desist—other guests were due. These, it proved, were three gagmen the Marxes had picked up in transit, each of whom was to furnish japes tailored to their respective personalities. (Zeppo, as indicated earlier, could expect only leavings.) Behind the gagmen came *their* wives, sweethearts, and an unidentifiable rabble I took to be relatives, and, last of all, several cold-eyed vultures obviously dispatched by the studio. When I counted noses and paws before ringing up the curtain, there were twenty-seven people and five dogs confronting me.

The very apogee of embarrassment, according to Madison Avenue, is to dream oneself in some stylish locale, say Carnegie Hall, clad in a bra other than Maidenform or a supporter not manufactured by Pal. If I had been wearing either or both that night, I could not have experienced worse panic as I stammered forth the setting of our opus. Destiny, whatever its intentions, had never supplied me with forensic gifts, and my only Thespian flight theretofore had been a minor role in a high-school pageant based on Pocahontas. The incredible folly of my position, the temerity of a virgin scenarist hoping to beguile a hardened professional audience, suddenly overtook me. I became faint, and the roar of a mighty cataract like the Victoria Falls sounded in my ears. Stricken, I turned to Johnstone for succor, but cataleptic fear had seized him, too; his face, the color of an eggplant, was contorted in a ghastly, fixed smile, and I thought for one horrid moment he was defunct.

"Go ahead, man," said a voice I distantly recognized as Groucho's. "Get a move on. As the donkey said, we're all ears."

Short of committing hara-kiri on the spot, there was nothing to do but comply, so, clearing my throat with a force that loosened the sidelights, I continued. I had not proceeded very far before I began to sense a distinct change in the mood of my listeners. At first it was pliant—indulgent, so to speak—and there was an occasional polite ripple. This soon ceased, and they became watchful—not hostile as yet, but wary. It was as if they were girding themselves, flexing for trouble they knew was inevitable. Then, by slow degrees, an attitude of sullen resentment stole into their faces. They had been betrayed, lured away from their *klabiatsch* and easy chairs by a will-o'-the-wisp promise of entertainment, and they grew vengeful. Some of them got vengeful, that is; the majority got sleepy, for by then I had stopped inflecting my voice to distinguish one character from another and had settled into a monotonous lilt like a Hindu chanting the Bhagavad-Gita. I spared them nothing—the

individual shots, the technical jargon, our colorful descriptions of sets and characters. At times my voice faded away altogether and I whispered endless pages of dialogue to the unheeding air. All the while, Johnstone sat with his eyes fixed alternately on his palms and the ceiling, patently trying to dissociate himself from me. Not once did he or anyone else bid me take respite or a glass of water. The whole room—exclusive of those who were asleep, naturally—was watching a man hang himself with a typewriter ribbon, and not a finger was lifted to save him. When I finally croaked "Fade-out" at the end of my ninety-minute unspectacular, there was no sound except the stertorous breathing of the dogs.

After an aeon, Chico stretched, revolved around in his chair, and addressed Groucho. "What do you think?" he growled.

With the deliberation of a diamond cutter, Groucho bit the end off his cigar and, applying a match, exhaled a jet of smoke. "It stinks," he said, and arose. "Come on." As he stalked toward the door, he was engulfed in a wedge of sycophants hissing agreement and postmortems. In another few seconds, the only occupants of the suite were a pair of forlorn sourdoughs numbed by the realization that the Lost Dutchman mine was actually fool's gold.

Such was my baptism into show business, the glamorous and devil-may-care world of illusion I had envied from childhood. I crept away that night to lick my wounds, convinced that this was Waterloo, that contempt and public disgrace would be our portion forever. Happily, I was wrong; in the scalding light of day, our critics capriciously reversed themselves and decided that traces of our handiwork could be salvaged. It took five months of drudgery and Homeric quarrels, ambuscades and intrigues that would have shamed the Borgias, but it finally reached the cameras, and the result was "Monkey Business," a muscular hit. I read the New York reviews in the most ideal surroundings imaginable—a café terrace at Bandol on the Côte d'Azur, midway between Marseilles and Toulon. A soft inshore breeze stirred my wife's hair, a Chambéry *fraise* waited at my elbow, and the schnauzer snored contentedly at our feet. Far more blissful, though, was the certainty that there wasn't a frosted papaya or a sneak preview within a thousand miles. Even that prince of porcupines, Thoreau, couldn't have asked for more than that.





*The
Soft
Mythology
of
Jazz*

An immature and fickle audience created it. Sentimental writers sustain it, while its hero musicians are worshiped as starving holy men

by Nat Hentoff



Charlie Parker



Lester Young

Miles Davis



(ceding page)
Thelonious Monk

Charlie "Bird" Parker, a jaggedly brilliant improviser and the single most influential modern jazzman, died in 1955 of multiple self-indulgences. The effect of Parker's death on some of the jazz laity and several musicians was as if he had been crucified. The latter-day Roman soldiers were the booking agents and the cruelly square public who had not "understood" the "immortal Charlie Parker" (as one hopeful record manufacturer titled a posthumous album). Parker, however, did not rise again, although several weeks after his funeral, a teen-aged apostle gazed in awe at a feather floating in the upper reaches of Carnegie Hall during a jazz concert and announced to anyone who would listen that Bird's spirit was still among us. For a few months more, other votaries scrawled "Bird Lives!" on subway billboards advertising nutritious soup and easy loans.

A stricken critic named Bill Coss analyzed the import of "His" presence in an unfeeling world on the back of a record album (liner notes being the hymnals of the sect): "Then as God and his servant, as the adored and the adoring, finding both wanting, he did as the religious have always done: he made sacrifice, being at once penitent, victim and deity."

Jack Kerouac, who approaches both jazz and The Negro as routes to purification, keened:

*Charlie Parker forgive me.
Forgive me for not answering your eyes.
For not having made an indication
of that which you can devise.
Charlie Parker pray for me.
Pray for me and everybody.*

Six years after Parker's demise, there are still true believers, and circuit riders to entertain them. "Symphony Sid," a New York jazz disc jockey who functions as the Billy Graham of aspiring hipsters, expressed his gratitude for the clement weather at a local jazz festival on the air one night. "I guess," Symphony Sid said, his normally hoarse voice cracking still more with emotion, "Bird was watching over us."

The ubiquitous great speckled bird of jazz was indeed a startlingly original musician, but he was also on occasion a spectacularly disturbed man. Despite the legends of economic struggles stemming from an art too pure for the "day people," Parker had been commanding large fees since 1946. His intermittent periods of financial crisis were caused by his chronic undependability. There were times when he didn't show up at all for an engagement. On several other occasions, it would have been better if he hadn't. During one particularly turbulent year, Parker was touring with Norman Granz's "Jazz at the Philharmonic" troupe. When the company arrived in Los Angeles, where there are ample connections for heroin, Granz hired a man to shadow the Bird until concert time. Parker nonetheless disappeared, and it took a dragnet of experts on the local nether world to find him and bring him to the hall. By that point, Parker was in far from optimum playing condition.

Parker was a constant drain on his friends. Capable of periods of warmth and encouragement to lesser musicians, he could also be malicious and surly. Always he was demanding. "God knows," said one colleague, "all of us who played modern owed him so much. But which of us could afford him? He'd come to my place and stay. I'd share whatever I had with him, but eventually, if I wasn't getting many gigs, I'd run out of resources and he'd go somewhere else. No one could afford him for long."

Yet, even among many musicians who knew better, the romanticization of Parker as an unappreciated genius gained considerable currency and is still nurtured. In his ingenuous "Big City Blues," jazz lyricist Jon Hendricks asserts as an article of faith:

*But lack of acceptance is less like somethin' to hide from
And more like somethin' Bird died from.*

In the short, agitated history of jazz, the Parker cult is one of many illustrations of the need, among the music's more adolescent partisans and players, for "tragic" hero symbols. According to the ritualistic convictions of the mythmakers, the best the jazz giants can hope for is isolation and lack of appreciation. The worst is premature death—of alcoholism, an overdose of heroin, or wings burnt when the groundling tried to fly into the sun. (A major jazzman whose career is long and lucrative becomes suspect to many of the faithful, who identify their own failures and frustrations with their condemned heroes and are disappointed when the heritage of defeat is interrupted.)

One of the first and most durable examples of the sanctity of self-destruction in jazz mythology was Bix Beiderbecke. A plangently lyrical player, he died in 1931 at the age of twenty-eight. An alcoholic, he had so assaulted his system that the pneumonia which finished him was only a terminal push. Many of the early jazz buffs, however, equated Bix's drinking with his having possessed a spirit too sensitive for the materialistic society of which he was a detached part. They pointed to the strain it must have been for Bix to work in the lumbering commercial band of Paul Whiteman. Yet Bix was drinking hard while he was still a freely roaming small-combo player, and, as Beiderbecke historian George Avakian has said, "No one had a gun at Bix's back when he joined the big bands."

The submyth of forced commercialization has remained pervasive. Granz, for instance, has long been denounced by the Bird-canonicalizers for having compelled Parker to sell part of his soul by recording him with strings. The fact is that it was Parker who thought he would achieve added status if he were accompanied by violins. With the same naive persistence, the late Lester Young was lauded for his purity in *never* having recorded with strings; but in Young's last interview before his death, he complained: "Norman Granz never let me make no records with no strings."

Young, too, became sentimentalized into a lonely Grail-seeker, destroyed by society because of his intransigent individuality—and, many added, because of his color. Overlooked were the more complex and absorbing facts of his actual life. It was true that Young, like Parker and many other Negro jazzmen, had been embittered by prejudice ("They want everybody who's Negro to be an Uncle Tom, or Uncle Remus, or Uncle Sam, and I can't make it. It's the same all over. You fight for your life, until death do you part—and then you got it made"). Yet other Negro players had found—and still do find—in the jazz life some measure of relief from the more grinding experiences in the workaday world that less mobile and more poorly paid Negroes absorbed daily. Young, moreover, had achieved international recognition by the 1940's and could have counted on a comfortable income indefinitely.

Jim Crow and lack of appreciation are not enough to explain Young's increasing suspiciousness and insularity in his later years—his periods of affecting effeminacy to mock the outsiders and hide himself, and his almost compulsive destruction of his relations with people, including his wives. Young's troubles, while they were certainly related to his fierce reaction to race prejudice, had deeper and more obscure roots in his family background and in his early, wandering years. Nor are those cultists accurate who assume that Young's desperate drinking and hair shirt of fear were essential to the remarkable contributions he made to jazz. In fact, the more he tore at himself, the worse he played. Although his work was developing until the end, his most consistently creative playing took place during his years with the Count Basie band, from 1936 to 1940; and during that period, although he was hardly a paragon of conventional recti-

tude, he was not nearly so self-lacerating as he later became.

Billie Holiday has become the soiled vestal of the jazz cult. Tales of her addiction to narcotics, her rounds of love affairs, and the fact that she was even arrested on her deathbed for possession of heroin have led some of the less analytical hipsters to idealize her as a nocturnal mother-of-us-all who lived a free life while confounding all the truant officers. In fact, Billie did have extraordinary resources of courage and stamina and could be deeply generous, but she was far from the apotheosis of the unfettered spirit. She was agonized lonely during much of her adult life, and her satisfactions crumbled quickly. Unable to have children, she would touch the stomachs of pregnant women with envy and awe. She loved to cook and would have traded all of her "glamour" for a stable marriage. She fought addiction, and when she was "on," she still felt empty. Billie herself found it curious that so painful and essentially frustrating a life could become the source of a romantic legend. "I want to get it over with real quick," she told her biographer, Bill Dufty, during a despondent period. "I want to die soon. Why? I got no guy. Who the hell will care besides you? You tell me people love me but how the hell can you tell? Sure, they love my singing. But me? I'm tired. I'm human. I want to be loved."

From the beginning of jazz-as-a-cult in America in the 1930's, the sick and the suffering have been among those to whom the most fervent homage has been paid. In Europe, where the romanticization of jazz had first started a decade before, the emphasis initially was somewhat different. Before they had had a chance to hear much authentic jazz, many French intellectuals (among them the poet-dramatist Jean Cocteau) embraced Negro music along with their early enthusiasm for African sculpture. For some, the music's virtue lay in what they regarded as its unabashed, honest primitivism. ("It shouts its sorrows at us," said the satiric composer Erik Satie.) Others, as Roger Shattuck points out in "The Banquet Years," approached jazz "with a sense of exhilaration in the absurd," as part of their revolt against academic formalism. In any case, there was small knowledge of the actual nature of the music and its background, or of the diversities of its individual players. Jazz was an abstract. This general equation of jazz with the caricature of the "purely emotional" Negro has been sustained by Norman Mailer in "The White Negro" and by the more lachrymose "beat" writers. But in Europe, as well as in America, the focus of the cult narrowed primarily to individual tragedy and individual defiance of the safe and orderly.

The first jazz legend, Buddy Bolden, after years of exuberant wenching and general roistering around New Orleans, finally ascended into madness during a 1907 parade. According to contemporary evidence, there may have been equally powerful cornetists, but Bolden's legend has lasted because it is the most lurid. In the next decade, the volatile, deranged Leon Rappolo, a hot, liquid clarinetist, reached his own place in the pantheon as much by his behavior as by his music. "Legends," wrote the editors of "Jazzmen" in 1939, "have clung to Rappolo, as they have to Bix. Probably the best of them are true. How he leaned against a telephone pole, playing clarinet against the weird harmonies of the singing wires. How he couldn't stop when a number was through, but went on playing until the manager, pulling his hair, pleaded with him, anxious for the customers to sit down and spend." Bolden and Rappolo were followed by Beiderbecke, the insatiably self-destructive Bunny Berigan, Young, Parker, Holiday, and others of the emotionally maimed.

For Europeans, this delectable series of reversed Horatio Alger tales has reinforced the fashionable contempt for American materialism. "Why," one visitor from Sweden said mockingly a couple of years ago, "I expected to see a statue of Charlie Parker on Fifth Avenue. But I forgot. You do not honor your artists; you destroy them."



Billie Holiday

Other factors are involved in explaining why such large sections of the American jazz public have confused personal failure with transcendent virtue and symbolic purity. For one thing, the majority of the jazz audience has always been young and in predictable—if temporary—revolt against the values of its elders. With each generation, a new wave of yearning, quasi rebels arrives (Mort Sahl has characterized the species: “May I have the car? I want to run away”). Their predecessors, once they become young adults, usually abandon jazz, except for intermittent bouts of nostalgia. The jazz audience in the mass, therefore, has been immature and fickle. This shallowness of jazz “appreciation” also explains the fact that most of the older jazzmen are consigned to limbo. Such superior swing-era improvisers as Ben Webster, Roy Eldridge, Buck Clayton, Coleman Hawkins, Edmond Hall, and Vic Dickenson are no longer booked in the major rooms, and their records do not sell. Most are more stimulating soloists now than they were at any earlier time in their careers, but the bulk of the young jazz listeners have no sense of, or interest in, jazz history. They are hungry only for what is hiply rebellious now.

The incessant craving for the new in each jazz generation has been accelerated by the huge increase in publicity for jazz in the past ten years. “New stars” are heralded, it often seems, every month. And most of each generation’s enthusiasms, accordingly, last little longer than a high-school love affair. Many of the younger jazz players are now tense in fear of becoming quickly obsolete. Sonny Rollins, a uniquely imaginative tenor saxophonist, disappeared from the jazz circuit a couple of years ago when he was receiving spiraling critical acclaim. He hid in order to devise new concepts and means of execution because his position was being challenged by John Coltrane, an equally venturesome tenor. Now a new genre of legends is expanding—the jazzman as a gladiator in training for a climactic tournament. Some say Rollins can be heard practicing late at night on the Brooklyn Bridge. Others add that he has shaved his beard and works as a bank teller (a construction laborer, another source whispers) to support himself by day while honing Excalibur by night.

In any case, when the audience is immature, it will be most drawn emotionally to the immature among the players. The young buffs tend to misread the desperate arrogance and hollow self-indulgence of the emotionally askew in jazz as evidences of uncompromising self-expression and radical daring. When Charlie Parker came late to a Greenwich Village concert, walked onto the stand, sat on a chair with his back to the audience, and fell asleep, he was commended by some for his “cool” aplomb. When Thelonious Monk has, in the past, walked out on audiences—he is more reliable now—the worshipers remained in their seats, hoping he might grace them with his return. “I thought,” said one baffled club owner after such an experience with Monk, “they’d all ask for their money back. But they kept sitting there.” This kind of behavior appeals to those who would like similarly to walk majestically away from their parents and teachers—and get away with it.

An immature public is also served by immature “critical” writing, and for many years most of the jazz writers reinforced the impressionistic fantasies of the jazz audience. Until recently, the tone and style of much jazz writing has been a blend of movie fan magazines and tabloid sports pages. The musicians have been viewed as picaresque warriors on the last frontiers of individuality and as founts of passionate, intuitive wisdom. For the most part, there was little analytical appraisal of them as highly differentiated individuals, each with his own variations of background, temperament, and goals.

In an essay ostensibly on Pee Wee Russell, George Frazier wrote, some years ago: “Jazz is like spinach and a foggy night and the poetry of T. S. Eliot. It is something that you heard once

upon an enchanted night and that you will remember until you die.” A priest-critic, G. V. Kennard, S. J., was more cosmic in his definition: “... jazz joins together what man has put asunder. To man the theorizer, builder, tradesman and scientist jazz restores man the tribesman, maker of symbols and myths and dreams.... Is it not this recapture of man’s origins, this wholeness, this restoration of man to himself and to his fellows—in a word, is it not the end of estrangement that is heralded by jazz?”

Perhaps it is indeed. In “The Jazz Word,” an anthology of writing “capturing the essence of the men and their music,” the editors (two of whom were experienced critics) selected this gem of jazz literature by William Morris:

oh swing me into sounds/of modern jazz quartet/going so far out/color music/ah music/the word brings back your hair/the color was music/small wonder I should telephone/three thousand miles to get things straight/i mean about your hair/you must never cut it...

To several of the earlier writers, true jazz had to be Negro as well as mystical. The French sect leader, Hugues Panassié, with his sweepingly emotional rules, is responsible for the section on jazz in “Grove’s Dictionary of Music and Musicians.” In it, he writes of clarinetist Mezz Mezzrow: “... of all white musicians the one who most perfectly assimilated the Negro spirit, and therefore that of true jazz.” Similarly, the Negro writer John O. Killens asserts, in “The Urbanite”: “It takes an Afro-American to really sing and dig the blues and spirituals.” I’d agree—with a few exceptions, in the blues, such as Jack Teagarden—about the singing. But is full understanding to be restricted only to Negroes? What of blues expert Panassié?

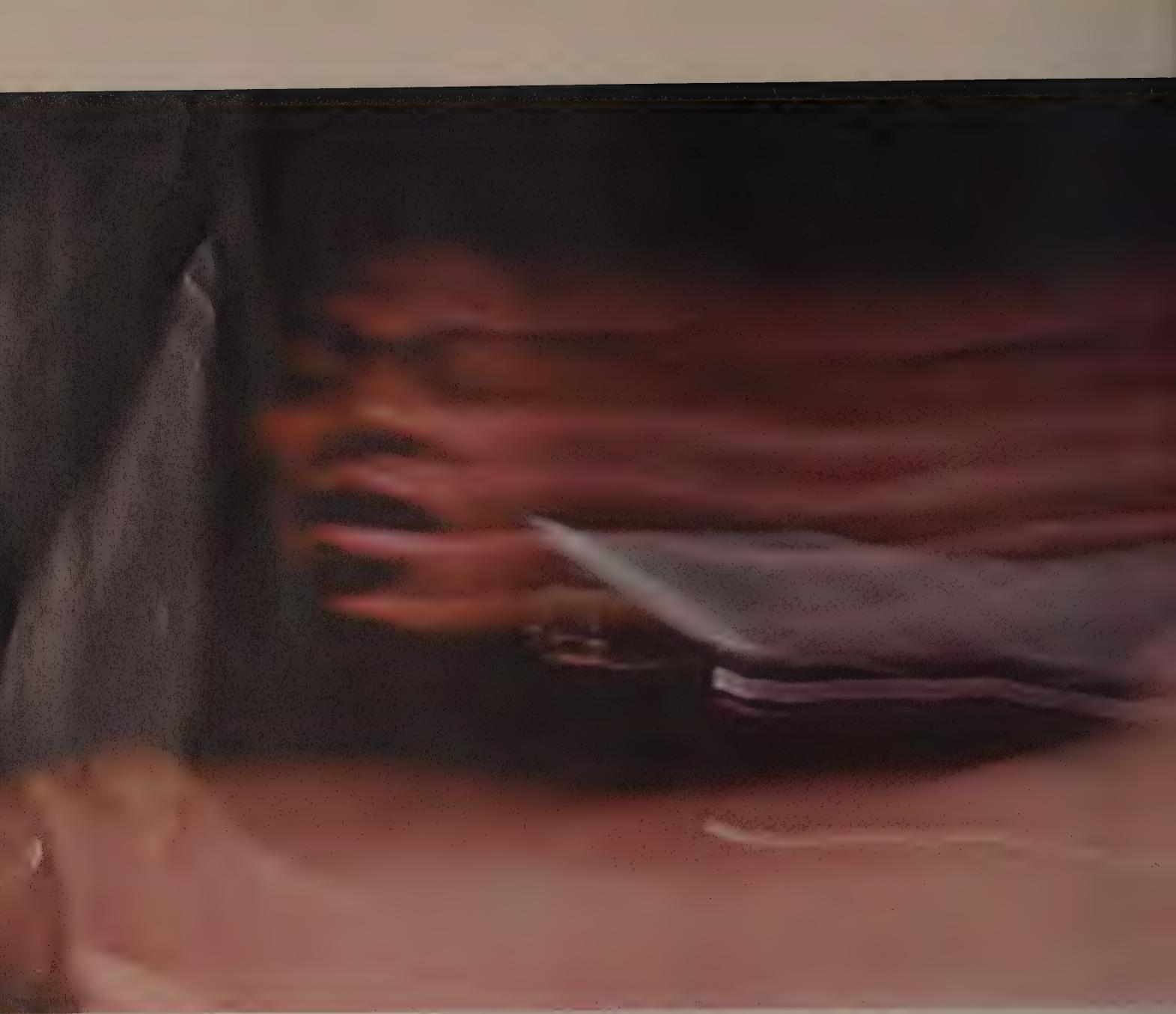
The most influential recent addition to the mythology of jazz has been the combination of the Negro as Earth Mother with jazz as the dialect of the authentic contemporary rebel, the hipster. It is distilled in Norman Mailer’s “The White Negro.” Mailer declares that “the presence of Hip as a working philosophy in the subworlds of American life is probably due to jazz, and its knifelike entrance into culture, its subtle but so penetrating influence on an avant-garde generation.” But nowhere does Mailer say what this specifically jazz influence has been. It is true, as he indicates, that much of the language of the hipster is taken from jazz and from the larger street dictionary of the Negro from which most jazz terms originally came. But the hipster’s reactions to the music itself are usually as superficial and unknowable as those of the glazed suburban adolescents who watch Stan Kenton imitate the American eagle. Jazz, to be sure, gives the hipsters a “charge,” but so might Near Eastern music or ethnic recordings of American Indian dances if they were on the current “in” list.

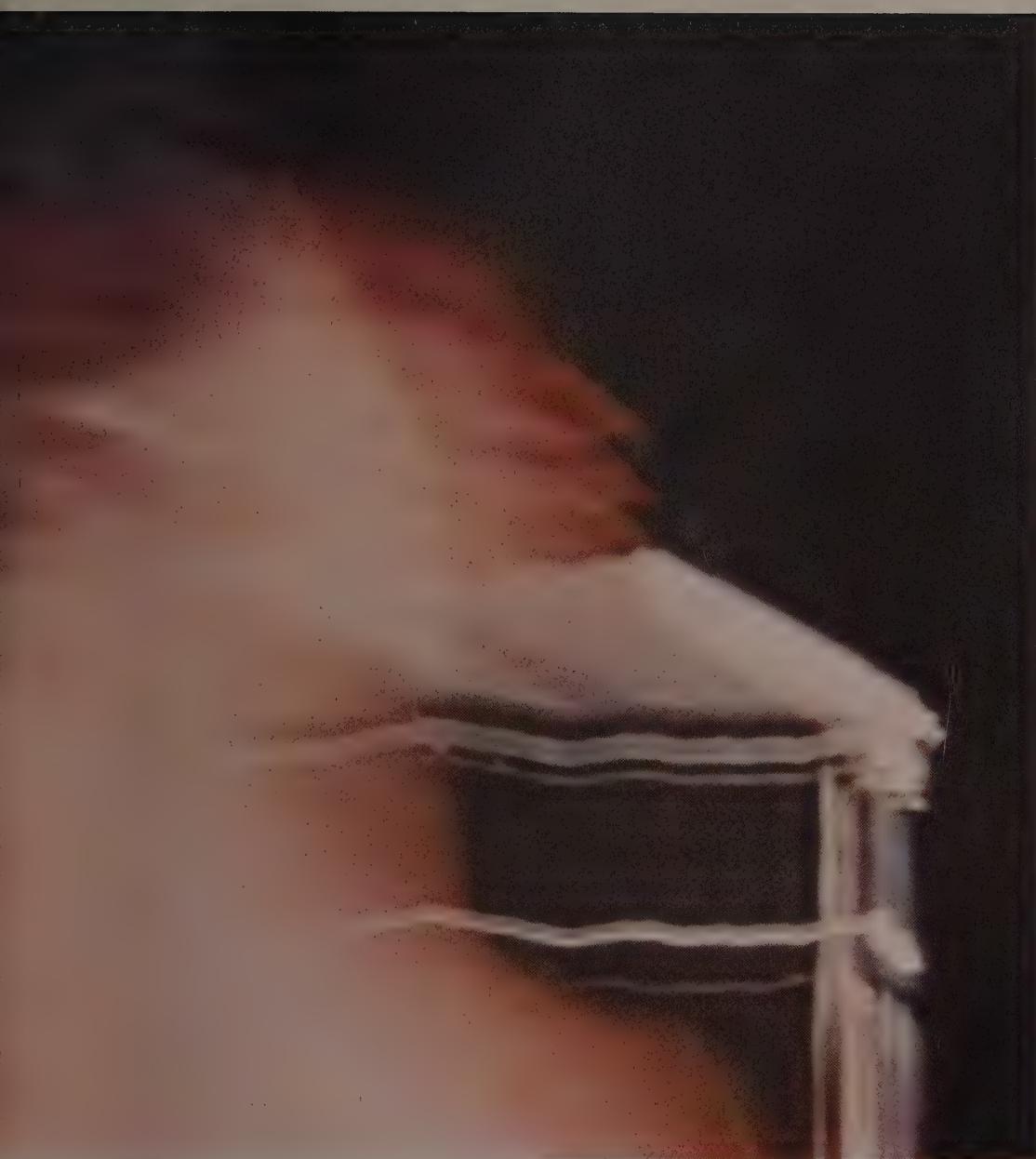
It is true that the major innovators in jazz have been Negro, and it is true that, as James Baldwin writes, “there is no Negro ... living in America who has not felt, briefly or for long periods, with anguish sharp or dull, in varying degrees and to varying effect, simple, naked, and unanswerable hatred; who has not wanted to smash any white face he may encounter in a day.” The other side of Baldwin’s truism—the vein of irony that runs through the blues and much later jazz—was described in a “Sports Illustrated” interview with a Negro baseball player:

“I have the most interesting life in the world. Why? Just being a Negro. I know that when I wake up in the morning and look in the mirror I have a challenge. Where can I find the humor in it—that’s what I try to do. It’s so ridiculous you have to find the humor in it. If you didn’t you’d go crazy.”

Both acid humor and slashing bitterness are part of the base of jazz. It is also true that, in its beginnings, many of the blues roammers and players in the barrel houses were hip in Mailer’s sense. They made out however they could and they lived in a







**Jazz-as-a-cult:
driven by
the fervor
of performer
and listener,
dramatized
by the props
of rebellion**



subworld that had its own rules of survival. But, also from the beginning, jazz was made by cigar makers, dock workers, artisans, sons of small businessmen. And there have been more and more children of the middle class—Duke Ellington, Don Redman, Coleman Hawkins, Miles Davis, John Lewis, Thelonious Monk.

It is simplistic to hear their music as only hatred or joy or lust—as only orgasm. Every Negro in America has been made to feel hatred, but there have been infinite variations in the ways Negroes have lived with that hatred. Those who became jazzmen reflected those variations. Some have retreated, and their music shivers with inhibited fear and rage. Others, like Miles Davis, have become Norman Mailers—insatiably searching and experiencing the present while looking for a center of gravity. Others have brought the middle-class values of their childhood into their music, and their jazz is a constant battle between raw feeling and what it takes to buy a Cadillac. A few, notably Thelonious Monk, have come close to building their own private worlds in which they can hide and form their music until it's ready to speak for them. There is the cautious Count Basie, who will venture hardly at all from what he knows will be accepted; and there is the smoldering Charlie Mingus, who is his own sternly critical master and will make no concessions in his music to audiences or club owners.

It is as naive, in short, to see all jazzmen as existential hipsters as it is to idolize them as the starving holy men of our time. Gradually, however, writers are emerging who at least are capable of analyzing the music without incense; and a few observers are now able to write realistically of the social, economic, and psychological context in which the jazzman works and moves off the stand. An important beginning in the latter area is "The Jazz Scene" (Monthly Review Press) by Francis Newton, jazz critic for the British "New Statesman." In America, syndicated jazz columnist Ralph Gleason of the San Francisco *Chronicle* also writes of the realities of the jazz experience, not of what he fantasizes them to be.

Some of the musicians themselves, it should be noted, have been drawn by the more common mythology into emulating the printed image of themselves as "special," outsize rebels who collect experiences that the squares in the audience dare not try. Particularly in the 1940's, for example, the more childish apprentices in modern jazz tried to follow their charismatic leader in self-destruction. Since Charlie Parker was on heroin, some convinced themselves that addiction might be a short cut to higher art—a thought process similar to the behavior of more innocent tribesmen who used to eat a lion's heart for courage.

Not all jazzmen, in 1910 or 1961, played at these sad, losing games. The majority have been, and are, reasonably responsible and quite serious about their music. The jazz life has never been as simple as Duke Ellington's exasperated, unromantic answer to a nagging aesthetician: "Look, what you see out there is sixteen men making a living!" (When he was in a more mellow mood, Ellington was once approached by a man who announced he was writing a thesis on "Negro Rhythm and the Origins of the African Pulsation." "What is your approach," he asked Ellington, "to the concept of jazz rhythm?" "Eat well and sleep sound," Duke answered.) Yet there is more accuracy in the view of jazz as an increasingly challenging vocation that requires hard, disciplined training than there is in the melancholy sentimentalization of the doomed young man with a horn or the Mailer cartoon of the jazzman as Pied Piper to the liberation of our unconscious.

There are still narcotics addicts in jazz, but fewer than there were ten and fifteen years ago. Most of the addicted, moreover, are no longer proud of their "daring" status and are conscious

of the disapproval of their colleagues. "It's hard enough making it," explains one jazz musician, "and getting your combo into shape without having to worry if one of the guys is going to get busted and waste all the building you've done." "I'm not a moralist on the subject," says a leader, "but I won't hire a junkie any more, because he's more trouble than he's worth."

I am not saying that the average jazz musician's life has become indistinguishable from that of an accountant, but the concentration is increasingly on perfecting the music rather than on expending energy on living up to the streaked image of jazzmen in novels and Sunday supplements. There are even a few signs that jazz fiction is becoming somewhat less artificial. Ross Russell's new novel, "The Sound" (Dutton), comes frighteningly close in places to re-creating the jungle fauna of the early days of modern jazz; and James Baldwin's short story "Sonny's Blues" cuts deeply into the tensions involved in forming many Negro jazzmen. John Clellon Holmes's "The Horn" (1958) was a smaller step ahead. It avoided some of the mawkishness of such predecessors as Dorothy Baker's "Young Man With a Horn," published twenty years before, but it, too, was largely suffused by a damp conviction that the jazz "rebel," however adolescent, is automatically a significant symbol of the American grain. There is also in Holmes an attempt to describe musicians at work that is of a wide-eyed genre which should be harder to get by more skeptical editors in the years ahead. He writes of several experimentalists immersed in the "invention" of modern jazz. "Man, what are we doing?" exclaims one ecstatic empiricist. "We're winking at the moon" is the answer he gets from another musician, and it's the answer he deserves. But the author is serious.

A more realistic and revelatory conversation in a novel that could be written now might be based on a recent interview with a young Negro singer. The white disc jockey questioned her about her insistence on singing mainly material written by herself and other jazz musicians, based on their own experiences and feelings, and occasionally on their pride in the emergence of the African states. "Look," she said, "I'm tired of singing things like 'The Man I Love' and 'You Do Something to Me.' I'm starting to sing about what you whites *have* done to me." Not all jazz musicians, by any means, are turning most of their musical expression into protest; but the image nearly all have of themselves *has* changed. They take themselves seriously, sometimes too seriously, and jazz is more than just casual kicks to them.

As the musicians and some of the writers develop wider perspectives, there are signs that more of the jazz audience is staying with the music past the years of adolescence. In another ten or fifteen years, jazz may finally have a strong nucleus of listeners who are more involved in the continuum and the essence of the music itself than in jazz as a way to dismay their parents. By that time, the legendary jazz figures may not be so uncritically idolized. Charlie Parker, for one, will continue to be respected for his explosively influential music, but fewer parishioners and acolytes will be persuaded that his way of life was either glamorous or foreordained.

At the Newport Jazz Festival in 1954, an elderly native accosted Dizzy Gillespie and pointed to the latter's goatee. "Is that," he asked, "an affectation?" Gillespie, a nonsentimentalist, has survived Jim Crow and the wilderness of the early modern jazz years to evolve into a mature, individualistic, and occasionally satiric musician. "No," he answered his questioner politely. "It's a fetish."

Much of the mythology of jazz has been involved with actual affectation and fetishism. Its listeners and players, as more of them are beginning to realize, would be well rid of both. There is more to jazz than a litany for adolescents.



George Balanchine's world is bounded by

music; inside it is all movement and dancers. Most of the dancers are women, and the best of them are the leading ballerinas of the company he directs, the New York City Ballet.

There is no other company like it. No one is starred; alphabetical billing does for everyone. Except for a swift, streamlined "Swan Lake," in which the corps is as important as the leading dancer, the classics are not in the repertoire. What makes the repertoire is mainly George Balanchine's genius, which can serve up a roof-raising *pas de deux* in the grand style and follow it immediately with a startling contemporary work like "Electronics" or "Agon." To get through "Agon," the dancers must concentrate on a severe arithmetical count in which mistakes are not allowed, for the Stravinsky score is filled with dry-boned silences and knotty, unexpected rhythms that will neither pick up a dancer nor carry him along.

There is seemingly no end to Balanchine's inventiveness, to his ability to indulge his fancy within clearly marked disciplines, to his obligation to be always his own man, regardless of the moment's fads. Much of his work, moreover, is suffused by a nostalgic emotional quality that can both touch and bemuse an audience without being explicitly stated. But it is his highly developed musicality that serves as the fountainhead of his work, allowing him to sight-read complex scores with little difficulty, play the piano with near-professional skill, and even conduct a full symphony orchestra competently if he has to.

When Balanchine chooses a score to work with, the music sets its own necessary action through choreographic ideas that come to him "fast or not at all." Each musical phrase becomes "the reason for each step"; one impels the other, with a phrase in sound finding its equivalent in action. So firmly are Balanchine ballets "layered" upon their scores that it is almost impossible to separate choreography from music.

His ballets are not easy to dance. Once a Balanchine ballerina makes her entrance, she does not get a chance to rest until she is offstage again. There is little standing around and less posing for pretty effects. It is all motion—sometimes the whole body, sometimes merely an arm or a leg—and often into positions that shock the tradition-minded. When Violette Verdy or Patricia Wilde dances his "Donizetti Variations," for instance, each seems to burn up the stage with fierce bravura, but between their solos they stagger into the wings exhausted and dripping sweat.

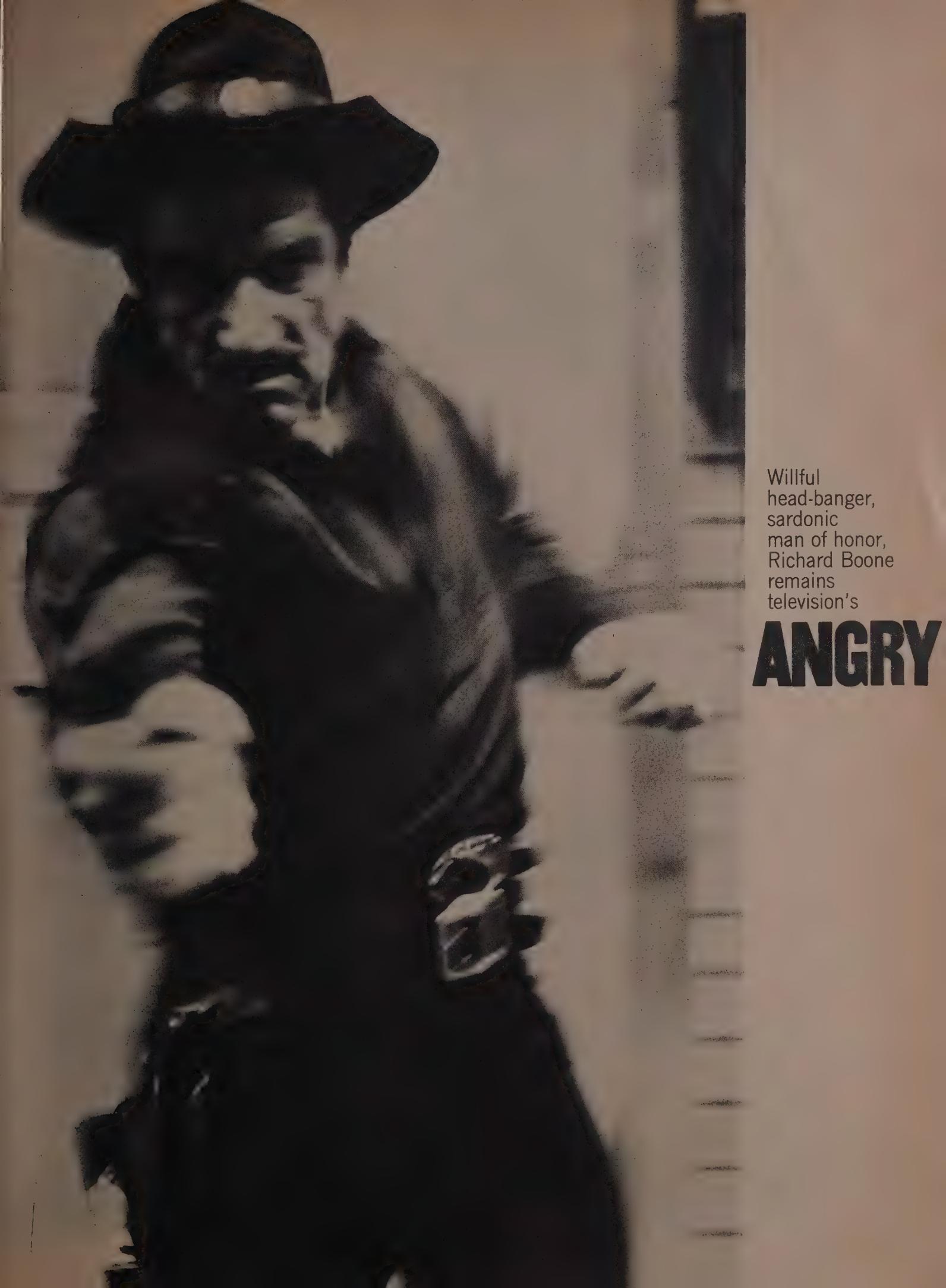
Sometimes Balanchine choreographs a ballet specifically for one dancer. He revived "The Seven Deadly Sins" for Allegra Kent alone; no one else in the company ever danced the leading role. Her stare of wide-eyed corruption could not be matched, nor could the crazy splits and back bends she was called upon to perform. More often, roles are rotated in repertory theater style, and it is possible to see three different Firebirds and sometimes five Swan Queens in the course of one season.

This works well for the ballerinas, for they are constantly called upon to extend themselves. In the Stravinsky "Mouvement pro Gesualdo," Diana Adams is the very model of chaste intelligence, while in "Agon" her tall, stately, lyrical body is hotly colored by erotic movements. Jillana, in "Sonnambula," keeps a last-gasp romantic story moving along a flirtatious line, then warms "Serenade" with easy, flowing serenity. Young Patricia McBride, just making her way through the ranks into leading roles, is being asked to dance everything from the Sugar Plum Fairy in "The Nutcracker" to the narcissistic dancer-in-rehearsal in "Afternoon of a Faun."

If Balanchine has any professional concern beyond his work and his dancers, it is for his audience. Everybody, he believes, who comes to see a Balanchine ballet should get his money's worth. Everybody does, and knows it: Mr. B. and his company sell out the New York City Center twenty weeks each year.

ROBERT KOTLOWITZ

Clockwise:
George Balanchine
Patricia McBride
Patricia Wilde
Violette Verdy
Jillana
Allegra Kent
Diana Adams



Willful
head-banger,
sardonic
man of honor,
Richard Boone
remains
television's

ANGRY

UN

by Richard Schickel

Two characteristics distinguish Paladin, a worldly private-eye-on-a-horse who has been riding, tall in the saddle, through the television wasteland these past four seasons. One is competence; the other, anger. There is no masculine skill, including a way with the ladies, which he has not mastered to the point of graceful, almost indolent, ease. And there is no meanness of the human spirit, however unimportant it may seem to the objective observer, which does not bring a well-bred twist of contempt to his lips and the glare of ice to his eyes.

That the hero of "Have Gun, Will Travel" is equipped with these traits of character is no accident, for they are also the principal attributes of a well-set-up actor, with a magnificently ruined face, named Richard Boone, who created the part and who today recalls that he was only ten pages into his first reading of the initial "Have Gun" script when he discovered a startling empathy with Paladin.

Boone believes that Paladin's fiery manner masks a hidden wound. "This man has to have made a hell of a mistake sometime," he says, suggesting that it is more than his \$1,000 fee which sends Paladin (the medieval name for a knight-errant) riding debonairly through the sage on his weekly search for justice. By the same token, it is more than his six-figure salary that sends Boone stalking down the corridors of networks and advertising agencies in search of the nameless mediocrities who, the way he tells it, constantly threaten his integrity and that of the program over which, through the years and through a hundred battles, he has gained almost complete creative control.

Boone is even less certain of the source of his own psychic wounds than he is about what ticks Paladin off. "There have always been a lot of things boiling around inside me, and my problem has been to channel them. I don't know what they are. I could probably find out if I went through analysis, but I haven't, and I probably won't."

There is, however, a theory which suggests that we indulge in such massive nostalgia for Paladin's West because it was the last American time and place in which the individual man could make things happen on his own. There, through his own efforts, he could insure both justice and his own destiny—something modern man, a much-belabored cog in an overorganized machine, cannot do. One school of thought believes that our inability to make things happen is the cause of all contemporary anxiety. If that is true, then the appeal of Paladin as a character and Boone as a man is obvious. Both want to control their lives completely and both get very prickly when that ambition is thwarted.

The history of Boone's professional life bears out the aptness of the theory. He didn't start out to be an actor. He came from a solidly middle-class Los Angeles family, and he might easily have followed a prolonged

period of youthful rebellion with a stolid professional career. Fortunately, after cutting the expected didos as a Stanford undergraduate, he extended his *Sturm und Drang* period into a young manhood that combined roughnecks and cultural aspirations in about equal parts (a blend which has always produced a quantity of creative people). After struggling to be, first, a painter, then a writer, he abandoned both pursuits to more or less accidentally take up his life work as an actor and continue to scrap with a motley group of money men, amateurs, bumbler, and safe-instead-of-sorry people bent on saving him from himself. He learned his craft at Sanford Meisner's Neighborhood Playhouse in New York, in something like a hundred and seventy-five parts, during the day of the live television drama, and on Broadway. He sharpened his sense of integrity at the Actors' Studio, where he found "a community of actors making an effort to enhance their craft. The Studio established my basic attitudes toward this business. And what I learned there has helped me keep 'Have Gun' honest." In those days, Boone kept his integrity in fighting trim by walking out on parts in no less than six Broadway productions that didn't meet his standards.

"You have to come to a point," he says, "where you say, 'This is me; if I'm not good enough for you, then the hell with you.' Once you hit that level, a kind of relaxation comes over you. You find that you're not desperately striving for applause to prove that you're good."

Boone was certain he had reached that level in 1950, when he walked onto a Hollywood lot for the first time. Lewis Milestone, the director, had spotted Boone in a test Boone had helped another actor to make, and cast him in a Marine Corps epic called "Halls of Montezuma." On his first take, Boone did a complicated, seven-page scene perfectly and knew he was ready for anything. "Sometimes I think lightning struck the plane I flew out on," he says.

Shortly thereafter, following two unsuccessful marriages, Boone met Claire McAloon, a dancer friend of the Milestones, and made a match which further enhanced his sense of stability. He spent three years making a succession of dull pictures for Twentieth Century-Fox and "banging heads" (his own favorite phrase) with its powers. In due course, he struggled free of that trap, made his first television success in "Medic" (a sort of "Dragnet" for hypochondriacs), did a series of superb performances on such programs as "Playhouse 90," then picked up that gun and started traveling.

Keeping "Have Gun" honest is Boone's chief occupation these days, and it is a full-time job. For the first time, however, he is fighting from a position of strength, so there is a certain mellowness about him that was not noticeable in his younger days. "If 'Have

"Gun' fails," he declares, "it's Dick Boone's failure and no one else's. You have to be salty. With the kind of money that's at stake in this business, and the kind of pressure it generates, there's bound to be venality, and people folding all around you."

Here a rare, broad grin opens up Boone's tightly controlled face, and he proclaims that "It pleases me to be in a purposeful fight. I don't like to fight unless there's something to fight about."

The student of comparative values might well desert Richard Boone at this point. What in the world is he fighting for? The integrity of a half-hour length of film about a fancy cowboy hardly seems worth the trouble. And it is true that Boone tends to be a little overserious about his work. Before departing, however, the student of mass culture and values might pause to reflect on the simple fact that the half-hour film show is television's basic unit and that, short of an FCC-decreed millenium, it is the very place to begin the fight for quality. He might also contemplate the differences between "Have Gun" and other filmed shows turned out by what Boone calls the "shoe factories."

For one thing, it is more carefully rehearsed than most of its competitors. The average show is ground out in three days. Boone takes an extra day, and the finished product, polished slick and trimmed tight, shows it. Even the camera setups seem more adroit than they do on competing programs.

More importantly, "Have Gun" casts good actors and buys good scripts. It also prospers through careful attention to detail. On one recent day, Boone handed down the thesis that all his actors should look as if they had just stepped out of a painting by Frederic Remington. He devoted most of his between-takes moments to fussing over such items as bandannas, chaps, and spurs, sending his actors trudging back and forth to the wardrobe department to replace haberdashery that didn't suit him.

His taste in actors runs toward men who can improvise a scene with him. He is happiest when he has someone like Warren Stevens, Marty Balsam, or Hank Patterson to play against. "I like guys you can really come to grips with," he says. When he's working with one of his favorites, they are constantly testing one another's reactions, like electricians adjusting the poles of a carbon arc, working to make a spark leap across a gap, bridging the real and the unreal. Boone believes that much of the show's freshness is a result of this acting style.

"'Have Gun' is one of the few shows that offer an honest professional challenge to creative people," says Frank Pierson, its producer, and a head-banger Boone admires. "People will work for us for less than their usual fees because of this. Take writers. Boone wants them to write real lines for a cowboy, of all people. They know they can

say important things and that Boone will say them right, so they mean something."

"TV is a medium for disciplined professionals," says Boone, and the example he sets is well-nigh perfect. It extends to his work in other media as well. Before starting to make the recently released "A Thunder of Drums," a superior example of the cavalry-and-Indians genre, he called up screenwriter James Warner Bellah and asked for a meeting. "He came down to my house," Bellah recalls, "and asked me what the life of the character was before my script picked him up. I had to sit there and make it up for two hours. That is the first time that's ever happened to me in this business."

"Dick's the most physical actor I know," says Robert Enders, the film's producer. "When he plays anger, some of the other actors actually back away from him. But I think that's where his appeal lies. You want to be on his team, even if he does scare you. Or maybe because he does."

Bellah adds, "He's a star who doesn't have to do anything but what he does to prove he's a star. He doesn't have to curry favor to gain respect."

Hence the respect Boone has earned in his trade. Gaining his respect, however, is not easy. Pierson says, "One of the greatest mistakes you can make with Dick is to try to soothe him or assuage his ego. He's a reasonable man who wants to know the reasons for what you're doing. If you have them, he won't give you any trouble. But he takes the trouble to know everything about what he's doing, so you'd better not try to fool him."

A young actor in "Drums" tried to get away with something less than professionalism in Boone's presence and earned the kind of contempt from which a better man might have learned something. "What an opportunity that part was," says Boone, "and he didn't even know his lines when he came on the set. His idea of a clever bit of acting was to try to upstage somebody. He's the kind of actor who gets parts by being very big on the cocktail circuit."

Since Boone's idea of a good time is to "belt a few" with his handful of close friends, or to rent a nursery school once a week and teach acting to people who are serious about it, such behavior is inexplicable to him. So is the criticism of somebody like David Susskind, who recently used "Have Gun" as an example of what's wrong with TV. "I'll put my record on television against his any day," says Boone. "I've never done a show that I didn't feel I could ask one of my adult friends to watch with me. Or, on the other hand, one that I'd be ashamed to have my eight-year-old watch. Susskind's idea of good television is to produce slushy remakes of old movies or to have four guys sitting around until four A.M. talking about the problem of hemorrhoids in field mice."

Boone, in short, is one of those people who

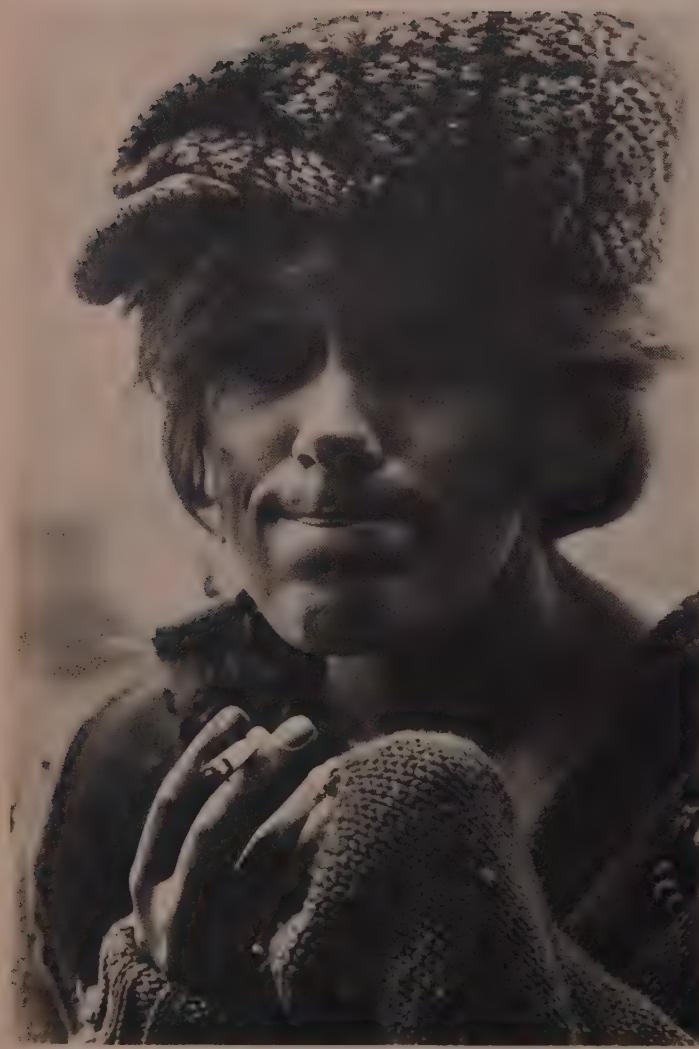
has little love for theory and much regard for the man who works professionally and who keeps pushing outward against the artificial limit set by the demands of commerce or caution. "There's a phrase in this business, 'Let's do this one for the bank,' which has poisoned a lot of good shows," he says. "You have to use the power you acquire to protect the integrity of what you're doing. And to do that, you have to be prepared to go all the way. If you have the strength to do that, you're in pretty good shape. If anybody's the master of the bluff, it's those Madison Avenue guys. Their offices are no place for an amateur to run a bluff."

Boone's willingness to go all the way recently bought a lifetime of virtual economic security for him. He simply threatened to quit the show, which, after four years—a long lifetime for a series—is still one of CBS's top properties. In return for his agreement to go through a sixth year of filming "Have Gun" (one more than his contract called for), CBS bought his residual rights to the films and agreed to pay out, over a twenty-year period, the million or more dollars they are worth.

A year from now, Richard Boone will have made his last Paladin film and will be what he has always wanted to be—a free man and a secure man, able to call his own shots. What he will do with his life then is anybody's guess. He receives excellent offers to do plays, and he scored a notable success as Lincoln in his last Broadway outing, "The Rivalry" ("I was damned if I'd play him like a kindly old philosopher"). He also thinks that directing "is a very satisfying way to spend the day." He finds, too, a change in his attitude toward acting. "Ten years ago, any part was exciting. But the growing-up process eliminates certain parts from the area of excitement." On the other hand, he knows that he is a better actor. "I can do a wider range of parts and I can call on a greater emotional strength. The emotions aren't playing me any more; I'm playing them. I can handle them and use them creatively."

In short, Boone could ride off in any of several directions when he lays down his holster. It is possible that he is one of those men who works well only when he is surrounded by obstacles and that he will now find it necessary to create new ones to replace the ones he has surmounted. He has the intelligence to do so, if need be, and the ability to scale them if he wants to. The one thing that will certainly not disappear is the angry commotion that habitually accompanies such efforts. As Pierson says, "Dick has a deep and prevailing will; it's the characteristic that comes across most clearly in Paladin." It is also the characteristic that has given all his work—and his life—the intensity of purpose that illuminates everything that surrounds the presence of Richard Boone.

I
DREAMED
I
WAS
A
MOVIE
STAR



Jackie Coogan in "The Kid" ↑

Tammy Grimes, an artful, introspective comedienne with irresistible bounce, a hauntingly scratchy voice, and a face that is minx-like and memorable, has been enchanting audiences in the title role of the Broadway musical "The Unsinkable Molly Brown." On these pages, she enacts for us the six movie roles she wishes she could have performed.

Julie Harris in "I Am a Camera" ➤



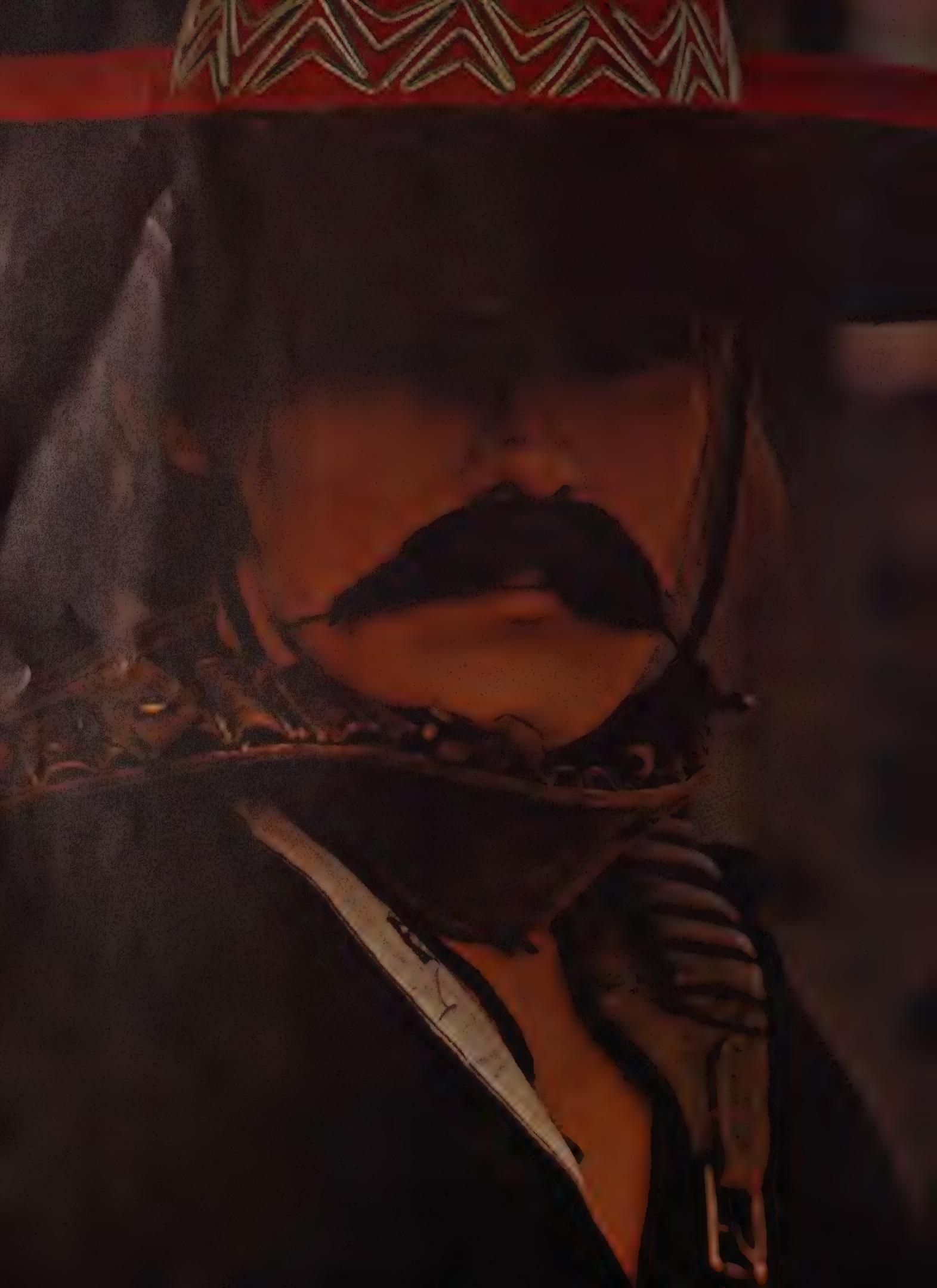
Photographs by Saul Leiter

Pearl White in "The Perils of Pauline" ↓



Brigitte Bardot in "La Vérité"—or anything else ➤







↑ Marilyn Monroe in "The Misfits"

← Marlon Brando in "Viva Zapata!"

ORSON

Last spring I flew to Madrid to talk to Orson Welles, because for years I have been fascinated by the spectacle of a talent so huge yet so homeless, so vast yet so vagrant. Other people sink roots; but Orson perpetually wanders, a citizen of no fixed territory save that of art. As a child in Wisconsin he was an adulated prodigy, hailed by the press and revered by his free-thinking, art-loving parents, both of whom died before he was fifteen years old. I had already heard him on the subject of his upbringing; I wanted now to discuss his adult life, during which he had spanned the globe in an effort to recapture the creative security of his childhood.

He had come to Madrid for the big spring series of bullfights, and I lunched with him at Horcher's, his favorite among the city's great restaurants. Spain has always been one of his chosen countries. Although he is no believer in formal education, he is having his five-year-old daughter, Beatrice, taught to dance flamenco; when I asked her what she thought about while stamping her feet and flashing her eyes in such precocious frenzy, she pondered and replied, "I think that I hate the floor."

Talking to Orson can be a disquieting experience; one feels one is boring him, wasting his time, especially if the purpose of the meeting is professional. He has so often suffered at the hands of journalists. "The French are the worst," he says. "They ask long questions that *are* the answers. I nod, and the question is printed without the question mark, as my idea." Having ordered caviar, blintzes, and venison, he tells me that his greatest burden has always been his grandiose physical appearance. "My trouble is that I exude affluence," he says. "I look successful. Whenever the critics see me, they say to themselves: 'It's time he was knocked—he's had it too good for too long.' But I *haven't* had it so good; I just look that way. I need jobs like anyone else." He splutters with baritone laughter. "Every time I bring out a new movie," he goes on, "nobody bothers to review it—at least, not until the last paragraph. Instead, they write a long essay on 'the Welles Phenomenon and what has become of it.' They don't review my work; they review me!"

He left school in 1930, an orphan aged fifteen, and at once set about the task, which proved to be lifelong, of inventing himself. His first parentless years were favored ones. Thanks to his father's legacy, he never felt the pinch of the Depression. Intended for Harvard, he embarked instead on a painting trip to Ireland, where he gate-crashed the Dublin Gate Theater and became a professional actor. "You handle your voice like a singer," said the director, Hilton Edwards, "and there isn't a note of sincerity in it." He was then sixteen. We next hear of him sketching in Morocco, fighting bulls around Seville, and returning unsung to the States in 1933, when Thornton Wilder

gave him a letter to Alexander Woollcott, who in turn introduced him to Katharine Cornell. The last lady of the American theater (as I sometimes think of her) hired him to join her company in a tour of "Romeo and Juliet" and "Candida." Already, at seventeen, he thought of himself as past the age when he could convincingly play juveniles, and he turned up at the first rehearsal of the Shaw comedy assuming that he had been cast as Morell, Candida's husband. He was surprised to see that Basil Rathbone was also present: "I took Miss Cornell to one side and told her that I didn't want to interfere, but didn't she think Rathbone was a little elderly to be playing Marchbanks, the adolescent poet?" It had to be carefully explained to him that that was *his* role; Mr. Rathbone had been engaged as Morell.

One of the dates the company played was Atlantic City, where Orson dabbled for the first time in professional magic. He practiced palmistry in a booth on the boardwalk, so successfully that he almost unnerved himself. To begin with, he confined himself to simple exercises in applied psychology: "I would look into the crystal ball and then say to the customer: 'You have a scar on your knee'—because in fact most people have. If that didn't work, I would say: 'You had a profound emotional experience between the ages of eleven and thirteen.' I don't think I ever failed with that one." But he soon discovered that he was less of a charlatan than he had imagined; too many of his intuitions turned out to be correct. "I began," he says, "to think of myself as Ming the Merciless." That Orson is capable of insights amounting to prophecy is borne out by a number of stories, the best known of which concerns the occasion when he escorted Eugene O'Neill's daughter Oona to a Hollywood nightclub and offered, on the strength of two hours' acquaintance, to read her hand. "Within a very short time," he declared, "you will meet and marry Charles Chaplin." Like so many of her father's heroines, Miss O'Neill obeyed the voice of destiny.

Orson made his Broadway debut in December, 1934, playing the Chorus and Tybalt in "Romeo and Juliet." There ensues the first familiar period of his legend—the four-year battle with the American theater. "Paris is the playwright's city," he says, "London is the actor's city, and New York is the director's city." Or if New York wasn't, Orson did much to make it so. In the late thirties, more than at any other time in American history, the development of the theater seemed intimately bound up with the development of the country as a whole; a radical adventure was under way, and the nation's culture was among the spearheads of the nation's hopes. In 1935 the New Deal sired the Federal Theater Project, devised not only to alleviate unemployment in the theater but to bring good drama within the reach of the unemployed audiences. By subsidizing

WELLES

the Project, Washington accepted the principle that the fostering of culture was a matter for public as well as private concern. Progressive artists, in a period when nearly all artists were progressives, embraced the scheme; and no one who hopes to understand Orson should forget that his career as a director was launched under its liberal auspices.

The Project set up a Negro branch at the old Lafayette Theater in Harlem, and it was here, in the spring of 1936, that Orson and John Houseman staged their shattering Negro production of "Macbeth." "On opening night," Orson recalls, "the curtain never fell. The audience swarmed up onto the stage, cheering." He afterward went on tour with the show: "We had a temperamental Macbeth, and in Indianapolis we lost him. I blacked myself up about three shades darker than anyone else in the cast and played the part for two weeks. Nobody in the audience noticed anything unusual." Back at the Lafayette, he directed a fiercely antisegregationist piece called "Turpentine," and remembers his horror when Noble Sissle's pit orchestra played the first-night audience out to the reactionary strains of "Is It True What They Say About Dixie?"

On Broadway, still for the Federal Theater, he staged and starred in Marlowe's "Doctor Faustus," which ran for six months; but the cultural euphoria in Washington was being blown away by hot winds from the right, whose breath Orson felt in the summer of 1937, when government sponsorshop was abruptly withdrawn from his production of Marc Blitzstein's leftist opera "The Cradle Will Rock" on the eve of its premiere. Locked out of the Maxine Elliott Theater, he found another (the Venice, later renamed the Century) and led the first-nighters thither on a triumphal march up Sixth Avenue. Confronted by an Actors' Equity ruling that forbade the actors to appear on the stage, he seated them among the audience and had them sing their parts from there. It was a great crusading night. Tom Paine would have enjoyed it; and there is no one in American history (I have his word for this) Orson would rather have been than Tom Paine.

In 1939 the Federal Theater Project was voted out of existence. By then Orson and John Houseman had spent two seasons in private enterprise, running the Mercury Theater on Forty-first Street, getting simultaneously into debt and the history books with a string of productions that included "Danton's Death," "Heartbreak House," and the startling modern-dress version of "Julius Caesar." They regarded the Mercury Theater's broadcasts simply as money-making adjuncts to its theatrical activities; nobody was more astonished than Orson when, taking a stroll during a break in the dress rehearsal of "Danton's Death," he saw his name traveling in lights around the Times

Building, followed by an announcement that he had panicked America with his radio adaptation of H. G. Wells's "War of the Worlds." He had intended the program as a Halloween joke; not for the first time, and certainly not the last, he had overestimated the intelligence of his audience. Such errors are healthy: what kills art is the assumption that people are stupid. "About three years after the Martian broadcast," Orson says, "I was reading a Whitman poem on a patriotic Sunday program, when someone ran into the studio and shouted into the mike that Pearl Harbor had been attacked. Nobody paid any attention. They just shrugged and said, 'There he goes again.'" The Mercury Theater survived on Broadway until the spring of 1939, having demonstrated that a repertory company needs more than critical applause and intermittently filled houses to keep it alive; it needs the continuity and security that only steady subsidies can provide.

Lunch, the long Spanish lunch, has come to an end. It is time for the bullfight; and I ask Orson what would have happened if, twenty years ago, he had been given a theater of his own and enough money to hold a permanent company together. "No question about it," he says at once; "I'd be running it today." Orson's kind of theater belongs in a tradition that looks beyond the next flop or the next season's deficit; its affinities are with the great noncommercial institutions—the Comédie Française, the Moscow Art Theater, the Berliner Ensemble. Even as I say that, I shush myself, realizing how much harm it may do to Orson's Broadway reputation.

His relationship with money requires a brief rubric. The legend insists that Orson overspends; the truth is that he is a delayed earner. "Citizen Kane" was a flop in 1941, but over the years it has returned its investment many times over, and the same applies to "The Magnificent Ambersons." Orson's pictures are long-distance runners in a system dedicated to sprinters. True, "The Lady from Shanghai" was disproportionately expensive, but against that one must balance "The Stranger" and "Macbeth," both of which he brought in on schedule and under budget. Orson's first large debt was to the United States government, which refused to allow him tax deductions on personal losses (amounting to \$350,000) that were incurred by his 1946 Broadway production of "Around the World in Eighty Days." He moved to Europe, leaving the argument to his lawyers; and since then his financial problems have affected none but his own productions. They have sometimes lost money and left behind them a trail of unpaid bills; but this, in our society, is precisely what one would expect of a man who rates his responsibility to the cause of art above his responsibility to private

Part II: Whether bullfighter, blackface Macbeth, flat-footed American spy, or scourge of Hollywood front offices, he is always independent and incorrigible, and the Wellesian gesture is always grand, if costly



Citizen Kane, 1941

investment. More subsidy from the state, not less extravagance on Orson's part, is the answer to the perennial Welles predicament. He regards art as a social right, not as an accidental privilege; as a matter for public endowment, not as incentive to private speculation. That his work should occasionally lose money is not only inevitable but honorable.

We meet in the bar of the Palace Hotel after the bullfight; it has been a bad one, but Orson is not depressed, for to the true *aficionado* there are no dull bullfights. He watches them with the analytical scrutiny of an initiate, which means that he is never bored and rarely transported. He watches films in the same way: "I'm like a vivisectionist. I dissect them shot by shot. I'd give half my kingdom to be able to see a movie and forget what I know about movie technique." He responds politely to the group that gathers around him in the bar; perhaps too politely, making me wish he would squander less of his energy in a form as perishable as talk. Tennessee Williams, one of the circle, extracts from his mouth a cigarette holder full of cancer-repelling crystals and murmurs to me that no one should ever attack Orson—"a man so vulnerable, and of such magnitude." Everyone is vulnerable who is at once gifted and gregarious. Orson is fully aware that for him, as for all great talkers, conversation is what Cyril Connolly once called it: "a ceremony of self-wastage." I record a few overheard snatches. Of Antonioni, the director of the wildly praised Italian film "L'Avventura," he says: "The critics tell me he's a stylist of the cinema. But how can you be a stylist if you don't understand grammar?" Of a famous American actor, generally renowned for his modesty off-screen: "There is nothing more frightening than quiet vanity." Of Oscar Wilde's comedies: "Why don't people realize that they were written to be acted by tweedy, red-faced Victorian squires, not by attractive faggots?" He flies these conversational kites because they are expected of him, and then subsides into heavy, abstracted brooding. The circle disperses, and he generously wastes himself on me.

We talk about his Hollywood epoch, which lasted on and off for roughly seven years. Leaving Broadway in 1939, he brought the Mercury actors—among them Joseph Cotten and Agnes Moorehead—out to work with him for RKO. The trip produced "Citizen Kane," which stands in no need of eulogy from me. It revolutionized Hollywood rather as the airplane revolutionized warfare; it drove William Randolph Hearst, on whom Kane was putatively modeled, to declare war on Orson in his newspapers; and it cost less than \$750,000, which seems a reasonable price to pay for a landmark in cinema history. In 1941 Orson started to shoot "The Magnificent Ambersons," based on Booth Tark-

ington's story about the decline of a prosperous Southern family. "I'd finished the rough cut," Orson says, "and I needed about two weeks more work to get the picture ready, when Jock Whitney and Nelson Rockefeller, who were both RKO shareholders, asked me to go down to South America and make a film about Latin-American solidarity." By then the United States had entered the war, and Orson patriotically agreed. The course of shooting was not uneventful; headlines were made in Rio de Janeiro when Orson and the Mexican Ambassador to Brazil protested against an exorbitant hotel bill by carefully throwing a great deal of furniture out of a window of His Excellency's suite.

Meanwhile, in Orson's words: "RKO had shown 'The Ambersons' at a sneak preview, probably in Pomona. The audience laughed at it, so they cut it to pieces, shot a new ending, and released it before I could do anything about it. They called me in Brazil to say they'd broken my contract." Among the cuts were Agnes Moorehead's finest moments, many of them improvised during the six-week rehearsal period on which Orson had insisted; and the whole epilogue was lopped off, in which Joseph Cotten visited Miss Moorehead in a shabby rooming house and learned from her how and why the magnificence of the Ambersons had faded. "Nowadays," Orson says, "everybody makes pictures three hours long—it's almost obligatory. There are times when I feel a little bit jealous." He likes the efficiency of Hollywood studios ("where there's no difference between you and the workers except that they're earning more") and admits that his veneration for the cinema derives from his period at RKO. "The cinema has no boundaries," he says. "It's a ribbon of dream." He sounds genuinely awed.

His later Hollywood pictures, such as "Journey into Fear," "The Stranger," and "The Lady from Shanghai," are as different from "Kane" and "The Ambersons" as Graham Greene's "entertainments" are different from his serious novels; in fact, it may even be that Welles influenced Greene's thrillers by his use of shock cutting, bizarre settings, and eccentric characterization. The last shot of "The Lady from Shanghai," completed in 1946, symbolizes the end of a phase in Orson's life. The film is socially quite outspoken; Orson plays an ingenuous Irish sailor, once a fighter for the Spanish Republic, who gets involved in what he describes as the "bright, guilty world" of the rich. He falls for, and is cold-bloodedly deceived by, the wife of a millionaire lawyer. After a horrendous showdown in a deserted fun fair, she is shot by her husband, and appeals to Orson for help. Her injury is mortal; but his decision is moral. He rejects her plea; he has compromised too often, and leaves her, walking out of the fun fair into the gray dawn of a new morning. (The

Too Much Johnson, 1938



The Magnificent Ambersons, 1942



Journey Into Fear, 1942



Follow the Boys, 1944



Irene, 1949

riddled victim was played by his second wife, Rita Hayworth; they were divorced in 1947 after four years together. His first marriage, to a Chicago actress named Virginia Nicholson, had broken up in 1939.) Orson's error, perhaps, was that he arrived in Hollywood twenty years too soon, at a time when the major studios were still omnipotent. Today, in the era of independent producers, there might be more room for a young Orson to spread his wings. Not enough, maybe; but more.

One tends to forget that his Hollywood days coincide with the second World War. Orson himself has not forgotten. Flat feet kept him out of the armed forces: "I'm still suffering," he says, "from the traumatic effect of being forbidden to do what all my friends were doing." He who had addressed innumerable anti-Nazi rallies, who had rabidly supported the fight against Fascism in Spain, now found himself condemned to inactivity when the crucial battle was joined. He pulled what political strings he could, and from time to time he was bundled out of the country under a false name to examine captured Nazi newsreels and other filmic trivia. But his missions were few, and seldom very secret: "I was flown into Lisbon as Harrison Carstairs, the ball-bearings manufacturer, and there were twenty people waiting at the airport for my autograph." (On one such errand he met and briefly beguiled himself with an Argentinian radio actress named Eva, who later emerged from obscurity as the wife of Juan Péron.) Meanwhile, the Hearst press regularly printed snide items inquiring why the playboy Welles was lounging around swimming pools when democracy was in danger; and after each new gibe, Orson usually received a draft notice. One of his periodic medical examinations took place when he had just returned from a mission to Latin America, for the purposes of which he had been created a temporary brigadier general. "Any of you men ever hold rank above a private?" asked the sergeant at the recruiting depot. Orson shuffled forward. "State the rank you held." Orson told him. "O.K., Brigadier General," said the sergeant enticingly, "get down on your hands and knees and clean up those cigarette butts."

Orson has always had a passion for politics. At one time he thought seriously of running for the Senate on the Democratic ticket; had he done so, it would have made a provocative contest, because the Republican candidate in the state of Wisconsin was the late Joseph McCarthy. "Basically," Orson says, "I'm a public orator [as was Charles Foster Kane] and that isn't the same as a television orator, which is what a lot of TV producers keep asking me to be. Television is talking to two or three people through a box, instead of talking to two thousand people and making them feel like two or three people." If Orson

were ever to join a party, he would be its first member, and its label would be Liberal Hedonist, or Collective Individualist. Its sympathies would be leftish but it would remain, like its founder, an unaffiliated maverick.

The streets of Madrid have darkened, and drinks have faded into dinner. Orson continues, unfading. After Broadway and Hollywood came his wandering period, which is not yet, and may never be, over. His career since 1946 is a kaleidoscope that baffles chronology. He bids farewell to Broadway with "Around the World in Eighty Days," the most opulent of his many tributes to the free-wheeling, actor-managing days of the late Victorian era. He departs for Europe, leaving a wake of tax problems behind him, but not before filming a somber truncation of "Macbeth"—around the Bard in twenty-one shooting days. Later, after numerous halts and hazards due to inadequate finances, he directs and stars in a massively picturesque film of "Othello," to be described in some quarters as the movie version of Ruskin's "Stones of Venice." The echoing voices and footsteps, and the sudden cuts from long-shot silence to close-up animation, stamp it as unmistakably Wellesian; so, alas, does the scrambled text, not to mention Orson's own resonantly impassive performance. "He never acts," says Eric Bentley; "he is photographed." With peerless skill, he plays the mischievously corrupt Harry Lime in "The Third Man," and improvises a memorable exchange with its producer, the late Alexander Korda.

Orson: I wish the Pope would make you a cardinal, Alex.
Korda: Why a cardinal?

Orson: Because then we'd only have to kiss your ring.

He is also alleged to have improvised Harry Lime's famous observation that after centuries of democracy the Swiss have produced nothing more inspiring than the cuckoo clock; falsely attributed to Orson, the line was actually written by Graham Greene.

In Paris, Orson presents a double bill of his own composition, consisting of a play about Hollywood called "The Unthinking Lobster" and a modern revamping of the Faust legend, with music by Duke Ellington. Between whiles he plays fiends and frauds in other people's films. He flies to New York to appear, outrageously bewhiskered, in Peter Brook's TV production of "King Lear." For a day's work as Father Mapple in John Huston's film of "Moby Dick" he is paid \$20,000, whereafter he makes his own dramatization of the novel and stages it in London, transforming the gilded Duke of York's Theater into a storm-tossed whaling ship, without benefit of scenery. By now he has remarried, his new wife being Paola Mori, a shrewd,

Tomorrow is Forever, 1946



The Stranger, 1946



The Lady from Shanghai, 1947



Black Magic, 1949

lissome Italian actress of noble birth. In 1956 he returns to Broadway in a production of "Lear." It flops. During the previews, Orson sprains one ankle and breaks the other, and plays the opening performance from a wheelchair, thereby supplying further fuel for those who think him congenitally self-destructive. His acting ability comes up for reappraisal; Walter Kerr contributes a damaging analysis: "As an emotional actor, Welles is without insight, accuracy, power, or grace. In short, without talent. The only parts he could ever play were parts that were cold, intellectual, emotionally dead."

In 1958 Orson is summoned back to Hollywood to play a venal cop in a thriller called "Touch of Evil." While he is considering the offer in the producer's office, the telephone rings; it is Charlton Heston, who has been approached to play the lead but wants to know who else has been signed. "Well, we've got Orson Welles—" the producer begins. "Great!" says Heston, cutting in. "I'll appear in anything he directs." "Hold on a minute," says the producer, feeling that events are slipping out of his hands. Hastily he asks Orson whether he will direct, to which Orson agrees, on condition that he have full control of script and casting. After a pause: "Sure," the producer tells Heston, "sure Welles is directing." The result is a picture of enormous virtuosity. Orson demands two weeks of private rehearsal before shooting begins, and gets from his actors performances of fantastic, unguarded intimacy. They are shamelessly themselves, and seem imbued with his own conviction that in show business being inhibited gets you nowhere. Meanwhile, the camera swoops and hovers like a kingfisher, inscribing Orson's autograph on every sequence. Charlton Heston, as a Mexican lawyer, gives the best performance of his life. The film wins prizes in Europe, but is shunned in America. Soon afterward we find Orson directing Olivier in the London production of "Rhinoceros."

No one is more fertile than Orson in ideas that, for one reason or another, never get carried out. There was "Monsieur Verdoux," for which he supplied the original script; and which he was to direct, until Chaplin decided to direct it himself. There was the satire, drawn from the love affair of D'Annunzio and Duse, which he planned for Chaplin and Garbo. There was Homer's "Odyssey," for which he hired a writer whom he was tardy in paying, and to whose repeated pleas for advice about how to make ends meet he finally replied with a single cable: DEAR ——, LIVE SIMPLY. AFFECTIONATE REGARDS, ORSON WELLES. There were also projects involving Conrad, Dickens, Dostoevski, Rostand, and Tolstoy, of which nothing tangible came.

At dinner we are joined by the Earl of Harewood, who runs the Edinburgh Festival and wonders whether Orson would like

to bring a production to it in 1962. In principle, Orson would be delighted. In the course of conversation, Harewood remarks that he was lately in Japan, where he saw the Kabuki Theater and didn't tremendously like it. Orson rounds on him, mountainously glowering, and observes that anyone who doesn't appreciate Kabuki must be an ignoramus. Harewood nods, adding that he must have seen them on a bad night. Even on a bad night, Orson insists, they are far superior to anything the Western theater can produce. A firework display, marking the end of the Madrid *feria*, explodes in the park outside the restaurant. Hoping to pacify Orson, Harewood explains that he immensely enjoyed the Kabuki performers Sol Hurok brought to New York. He hopes wrong. "That," Orson thunders, "was a contemptible travesty. If you liked that, you don't like Kabuki." Yet within minutes he has charmed us out of embarrassment into laughter; and next day I hear from Harewood that the Edinburgh offer still stands, and that Orson and Maria Callas are the only genuine *monstres sacrés* he has ever met.

At times Orson is prey to depressions, onslaughts of gloom, spleen, and sulks that the Middle Ages would probably have ascribed to the cardinal sin of accidie, which induces a sense of futility and a temporary paralysis of the will. "From accidie," Aldous Huxley once wrote, "comes dread to begin to work any good deeds, and finally wanhope, or despair. On its way to ultimate wanhope, accidie produces a whole crop of minor sins, such as idleness, tardiness, *lâchesse* . . ." It also means ennui, the French brand of philosophic boredom. When accidie grips him, you feel that Orson has given up people; that he has already seen everything on earth he will ever want to see, and met everyone he will ever want to meet. Faced with that suggestion, however, he will suddenly revive and deny it; Isak Dinesen, Chou En-Lai, and Robert Graves are three people he venerates and would adore to meet, if only he felt less intimidated by the prospect. Soon his spirits are soaring, and he is telling you that the only hope for American drama lies (as well it may) in theaters outside New York, municipally supported so that every year they can present their best productions for a short season on Broadway. You feel kindled by his presence, by his mastery of rhetoric, by his uncalculating generosity. "A superb bravura director," I once called him, "a fair bravura actor, and a limited bravura writer; but an incomparable bravura personality." Orson is a genius without portfolio. When he leaves a room, something irreplaceable and life-enhancing goes with him; something that may eventually install him, given luck and our help, in the special pantheon whose other occupants are Stanislavsky, Gordon Craig, Max Reinhardt, Jacques Copeau, and Bertolt Brecht.

Macbeth, 1948



The Prince of Foxes, 1949



The Third Man, 1950



The Black Rose, 1950



The Long Hot Summer, 1958



Man in the Shadow, 1957

The Roots of Heaven, 1958

Touch of Evil, 1958



Pay the Devil, 1956



Moby Dick, 1956



Crack in the Mirror, 1960



Mr. Arkadin, 1955



Compulsion, 1959



Trent's Last Case, 1958



Ferry to Hong Kong, 1961



David and Goliath, 1961



Royal Affairs in Versailles, 1957



Three Cases of Murder, 1955

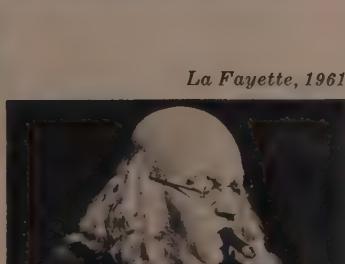
Austerlitz, 1961



Trouble in the Glen, 1954



La Fayette, 1961



The Tartars, 1961

In the musty, fusty world of opera, Boris Goldovsky has opened a window on the modern world by offering

OPERA FOR PEOPLE WHO HATE OPERA

"People in Peoria don't exactly hate opera," says Boris Goldovsky. "But until we got there, a lot of them didn't know what it was."

For Peoria you can substitute dozens of other American cities. For Boris Goldovsky you can substitute no one, because this bald, bright-eyed Boston impresario is once more—for the seventh year—invading the American hinterlands with an operatic caravan that has turned into one of the most successful touring attractions in show business.

This month the newest Goldovsky convoy sets forth from Boston in the direction of Scranton, Pennsylvania, and points west and south. It consists of two busloads holding fifty singers, orchestra players, and production personnel, plus a trailer truck loaded with everything needed for a lifelike and authentic performance of Rossini's "Barber of Seville," complete to a stage fountain that spurts real water.

Before Mr. Goldovsky and his company get back to their home base in Boston just before Christmas, they will have played "The Barber of Seville" in fifty-four cities in twenty-four states, traveled nearly ten thousand miles, and introduced perhaps a hundred thousand people to the musical saga of the dashing Figaro, the vixenish Rosina, and the lovesick Count Almaviva.

Boris Goldovsky is the Billy Sunday of opera. His evangelism extends not only to spreading its gospel to the far corners of the land, but to reforming its basic image. To Goldovsky, opera must be no more exotic or irrational than any other form of good theater, and if the words aren't clear and understandable, they aren't worth singing—which means opera in English by people who can speak it. "My idea," he explains, "is that opera must be a good show, good theater—like a good musical comedy, only with better music. That's easily said but difficult to do. You must find singers who can do three things simultaneously and convincingly—sing, act, and be musicians. And also who are young and attractive, because in our shows if a girl is supposed to be pretty, she's damn pretty. Always there have been

a few singers like this, singers like Chaliapin or Mary Garden. But to have performances where *everybody* sings the part, looks the part, acts the part, and is a good musician—this is the new American development."

Goldovsky, who was born in Moscow and made his debut as a concert pianist in Germany, has lived in America for the last thirty of his fifty-three years. Few musical authorities come into contact with more young American singers than he does, for in addition to his own recitals and lectures around the country, he directs the opera department of the Berkshire Music Center at Tanglewood and has been intermission commentator on the Metropolitan Opera broadcasts, which have made his energetic manner and Russian accent familiar to millions.

It is in his own opera company that most of Goldovsky's unusual, not to say revolutionary, operatic concepts come to life. Its full, formal name is The New England Opera Theater, and before heading out of town it plays an autumn season in Boston. Once the city limits are behind, the company becomes known as The Goldovsky Grand Opera Theater. "New England," explains one tour official, a little apologetically, "is a good name in New England. But outside, it sounds a little too—well, provincial, or at least regional."

If Goldovsky's touring company puts on a kind of show that is new to most of its small-city viewers, it is also a kind that would have elements of novelty for New York audiences accustomed to traditional, red-plush opera.

For one thing, during a performance the singers are absolutely forbidden to look at the conductor, who happens to be Goldovsky himself. (He is also stage director, and usually writes the English translation.) There are no prompters and no cues. He has his singers rehearse with their backs to him, so that they learn not to become dependent upon a conductor.

"When I first started saying singers should not watch conductors, people called me 'that lunatic from Boston,'" Goldovsky says. "Now this practice is being tried in many places."

When a new singer signs up for the tour, Goldovsky sends him a set of thick instruction booklets and a chart dividing the stage area into eighteen numbered squares. Using these, Goldovsky has worked out a precise system of notation governing stage movements, which he synchronizes with the music. At rehearsals, Goldovsky walks through the part with the performer, sings through it with him, wanders around the room surveying him from various angles, makes sure his actions, posture, and even facial expressions serve to illuminate or intensify the meaning of the music. He has concocted the term "gridding" to denote a common denominator of tempo by which musicians can co-ordinate their performances. "Gridding" means doing the right thing at the right time in conjunction with others, and there are Goldovsky graduates who say they have carried the concept over into their lives beyond opera.

Selection for the Goldovsky touring troupe is eagerly sought by young American singers, who operate in a competitive field where the available talent far outnumbers the available openings. Goldovsky pays well—his principal singers get \$300 a week—and because the tour consists of one-night stands, he has a rule that stop-offs must be no more than two hundred and fifty miles apart.

Typical of the singers who will tour with Goldovsky this season is a twenty-nine-year-old New York baritone named Eugene Green, who is going out with the company for the first time. Goldovsky keeps tabs on most of the young American singers either personally or through the musical grapevine, and he has been watching Green on and off for nearly ten years. They first met when Green came up to Tanglewood one summer

by Herbert Kupferberg

vacation; he was a college student then, with ambitions to become an artist. At Tanglewood he was studying scenic design and painting. But he had a strong voice and was in the right place to cultivate it, so he was soon taking singing lessons himself. He kept working at his vocal training while he held a job designing exhibition materials for I.B.M.; finally, when he had to decide between the two careers, he chose singing. Since then he has sung in Europe and around this country, performing secondary parts with big opera companies (such as the San Francisco Opera, where he played Schaunard in "La Bohème") and leading parts with small companies. To Gene Green, a tour with Goldovsky can be an important move in a career that is gathering steam. He also is delighted to be going because he respects Goldovsky's musicianship and methods.

"He tries to present opera as a dramatic form," says Green. "And I like singing in English. When you sing in a foreign language, the audience sits as if they're in church listening to holy music, or as if they're sopping up culture with a capital K. But you feel a tension between you and an audience when they understand what you're saying. Sometimes you can even tell that they're surprised to learn they can understand the jokes and the action."

Green, who will sing the role of Dr. Bartolo, the doddering guardian who is outwitted by Figaro, Rosina, and practically everybody else in "The Barber of Seville," won his job at an audition Goldovsky held last spring at Judson Hall, one of New York's smaller concert rooms. Goldovsky at an audition is much like Goldovsky at a rehearsal: prowling around the room, listening from different angles and different seats, sometimes appearing not to listen at all, sometimes interrupting the singer to ask him what else (i.e., in the way of music) he has with him, or telling him, "That's fine"—which is sometimes translatable as, "That's not fine."

"I distrust the idea that you just hear a person sing one aria, or two arias, or even ten arias, and then you know all about him," he says. "You don't. You don't know how he co-ordinates music and acting, or how he gets along with other people. Picking a singer on voice alone is like getting married on the basis of seeing a girl's photograph."

Goldovsky's list of traveling personnel this year breaks down into twenty-two singers (principals and choristers), twenty orchestra players, and a staff of eight—not to mention the two bus drivers, who sometimes fill in as supernumeraries. Not only do his singers know their own parts to perfection; they also can sing others in "The Barber."

"We're giving six performances of 'The Barber' a week," he explains. "So I take three bass-baritones. One sings four Bartolos a week, another sings four Basilius, the third sings two and two. The result is that each sings four times a week, and no matter who gets sick I have a cast. The same with the female roles. Last year, when we did 'Don Giovanni' on the tour, I had a baritone, Paul Ukena, who sang the Don one night, Leporello the next, Masetto the third. Not many singers can say they have done that."

Goldovsky is as proud of the operas he gives as of the singers he has. He takes only one opera a year on tour, and usually it is one of the more popular. (The choice for 1962, already made, is Verdi's "La Traviata.") But the at-home repertory of the New England Opera Theater is as adventurous as any in the world. Goldovsky, who does prodigious research into music, with an eye (and ear) for the unacknowledged and the obscure, has put on the stage such operatic rarities as Mozart's "Idomeneo," Rossini's "The Turk in Italy," Berlioz' "The Trojans," and Benjamin Britten's "Albert Herring"—some of these given for

the first time in the United States. On his first tour, an unusual, early satiric opera by Mozart called "La Finta Giardiniera" was given. Goldovsky felt that the title, which means "The Feigned Gardener," didn't make much sense, so he changed it to "The Merry Masquerade," which may not make more. But audiences loved it, and the tour has been rolling ever since.

When it is on the road, Goldovsky's company sets up shop almost anywhere. It has played in school auditoriums, movie houses, legitimate theaters, ballrooms, gymnasiums, armories. It carries with it its own stage—an acoustical shell made of Fiberglas, which is assembled before each show and taken apart and packed on the truck afterward. It is constructed so as to reflect the music toward the audience (Goldovsky's affection for American small cities does not extend to the poor acoustics he often finds in their halls), and since it is translucent it also permits such unusual scenic effects as windows that are really windows. In his 1960 tour, Goldovsky found that the shell made an admirable background for illuminated projections, permitting "Don Giovanni," a complicated opera to stage, to be presented swiftly and smoothly.

Goldovsky is always alert to any scientific advance he feels may have an operatic application. He uses a modified walkie-talkie hookup to communicate from the podium with offstage choruses. He places loud-speakers in the wings (audible only onstage) to permit the performers to hear exactly the same orchestra sounds that the audience is getting in the hall. Most recently, he has become interested in the Tempometer, a versatile electronic replacement for the metronome.

Like the legendary general who said he would rather be first in the provinces than second in Rome, Boris Goldovsky expresses great contentment with his musical pilgrimages through the land that lies beyond Carnegie Hall.

"Touring, I sometimes think, is the way to reach much of the really musical America," he says. "The big cities—I love the big cities. But the trouble with big cities is that they are glamour-minded. They buy advertised goods—goods that have been promoted a long time. In Boston, Chicago, New York you can only sell famous names, and it doesn't make any difference whether they have been properly rehearsed or not."

Goldovsky says he won't be satisfied until his present ten-week tour has been extended to twenty-five (there is talk of bookings on the West Coast next year). He wants to reach into smaller cities and towns—towns which cannot guarantee the audience of two thousand that makes an operatic stop-off financially feasible. He thinks the great philanthropic and educational foundations might help make this possible. Beyond his own tour, he says he wants to see America crisscrossed with other operatic troupes on other operatic missions.

"There is a fantastic market for opera," he says. "We play in cities we have never heard of, just as we play operas that perhaps the people there have never heard of. And they like it. They come up after the show to tell us, and they ask us to come back. I remember once, on our very first tour, we were picked up for speeding in a little town in Iowa—our entire motorcade. And the motorcycle cop took us to the justice of the peace. It turned out he knew music and had a good collection of records. He telephoned the mayor of the town to say we were there. The mayor was an opera fan, who listened to the Metropolitan broadcasts and who had actually heard us once on a visit to Boston. So we had to give out autographs and pictures and souvenir books, and for a few minutes I thought we'd have to put on the opera."

"Did you have to pay a fine, too?" he was asked.

"Certainly not," said Mr. Goldovsky, briskly.



DOUBLE EXPOSURE: ELIZABETH ASHLEY

The second in our series of talented fledglings, unknown but ambitious, is Elizabeth Ashley, who left Baton Rouge, Louisiana, for New York, where she studied at the Neighborhood Playhouse, did acting stints off Broadway and on television. Her TV debut was in a pie-filling commercial, but she progressed to weightier dramatic roles on "Camera Three" and "The United States Steel Hour." This December, following a stretch as Barbara Bel Geddes' understudy in "Mary, Mary," she makes her own Broadway entry in "Age of Consent."



JEANLOUP SIEFF

At last, England's great young virtuoso actor arrives

PAUL SCOFIELD

Paul Scofield—treasured in England, almost unknown here—makes his New York debut this fall as Sir Thomas More in Robert Bolt's eclectic piece "A Man For All Seasons." If he is not totally indifferent to the occasion, he remains perfectly calm. He has triumphed, after all, at Stratford-on-Avon, in London, at the Ontario Stratford Festival, and in Moscow, as well; for his performances of Hamlet there, he was made a Commander of the British Empire. In due course, New York should capitulate, and with gratitude, for Scofield is in direct line of succession to those twin monarchs, Sir John Gielgud and Sir Laurence Olivier, and there are some in England who already account him the country's leading classical actor.

Yet Scofield has also won a vast public and critical following by playing roles that are far from classic. He can as easily be a troubled contemporary as a beleaguered prince. His performance as the whisky-sodden priest in Graham Greene's "The Power and the Glory" was called a "prodigious success" by Kenneth Tynan, who went on to describe Scofield onstage in these words: "Puffing on a cheroot, with lines of resignation etched as if by acid onto his cheeks and forehead, Mr. Scofield exudes, drunk or sober (he gets most delicately drunk), a Goya-esque melancholy. This is the authentic face of Mexico, fly-blown and God-bitten." Noble as Gielgud, winning as Olivier, Scofield is also as much a chameleon as Alec Guinness.

His deeply impressive Coriolanus, for instance, at the opening of the Ontario Stratford Festival this summer, in no way prepared the audience for his second appearance two nights later, when he made his entrance as Don Adriano de Armado in "Love's Labour's Lost." As Coriolanus, the six-foot Mr. Scofield was a dashing, heroic figure in the flattering Napoleonic uniforms Tanya Moiseiwitsch had designed for the production. He looked a proper, swaggering conqueror, except for one moment when he donned robes of humility and achieved a somewhat startling resemblance to a beardless Christ.

When Scofield stepped, ever so delicately, onto the Stratford stage as Don Armado, the effect was shockingly otherworldly. Here was a slow, floating creature, all gentle madness, communicating with the crass world around him with the gravity of a not too bright child. At the same time, the astonishing Scofield voice soared limitlessly through the Shakespearian conceits. When Scofield as Don Armado found himself playing the great Greek Hector in a court masque, he solemnly trailed a long white piece of drapery to create a figure of the most ridiculous nobility, all Don Quixote.

John Colicos, who played with Scofield in both "Coriolanus" and "Love's Labour's Lost," has a quick explanation for the Scofield "double image." "He's a leprechaun," he says. "Fey." Mr. Colicos is not altogether wrong, although he is only partly right. Scofield is gentle and Scofield is pleasant. Scofield is also thoughtful and retiring; at the mere sight of a pencil taking notes, he offers one of the theater's more authoritative freezes, quickly fielding a question, fumbling it a little, then dropping it. These elusive qualities are heightened by a countenance rather heavily furrowed for a gentlemen of only thirty-nine. Walter Kerr was puzzled by the Scofield face for the whole first act of "Coriolanus," until he finally decided that he most closely resembles a combination of Fred Astaire and Boris Karloff.

Tynan, on the other hand, has been reminded of both Hermione Gingold and Stan Laurel, while Scofield himself says, "I have suggested a young camel to some people."

Scofield was born in Sussex, the son of a hot-tempered schoolmaster. In Sussex (and Hurstpierpoint, his village) he developed the notion that acting is the only possible life for the unscholarly sons of schoolmasters. The notion became a conviction when he played hooky from his father's school to carry a club against actor-manager Sir John Martin-Harvey in a production of "The Only Way"; Scofield still has the club, a sentimental (and Proustian) reminder of adolescence on the English downs.

Leaving school promptly at sixteen, he took acting lessons, then tried repertory in Croydon. One day, a minor touring company in which he had found a place hit Birmingham. Three young goddesses from the famed Birmingham Repertory attended his first performance, and later raised such a rumpus about the tall, shy, young unknown that their director, Sir Barry Jackson, immediately signed him. The sharp-eyed three were Margaret Leighton, Yvonne Mitchell, and Joy Parker. Within a year, Scofield was one of the mainstays of the Birmingham company and the husband of Miss Parker, who to this day remains a little in awe of her husband. (The Scofields and their two children returned to Sussex ten years ago, where they have withdrawn, with typical Scofield diffidence, to a solitary Victorian house in the village of Balcombe.)

By 1949, Scofield was also a hero in London and Stratford. At the Shakespearean theater, he played everything from Henry V to Mephistopheles in Marlowe's "Dr. Faustus." In London, he made his first big success in Terence Rattigan's "Adventure Story," went on to "Ring Round the Moon," "The Power and the Glory," "Time Remembered," "Venice Preserved," "Expresso Bongo" (here, as a spiv, he was neither fey nor noble, merely on the make), the now famous "Hamlet" (described in Moscow as "a three-octave performance"), and, most recently, Sir Thomas More in "A Man For All Seasons." (Of movie roles there have been very few; "I have never been asked to be in a really good film," Scofield quietly apologizes.)

As Sir Thomas, Scofield gives a performance that is simultaneously remarkable for its technique and for its power of moving the audience deeply. Scofield, in fact, is basically an endlessly technical actor; he always *knows* what he is doing.

"Between technique and spontaneous emotion," he says, "I will take technique. It offers far greater freedom when you really need it. That's why I think the Method people miss half the fun of acting. They have to be lucky to hit the bull's-eye without technique. What happens to them on an off night? They miss. Then they have nothing to fill the vacuum with. Technique is a skeleton which an actor fleshes out into a characterization. When the structure is complete, dimensioned, he is then free to express the character emotionally. It is real freedom, too."

Technique, of course, has always made British acting a joy to watch. (It is, in fact, one of the goals of the British national character.) In the end, it is what frees the gentle, the shy, the retiring, the thoughtful, so that onstage both grandeur and pettiness are within equal reach of the actor, and either Coriolanus or Don Armado, a spiv or Sir Thomas More, becomes for the moment the perfect reflection of his controlled art.



by Edgar G. Shelton, Jr.

ONE LAST WHISTLE

At first I kept telling everyone that I didn't know anything about running a whistle-stop campaign tour. But they kept saying that if I could line up seventy-six trombones to parade for Lyndon Johnson at the Democratic Convention in Los Angeles, I ought to be able to run a little old train for him through the South for a week.

It required very little argument to win me to their side. Show business has always been my hobby, and every four years a show is produced in this country which makes all the others in this entertainment-drenched land pale by comparison. Sometimes the show is a flop. Sometimes it's a hit. Sometimes it's fun, sometimes it's dull, but the potential for high drama is always there. Produced right, with strong protagonists in the leading roles, it has suspense, conflict, and more excitement than it seems possible to stand. I decided that running a campaign train was the way to enjoy that drama to the fullest.

The principle of whistle-stopping is simplicity itself. People like to have a good time—they like to laugh, they like to whoop and holler, they like music, light, color, trinkets, noise, brass bands, train whistles, souvenirs, and excitement. They are not as sophisticated as they like to think they are. So if you put on a colorful show, have something for the kids, and advertise it well, they'll come out. If they have enough fun, they'll vote for you because the other fellow hasn't gone to as much trouble.

No, the whistle-stop tour is not a philosophical problem. But it is a logistical problem—especially if you have just two weeks to make your preparations. For instance, there was the matter of the balloons. You can't pass out fifty thousand limp balloons and expect your crowd to puff them up like so many schoolboys. Balloons mean helium, and I had to round up twenty-one tanks of the stuff (at \$22 apiece). Twenty were sent on ahead of us, along with vast quantities of balloons, pennants, buttons, bumper stickers, confetti, streamers—all to be distributed to the crowd before we rolled into a station. We kept one tank on board so that we could inflate balloons at the last minute whenever the number of them at a given stop dropped too low to make for good news photographs.

Then there was the matter of decorating the train. It costs \$10,000 to paint the rear car of a train red, white, and blue, and we didn't have that kind of money. You can't hang canvas signs on trains, because they have a way of coming loose, entangling innocent bystanders and dragging them down the right of way when you pull out. I solved that one by ordering fifteen sets of huge Scotch Lite letters to spell JOHNSON and KENNEDY in the windows of the train.

Music was another problem. It has to be peppy, sunny stuff, and if you plan to play it over a loud-speaker system (we carried three as a hedge against mechanical failure), it must have no singing. It took two days of hard shopping to discover that the best straight instrumental records come from England, and we finally picked out "Toot Toot Tootsie," "Alabama Bound" by Big Ben's Banjo Band, and Mantovani's stirring version of "Yellow Rose of Texas."

Railroads have regulations against carrying donkeys on passenger trains, and that was a blessing, because Senator Johnson had his heart set on a donkey until I pointed out that rule of the road. All I needed at that point was to have to feed and care for a jackass.

The matter of the Seven-Up was less easily settled. It seemed

the Senator had friends at the company who were anxious to press twenty-four thousand cans of it on us, along with twenty-four thousand paper cups, three coolers, and a man to serve it. This was lovely of them, but I had no room for the stuff and I knew there'd be no time at our stops (fifteen minutes each) to serve the thirsty multitudes. After much careful negotiation by other parties, I was assured that the offer had been withdrawn.

On Sunday, October 9, the day before we were to leave, all the advance work had been finished. A tight schedule had been drawn. Sixty-five local managers had come to Washington, received a briefing on how to welcome a campaign train, and departed. Our supply truck, with a four-man crew, was dashing nonstop through the South, distributing whoopee makers to our ports of call, and we had added an extra car to take care of a sudden upsurge in reservations by newsmen. They knew this might be history's last whistle-stop tour, and they wanted to come along for old times' sake.

I went down to the station to oversee the make-up of the train. The first person I met was a tired-looking little man with a droopy mustache. "I got twenty-four thousand cans of Seven-Up and three ice coolers," he said. "Where do you want 'em?"

I didn't know. I couldn't even find the train. Parts of it were scattered all over the yards. We finally assembled it, discovered one car right in the middle was on backward, took the train apart, and put it together right. Luckily, we had been forced to add a second stripped-down diner as a workroom for our extra newsmen, and it was in its empty kitchen that we finally stowed the Seven-Up and its guardian.

And then we were ready to go. Except that nobody could find those big, red Scotch Lite letters for the train windows. They had been delivered, the New York supplier said. But search crews had scoured Washington for them and found nothing. Two hundred and ten letters. At \$1.50 each. And they were missing. By the end of the day, I was too tired to care. We'd just have to get along without them.

So, at seven A.M. on October 10, 1960, the Last Whistle Stop began. To the music of a five-piece band and the cheers of about three hundred friends, the thirteen-car train pulled into the tunnel under the Capitol grounds and headed across the Potomac into Virginia. The Senator and Lady Bird were out to prove that he was no drag on the ticket. With thirty-five staff members, forty or more reporters, twenty or so politicians, forty thousand balloons, twenty thousand campaign buttons, twenty thousand bumper stickers, ten thousand toy train whistles, five thousand pennants, hundreds of posters, and two double bedrooms already crammed with helium-filled balloons, the Senator and his train headed for Culpeper, Virginia, and the South.

The trip to Culpeper took an hour and twenty-three minutes. I kept wondering, What if nobody comes? Why should anyone come to a train station at 8:23 A.M. to see even the President? Visions of thousands and thousands of unclaimed balloons danced in my head. Finally the train began to slow, and the whistle began to blow. It was eight-fifteen. I opened a vestibule window and looked out, by this time certain that no one would be there. Then, as we rounded a curve into the Culpeper station, I saw it—a mass of humanity, two thousand or twenty-five hundred people—balloons, pennants, signs, placards, and a loud brass band, instruments gleaming in the morning sunlight.

••The whistle stop, a unique and traditional piece of Americana, is disappearing from our scene. Indeed, in our electronic age, it will perhaps be extinct before too long. That will be a pity in many ways, because the whistle stop, for all its hurly-burly and carnival aura, is still somehow the best show of all. More important, it reaches out and touches humanity in a way that no mechanical creation, even a product of scientific genius, ever quite can.♦♦

Vice-President Lyndon B. Johnson

When we came to a halt, I wandered back toward the rear platform, where the Senator was holding forth.

"What have the Republicans ever done for the South?" he cried. "I'll tell you what they've done! They've used the South for a golf course these past eight years. That's what they've done! I just want to know one thing! What has Richard M. Nixon ever done for Culpeper?"

The old boy was in fine style. He knew his part perfectly.

The crowd thundered back: "Nothing!" There wasn't a soul there who could think of anything Nixon had ever done for Culpeper—or, for that matter, what anyone else had ever done for Culpeper—but that wasn't the question. The question was what Nixon had done. And the answer was clear. From here on out, Johnson had a battle cry. The sound man turned on "Yellow Rose of Texas" under the Senator's voice, the engine tooted, and the train pulled out with the music coming up over the Senator's voice as he shouted, "God bless you, Culpeper. Vote Democratic."

As we left Culpeper, we found the missing red letters. They were buried under a pile of posters in the supply room.

Recruits began plastering the windows of the thirteen cars with them, spelling out KENNEDY-JOHNSON. All windows left empty were filled with posters. I got out at the next stop to look the situation over. All was fine, except for one car—the windows, in huge red letters, spelled out NOSNHOJ.

Orange, Charlottesville, Lynchburg, Danville—through town after town as the day wore on, our system got smoother. At each stop, the three Senate pages who did most of our running for us would plaster the outside of the train with more and more bumper stickers, making huge, car-high letters spelling out JFK-LBJ-VICTORY. And the crowds grew.

By midafternoon, the crew in the engine had decided to enter into the spirit of the trip, and sent a request to me through the conductor.

"They want some pennants, big buttons, and balloons up there in the cab," he said, "so they can wave them at the people when they go into a station. Also, tonight, when the train is parked in Charlotte, they want you to decorate the engine."

"Fine," I said. "And will you pass this on to them? The minute we hit a city limits from here on in, have them start tooting that whistle in short bursts until we stop, and tell them to turn on those bright-red, swinging headlights they use at night."

With only fifteen minutes at each stop, we had just a few seconds to discharge the press, get all of our balloons, pennants, and whistles off the train and into the crowd, introduce local guests who had come aboard at the station ahead, have one or two local dignitaries speak, and then allow the Senator a few precious minutes (approximately seven) to make his pitch. Everyone was worried about how we would handle him, because once he starts talking, there's no stopping him, particularly if the crowd is responding well. We had to devise a way of turning him off. The best way we found was to have the sound engineer start playing, underneath the speech, "Yellow Rose of Texas" when he had about two minutes to go. This led him into his conclusion. We also had the great advantage of having him on a moving platform. When the time came to leave, we would give the signal. The music would start. The whistle would blow. That meant two minutes to go. Everyone would dash to get back

on the train—the press, the photographers, all the campaign workers. (Occasionally, we had to leave someone behind.)

Then, with Johnson still speaking—and it never failed: he was always still speaking—the train would pull out. The crowds could see that he was anxious to stay, but sensed that he had no control over the great impersonal machine that was impatient to get on to the next station. In a shower of souvenirs (mostly Senate gallery passes), with "Yellow Rose of Texas" blaring and Johnson saying, "Good-bye, God bless you—vote Democratic," the train would move on.

One fact never left our minds. We were campaigning in front of the entire nation. Local press, local television and radio stations would pick up the appearances at each stop, which would be broadcast and read about for miles around. And the national press traveling with us was sending out the story to the world. What we did in the South could very well influence the rest of the nation, and the election.

Most of the press was skeptical and some even hostile. They didn't necessarily like either Johnson or the Democrats or the South. Most of them, even his friends, expected him to avoid the civil rights issue. Some were openly hoping he would stumble on this issue in his native southland and alienate either the North or the South, or both. So it was quite a surprise to all concerned when he told his audiences, over and over again, "I say to you that we will protect the constitutional rights of every living American, regardless of race, religion, or region."

We arrived in Charlotte that evening. Johnson was scheduled to make a major speech in an auditorium, not on the train. But as the train backed into the station, we looked out upon searchlights sweeping the sky, and a crowd of some six hundred people waiting for the train to pull in. No speech was scheduled here, but as Johnson walked off that rear platform to the tune of "Yellow Rose of Texas" and saw all those people with banners, balloons, and searchlights, he couldn't resist. He stopped, poured it on for fifteen minutes, and left them screaming for more.

The second day was even better. By now the train was completely decorated and the work crews had developed good systems. The press was no longer growling about arrangements and was even helping blow up balloons.

And Johnson was still in top form.

"Who says Kennedy will be a spendthrift?" he would howl. "If he handles the public money like he handles his own, we won't go bankrupt. Why, many's the time he's fumbled around for a dime to pay for a cup of coffee, and fumbled around long enough to let me beat him to it."

The next moment he would be praying for the souls of those in the audience who were carrying anti-Johnson signs like LBJ—THE COUNTERFEIT CONFEDERATE.

Then, as the whistle blew and the music swelled, he would look into the eyes of the audience and cry:

"I have looked into the eyes of Jack Kennedy. I have pressed the flesh of his hand. And I want to tell you he's a great American. He's a man you can go to the well with."

And as the train would start slowly down the track, he would mutter, half under his breath, "Turn off that 'Yellow Rose,'" and shout his parting message to the disappearing crowd: "Vote Democratic!"

We had requested our advance men to bring animals and children near the rear platform whenever possible, as they make good picture material. Donkeys had been specifically mentioned as desirable. The first donkey made his appearance in southern North Carolina. As the train ground to a halt, I saw a man leading a well-decorated beastie toward the train, but when they reached some adjacent tracks, the animal set his feet into the ground and would not budge. He couldn't be pulled, pushed, or blasted from the spot. Soon six to eight men were pushing and pulling, to no avail. He was still there, nailed to the ground, when the train pulled out. Our advance men passed the word ahead. Henceforth, all donkeys were to be on wheels.

Atlanta was to be the climax of the second day. The Senator would leave the train for about twenty minutes to make a television speech in a nearby building, while we switched train crews and engines. Just outside town, someone dashed in with the news that the Atlanta terminal was jammed with people and the television appearance had been switched to the rear of the train—just like a regular whistle stop.

We all leaped for the workroom, gathered together all the things we had saved for the next day's campaigning in Florida, and began blowing up balloons as fast as possible. All was ready when we backed into the Atlanta terminal. The pages raced into the crowd, and within seconds balloons and placards were everywhere—and all in time for a state-wide TV broadcast.

Atlanta, I think, more than anywhere else, proved the experts wrong. None of us would have put a city its size on a whistle-stop schedule. But here, in a sophisticated metropolitan area, people turned out like kids, at ten-thirty at night, to whoop and holler for a vice-presidential candidate as if they were at the Rocky Bottom County Fair. And the whole thing had been organized in a few hours; no advance men had been in Atlanta.

When we hit Jacksonville the next day, we had barely enough supplies for the early-morning rally in the park. Atlanta had depleted us. While Johnson, his staff, and the press took off for an all-day flying tour of Florida, the pages got the train back in shape while the rest of us shopped for more confetti, streamers, balloons, and helium. As I recalled the Atlanta rally of the night before, and remembered that we would be in Birmingham about nine on Thursday night for a TV appearance on top of Red Mountain, the thought of an old-fashioned torchlight parade popped into my mind. In one of the stores, sparklers were for sale. We bought every box they had.

Another item we had to find. That poor record of "Yellow Rose" was now worn out. It took all day, but we finally found a copy of the precious Mantovani version. But then a new problem arose. I found that plans for a band in Birmingham had fallen through. Desperate, I remembered a band I had heard once in Los Angeles—the Rebel Band from Emma Sansom High School in Gadsden, Alabama, one of the biggest, loudest, and best bands in the country. I called Benny Dean, a member of the Gadsden School Board.

"Benny, can you get that band of yours over to Red Mountain in Birmingham tomorrow night at nine to play for the next Vice-President?"

"I don't know. I'll try," he said. "It's two busloads, you know, and sixty miles. Can you pay for the gas and feed the kids?"

"I'll take up a collection right now. Just have those kids there playing loud and clear!"

The next day it was westward across Florida and north into Alabama, which had been the home of Lady Bird's family before they moved to Texas, and where she still had hundreds of relatives.

We had our "homemade" sign department in the supply room working from time to time on special signs to be placed in the crowd along the way. As we moved into Alabama, we decided to do a sign reading LADY BIRD IS ALABAMA'S KISSIN' COUSIN.

Having nothing to paint it with, we searched for some lady with plenty of lipstick on hand. The bright-red sign was used all the way through Alabama and looked homemade enough to have been made on the spot in any country depot.

As the train left Montgomery and headed north on the two-hour trip to Birmingham, I had the dining-car crew get busy on three hundred ham-and-cheese sandwiches for the hoped-for hundred and fifty bandsmen. This was no problem, but transporting iced tea or coffee for that many people would be.

"What do you mean, iced tea or coffee?" said Margaret Tucker, my good right arm throughout the trip. "Have you forgotten our little Seven-Up man?"

"Seven-Up! You're a genius, Tucker."

When the train hit Birmingham, everyone was loaded down—sandwiches, Seven-Up, sparklers, pennants, and balloons. We commandeered every taxi we could find and headed in hot pursuit of the flashing red lights and sirens of the Senator's motorcade winding its way up Red Mountain.

Halfway to the top, we heard it. Over the sound of police whistles and sirens came the sound of the best arrangement of "Dixie" I've ever heard. The Rebel Band was there.

When the Senator's TV appearance was over, he walked down the steps, the band burst into "Yellow Rose," and the entire mountaintop lit up with sparklers.

Just before we pulled into New Orleans, our last stop, a celebration began for the press and everyone else on the train. We had two hours before the end of the line at New Orleans. I wandered back to the rear car to make sure everything was ready. When I reached the rear car, a huge hand was laid on my arm. "How do you think we did?" the Senator asked.

"I think it was the best campaigning I have ever seen."

"I think so, too," he replied.

Twilight was moving in swiftly as we sped on toward New Orleans. In five days the Senator had made fifty-seven speeches at forty-five stops. A hundred and eighty-two reporters and photographers had traveled on the train. About twenty-five thousand people a day had heard him. They would always remember the time that Lyndon Johnson was in town, and right in the middle of town, at the railroad station, not out at the airport.

The Senator insisted that he would make no more than two speeches in New Orleans—neither of them at the station. But when the train backed in and he saw three thousand people on the platform, he spoke. A Dixieland band was playing, and the people were in a Mardi Gras mood.

We dumped the last of our supplies into the middle of the crowd and began to relax.

I got into a telephone booth and called home so my family could hear the noise of the rally. As I walked back, there was a flashing of red lights, accompanied by the sound of sirens, and the motorcade took off to parade before a hundred thousand people along Canal Street.

There was nothing left now except stray confetti, broken balloons, and tattered pennants. The station was a mess. The train looked lonely and empty. One reporter was still sitting amid the debris in the press car, typing up his last story on the Whistle Stop.

"Didn't you want to join the festivities downtown?" I asked.

"No. The story's here—and it's over. It was finished when he left the train."

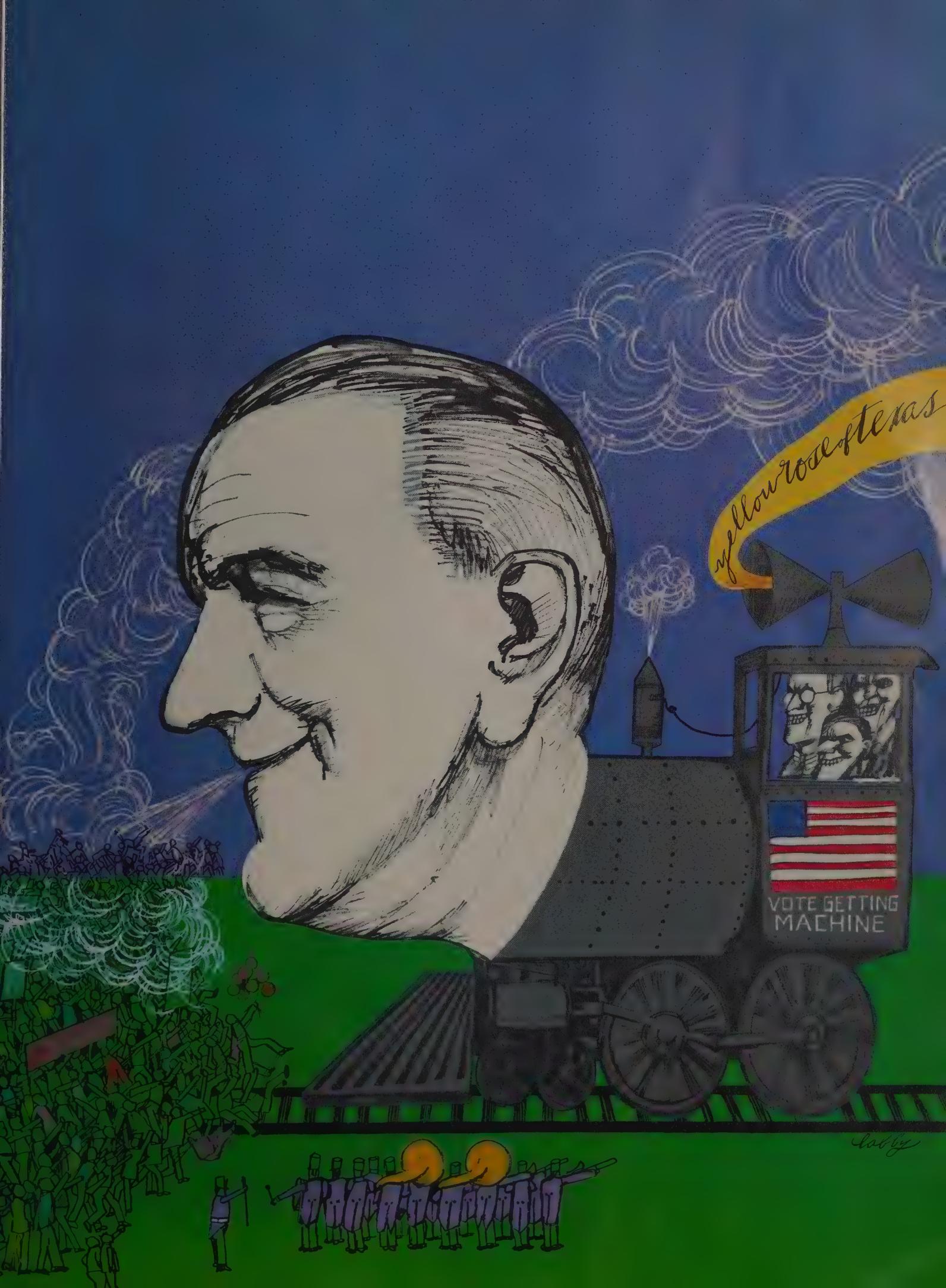
He was one of the tough ones. But he managed a grin.

"Want to see what I'm filing tonight?" he asked.

I nodded.

He handed me the story.

The lead began: "Senator Lyndon B. Johnson has carried the South for his party . . ."



Bobby

WANTED

KANSAS KID

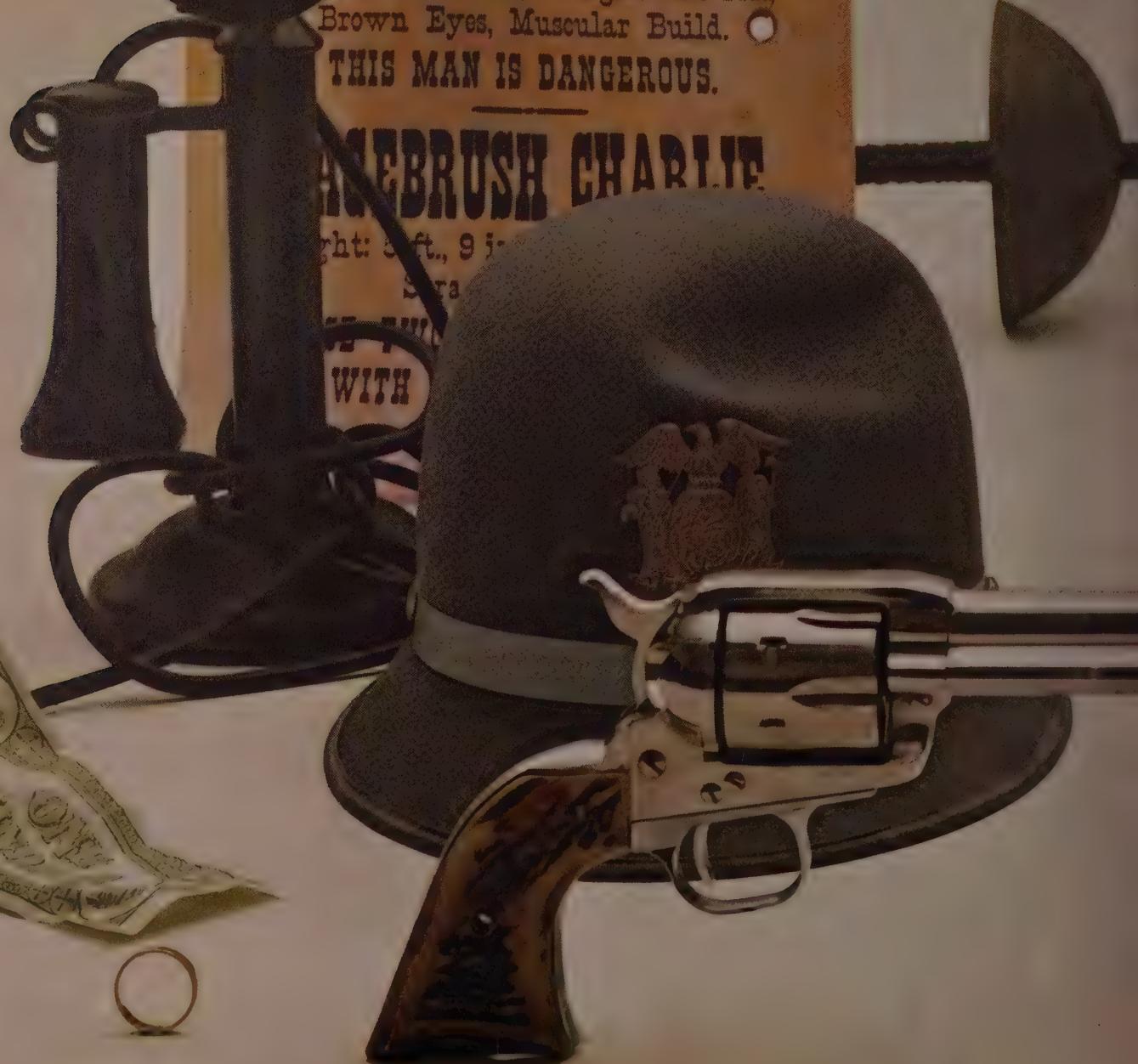
Height: 6 ft., 1 in.; Weight: 185 lbs.;
Brown Eyes, Muscular Build.

THIS MAN IS DANGEROUS.

ACEBRUSH CHARLIE

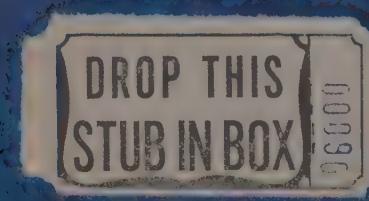
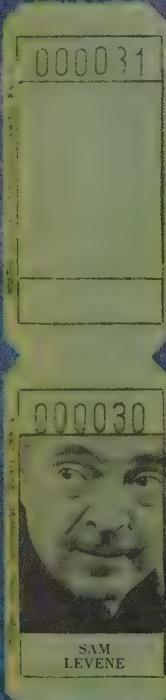
Height: 5 ft., 9 in.;
Blue Eyes, Slender Build.

**THIS MAN
WITH**





The history
of the
movies,
shown
at a glance
in these
basic
and eternal
Hollywood
artifacts:
the
classic
props



Nowadays, everybody on Broadway claims to be a star. But the money men have some startling notions about

WHO REALLY SELLS TICKETS

by Alan Levy

"A star is any person who excels his fellow to the extent of leading," said Miss Julia Marlowe, the toast of the theater in 1911, with just a trace of a sniff. "A star," said an actor who was a contemporary of Miss Marlowe's, "is seventy-five per cent temperament and twenty-five per cent business capacity." Half a century later, Tyrone Guthrie said: "The star is the center of the theatrical universe."

In the Broadway Fiscal Year 1961-62, all three definitions rank as vintage nonsense. To the power elite of the Times Square Stock Exchange—booking agents, general managers, producers, theatrical lawyers, and playhouse owners—a star is merely:

A one-woman (occasionally one-man) Animal Rescue League equipped to drag a "real dog" of a play past the snares of Howard Taubman and Walter Kerr;

The life of the party—and maybe a great actor, too;

A name that, when dropped atop an ad in the *Sunday Times*, compels otherwise cautious citizens to enclose stamped, self-addressed envelopes and specify alternate dates;

A compound guaranteed to soften the hard-boiled egotists who control charity benefits;

A politician willing to swap epigrams with Jack Paar and eager to parry the thrusts of Mike Wallace;

Above all, a star is only as good as his or her last exposure.

Asked to put a price on one of the theater's crowned heads, a show-businessman proceeds to convert the illusive qualities of stardom into shrewd (and often narrow) financial terms. For instance: "Some of our British cousins—Wendy Hiller, Eric Portman, that crowd—don't even amount to a twenty-grand advance, but they're worth their weight in backers. It's considered hip to lose money on them; they have prestige." Or: "Ralph Bellamy's name alone won't clinch a week's run, but his job as Roosevelt had enough star chemistry to make him a hot ticket." Or: "On Kim Stanley, you can open with nothing in the till and sleep good. Even if the show's a bomb, Stanley will give you a couple of good weeks just on her personal notices."

Because this cold-cash crowd dominates every aspect of a play, from casting it to housing it, their opinions are as vital to Broadway as Taubman's and Kerr's, and their biases rule the theatergoer's calendar.

In a survey of how these businessmen see their stars, some famous names lost their glitter. Several of those interviewed would trade Helen Hayes, Katharine Cornell, and Tallulah Bankhead—all three, plus cash—for one Barbara Bel Geddes. They consider the unsinkable Tammy Grimes, a relative newcomer, a stronger attraction than Melvyn Douglas, a respected veteran, even though more people have heard of him than of her. To them, Miss Gwen Verdon, a vibrant musical personality, is worth more than Sir Laurence Olivier, one of the world's great actors.

The most formidable theatrical achievements of recent years

were not, for these money men, the triumphant staggers of "All the Way Home," not a playwright's daring capture and compression of Thomas Wolfe, not even the wrestling of Anne Bancroft vs. Patty Duke. No, the Times Square Stock Exchange's top honors went to Lucille Ball in "Wildcat" and Judy Holliday in "Bells Are Ringing," two noteworthy triumphs of personality over mediocrity. "Of the two," said an expert, "you've got to give Lucy the bigger hand. Judy's show was ordinary, but she made you like it. Lucy's was a real bomb, so she made you forget it."

Because her feat was more recent and more remarkable, Lucille Ball had no detractors. Judy Holliday did, however. Her stock sagged last year when her dramatic vehicle, "Laurette," collapsed on the road. "It isn't so much that the show folded," explained a producer. "What hurt her was the slow advance sale. Her audiences balked at Judy Holliday as Laurette Taylor. But if she gets one good old-fashioned Judy show, she'll be right back up there."

Ranked with Lucille Ball as blue-chip securities are Mary Martin and Rosalind Russell. "I have only two words to say about Mary Martin: *Get her!*", declared a general manager. "She carried that dog, 'Peter Pan,' didn't she?" said another. And Miss Russell, whose services above and beyond her "Auntie Mame" material have become legendary, evoked the supreme tribute from one real-estate magnate: "I would gladly give Roz my theater."

Although the acid test of stardom is how far one person can drag one "dog" of a show, a true star must also possess a built-in allergy to dogs and bombs. "Shirley Booth used to be the biggest name for theater parties and she walked off with every damn award that was given out," said a producer. "But lately her judgment's been off in picking her plays. After two or three bombs like Booth's just had, even the theater parties steer clear. But that will change. She's too good for it not to." Asked specifically about Shirley Booth, a manager generalized: "Actors have marvelous taste, except when they're picking a play for themselves. Then, they almost all suffer from subjective blindness. They pick roles, not plays." Another man had the same message, but a different illustration: "There's one star that I'd say, 'Staying away from her shows has become a matter of good taste.'"

Kim Stanley was cited as an exception: "You can make money on her name because the educated backer knows two things about Kim Stanley. One, she's a good actress. Two, she has taste. So when she's agreed to do a play, the backer knows she's picked it out of the fifteen or twenty scripts she sees in a season. This makes it something of special merit, sight unseen. Her presence gives a project stature, and helps in lining up a theater."

Acting ability always helps, but it is seldom the key to a Broadway businessman's definition of star quality. "The ones

who stay on top," said a theater owner, "are the ones who are not just actresses, not just singers, but entertainers."

This is why Gwen Verdon rated higher than Laurence Olivier in the survey. Even though Olivier played the title role in "The Entertainer" on stage and screen, he is not identified with entertainment. "He's associated with classics and the kind of thing that people stay away from—or go to out of duty. It carries over, even when he turns up in a modern play," said one skeptic. "He's great," said another, "but not quite good enough to bail you out on a *bomberoo*."

Although a few experts still downgrade Gwen Verdon as a "New York name," she wows most of them. "You can get six months of theater parties on her name alone," said one. "She's not in the Mary Martin class yet, but she's moving up there fast," said another. "The key to Verdon's appeal is excitement," declared a third.

Searching his soul on Gwen Verdon, one hardheaded businessman showed symptoms of an inner conflict: "Verdon has a substantial following, but her star quality is hard to assess. She's always had excellent material like 'Damn Yankees' and —uh—'Can-Can' and—uh—'Redhead' and—oh hell, 'New Girl in Town.' You know, come to think of it, she's hardly ever had good material, so I must be underrating her."

Like Olivier, Julie Harris lacks entertainer status. "Julie's got almost everything else," said a manager. "She's done well. She's got youth. She's got buoyancy. She's a great actress. The only thing she hasn't done yet is work in a big musical."

But even before she has auditioned for a Mary Martin role, Julie Harris is considered a better investment than most "pure actresses." "The Warm Peninsula," a play that cooled off quickly in New York, may have done more for her star stock than "The Lark" or "I Am a Camera." Before it came to Broadway, "Warm Peninsula" and its leading lady spent a season west of the Hudson River. "That tour gave Julie Harris a national reputation. All the women tourists want to see her when they come to town," said one manager.

Another actress who promises to be a profitable investment is Geraldine Page. "She'll be making some big movies soon," said a producer, "and the buildup is starting already. In about two years, her movie rep will make her the hottest ticket on Broadway. Then she'll really be worth the money she gets."

Like Miss Page, other performers are acquiring their stardom offstage. "Don't sell a guy named Gig Young short," one showman advised. "When he was in 'Yum-Yum Tree,' he stayed out late and got up early, plugging the show on TV, radio, cross-town buses, everywhere and anywhere. Hell, he's no great star. Five or six guys are working the same side of the street he is. But when a role comes up for grabs and it's ideal for Tony Randall or even Jack Lemmon, someone's always gonna remember that you get a run for your money with Gig Young."

There was something like unanimity on the subject of Peter Ustinov. "Talk about *underrating*: this guy is what the word means," was one response. "He's a big star today. He made it on Broadway and then he worked at it on Madison Avenue and

in Hollywood. He's exposed his personality better than Oscar Levant ever did," said another expert. One man whistled and then said: "Now that Ustinov's got an Oscar, look out! If he's announced to appear in a play, there'll be a rush of theater parties."

The star who fails to patrol his or her orbit with Ustinovian frequency is likely to plummet. In an era when would-be Presidents of the United States place appearances with Jack Paar on a level with primary elections, the public expects no less of its theatrical First Ladies. Aloofness is one reason why Broadway's businessmen consider Katharine Cornell a "speculative investment." The most explicit verdict on her was: "She simply doesn't draw today the way she used to. Today it's not enough to be a star. You have to work pretty damn hard just to hold your own." Her most avid partisan spoke defensively: "She's certainly one of our more distinguished stars. I think she's done great things for us. But musical stars have more éclat than actresses nowadays."

On Broadway, you can't talk business without talking theater parties.

What has Barbara Bel Geddes got?

"See, I say to you, 'Barbara Bel Geddes in a comedy!', and, lo and behold, you're smiling! Well, that's just the way theater-party agents get, too. They're human."

Why are so many movie actors—of the Fernando Lamas, Paul Lukas, Ricardo Montalban variety—"also starred" or prominently featured on Times Square marquees?

"They're not in there to carry the show. But they're not just window dressing, either. They might keep a theater-party agent from turning down a show."

What kind of play do you dream of doing?

"A woman's play starring Joan Fontaine. Now, Joan Fontaine might not mean much to you, but Joan Fontaine in a woman's play would be a great combo because charity benefits are usually woman-controlled."

In one respect, the Broadway star system is like wartime Washington: it is dominated by women. Of the three American male stars cited most frequently in this survey—Henry Fonda, Jason Robards, Jr., and Fredric March—only one has shown enough recent strength to go to the "dog" races with Lucille Ball and Judy Holliday. Fonda's pulling power dragged "Silent Night, Lonely Night" and "Critic's Choice" well beyond their life expectancies. "But," said a general manager, "Fonda and Robards and March don't compare in appeal and audience loyalty to what Olivier and John Gielgud and Ralph Richardson have going for them in England."

Why is the male stage star a vanishing American? "There's no excitement about our men," was one reply. "There are so damn many actresses," was another theory. "They can thank our playwrights for that. All the neurotic parts are for women," declared one manager. Another said, "It's different in England. The theater, the movie studios, the TV—they're all centralized, near London. An actor can make money in all three while he's getting his theater training. On Broadway, an actor

attracts a little attention and if he's any kind of breadwinner—woosh! he's off to Hollywood for seven years. By the time Broadway gets him back, he's got too much movie profile to learn the trade. And just because he's a Hollywood name, that's no insurance any more."

Visiting movie actors, in fact, rate as strictly venture capital on Broadway. Jack Lemmon, at the peak of his popularity, couldn't save "Face of a Hero" last year. Not long ago, backers were fighting for the right to lose their shirts on "The Tumbler," starring Charlton Heston. But Heston's drawing power proved to be light, and the critics found his vehicle heavy going. "The Tumbler" did just that—tumbled—in a matter of days. "Heston came in with perhaps a fifty-thousand-dollar advance sale. Hardly anything. He's an attractive performer, though," was one rueful verdict.

Even as the victim of an agonizing reappraisal, Heston is no riskier than many conservative masculine stocks. "I suppose," said one businessman, "that Maurice Evans is by rights a star. But I wouldn't back up that hunch with money." As for Melvyn Douglas: "With a play starring him, you can count on enough advance sale for a handful of performances. Then you're on your own."

A falling star—or even an inflated satellite—can glow deceptively, the money men agree. Many non-stars have received star billing on Broadway. In Elizabeth Seal's case, it was a matter of geography: "Seal was a star the way the only woman on a desert island is a star. With another actress in the girl's role, 'Irma La Douce' might have stood up even better." Tammy Grimes wasn't promoted to stardom until months after she had captivated the first-nighters: "Grimes did wonders for 'The Unsinkable Molly Brown.' If she proves in another show what she indicated in this one, then she's a star. But if she doesn't, then all this publicity-grabbing fanfare about making her a star will actually have set her back." With the right role in the right play, Sam Levene is a star; otherwise, the show-businessmen can't see him with a telescope on a cloudless night: "There's no better name in the garment district. Put him in something like 'Make a Million' and he'll make you a million. Put him in 'Heartbreak House' and he'll break your heart."

But ever since Rex Harrison's success in "My Fair Lady," the Times Square fashion has been the right star in the wrong role. "With Harrison it worked," said a theatrical lawyer. "With others it hasn't. A straight actor in a musical can do himself harm if it isn't right for him. Maurice Evans' following wondered what he was up to in 'Tenderloin.' They went to see him, all right, but they felt a little lost in the musical comedy crowd. On the other hand, a musical comedy star may help in a straight play simply because she brings to it a vaster following than other leading ladies." Even there, however, Judy Holliday's misadventure in "Laurette" stands as a warning to entertainers with dramatic yearnings. A general manager summed up "miscasting" as a calculated risk: "If the star happens to deliver, then it will enhance the play's reception. But until then, there's more hostility than speculation. Before a star proves

himself, even his most loyal followers say, 'Show me.'"

How loyal is the most loyal follower? Not very, say the experts: "The public's treatment of Tallulah Bankhead is the classic example of disloyalty. Used to be you'd advertise a show with her name and you'd have an advance sale that was decent-to-excellent. Nowadays, that's just not true." Even her prestige as one of the few stars with a clique of her own could not offset her recent string of flops: "Tallulah has a faithful following—very enthusiastic, but not very extensive. The most they add to her run is a week."

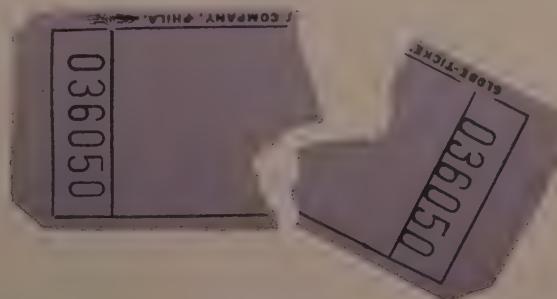
Personal coteries are meaningless to Broadway businessmen. "Why, Robert Rounseville, the American tenor, has a fan club. But fans buy only balcony tickets," said one. The only clique that excited any admiration was Julie Harris': "Hers is other actors. They come back again and again to watch her work. Some of them even pay to see her." Nowadays, the militant cliques are for shows, not for people: "They go back again and again to see the show—'My Fair Lady,' 'South Pacific,' 'The Sound of Music'—until after a while they don't notice who's in it."

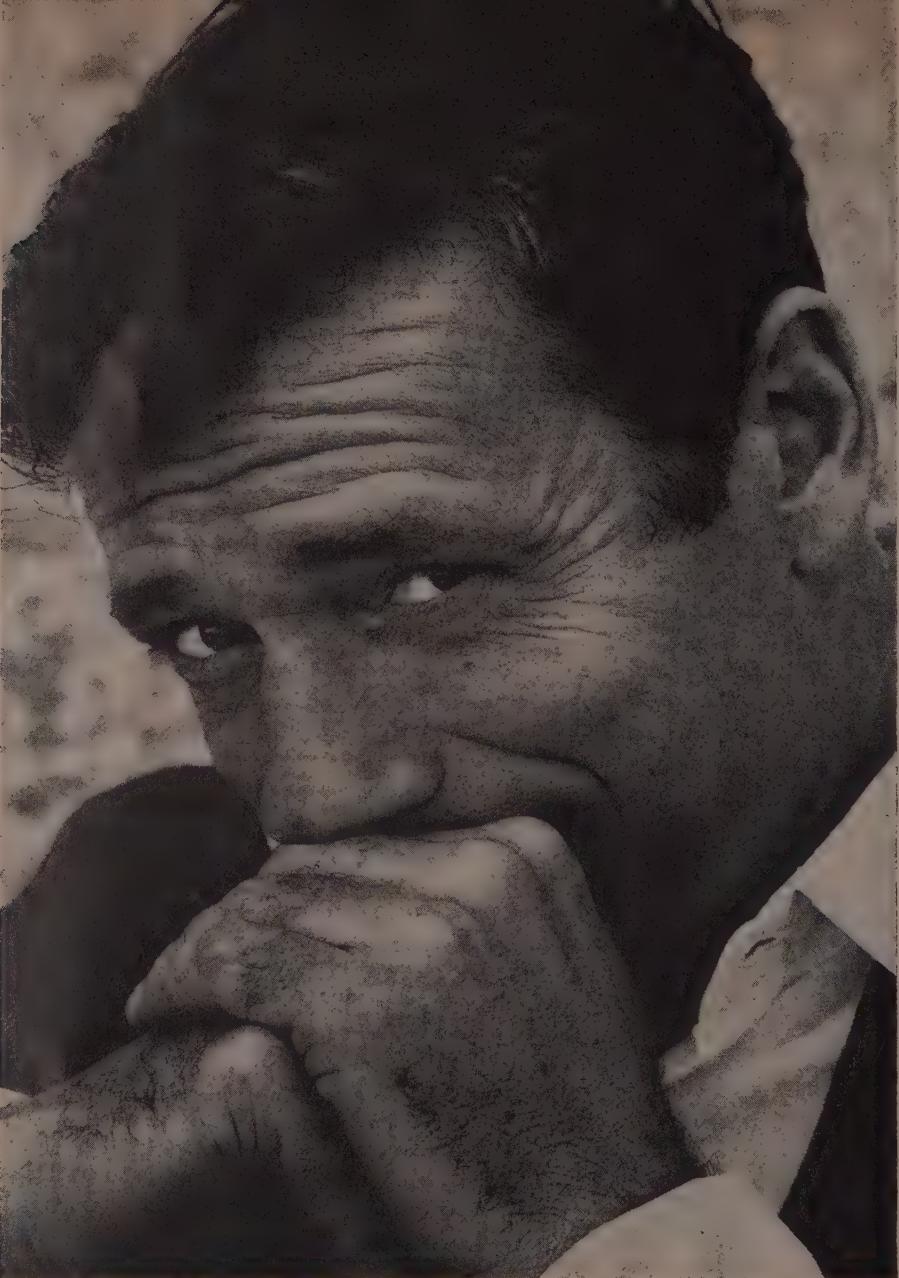
When it comes time for a producer to talk contract with a star's agent, the question that ultimately determines who's worth what is: "How did she do the last time out?"

Ethel Merman evokes exclamations like "Grade A!" and "Top drawer!" and even silent ecstasy. But one man wasn't sure that, if he landed Merman for his show, everything would come up roses: "She didn't do as well in 'Happy Hunting' and 'Gypsy' as she might have. 'Gypsy' is what makes me wonder. She had a great part in a great show with great notices, but it ran out of gas much quicker than it should have. You can't compare Merman to Mary Martin. When has Mary Martin played to empty seats in a musical?"

Claudette Colbert provokes the most schizophrenia on the Times Square Stock Exchange. One man claimed that Miss Colbert—not the script, not Julie Newmar, not even sex—sold "Marriage-Go-Round" to the public. Then he reminded himself that last season's "Julia, Jake and Uncle Joe," starring Claudette Colbert, opened and closed in one night. She has her detractors: "If you'd've asked me a few months ago whether she's a top star, I'd've said, 'Yeah, sure!' After 'Jake and Uncle Julia,' I say to you, 'No!'" But she has powerful support: "'Julia and Jake' was such a bad show that they took it off in embarrassment. She'd have kept it running for a while, but if enough people had seen it, it would have done her even more harm." And: "She'll survive. You should only have her worries!"

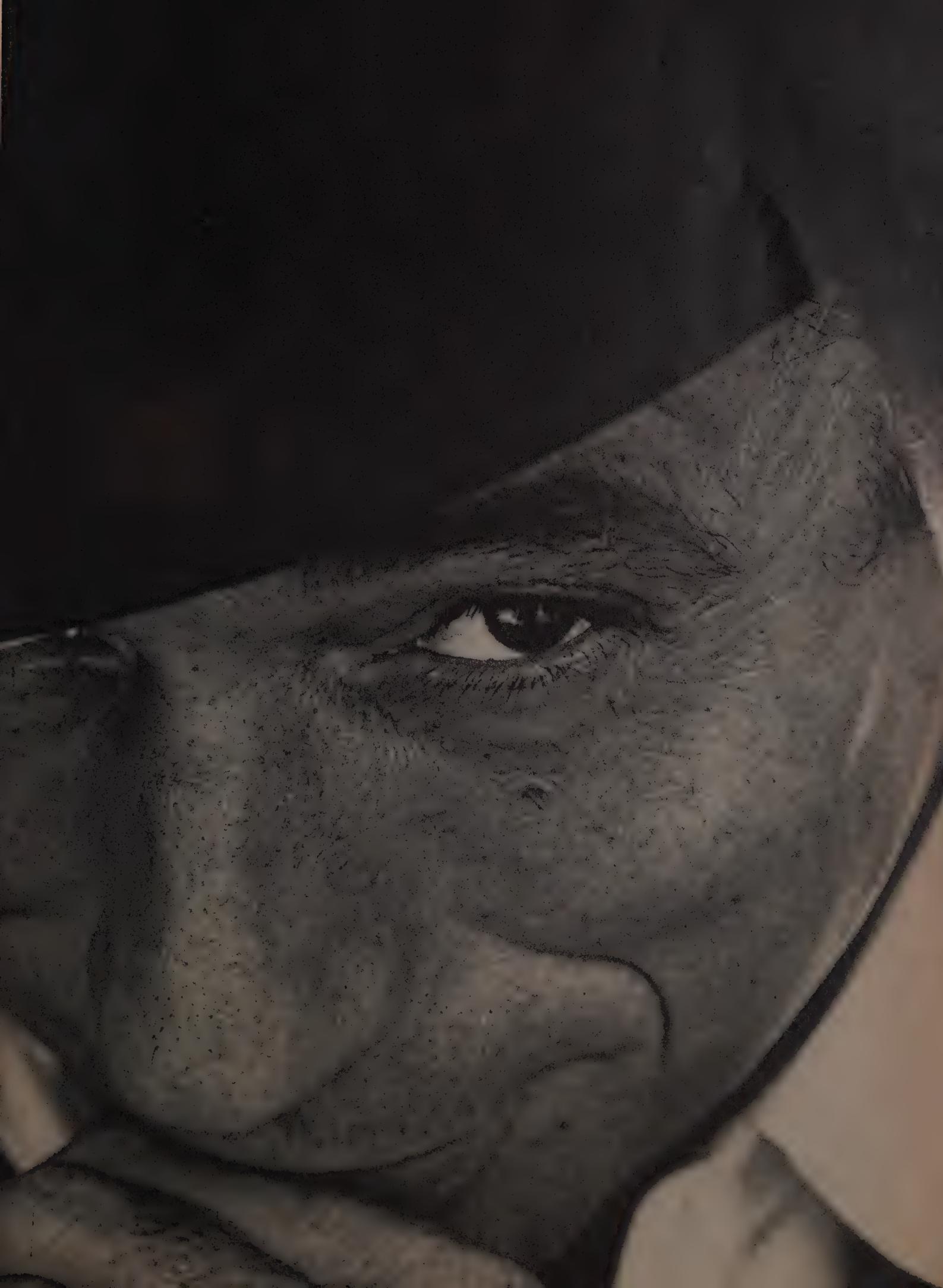
If "Julia, Jake and Uncle Joe" had lasted half as long as the arguments about its star, it would have paid off its backers. "I just don't believe stars mean anything any more," says one philosophical showman. "You can rank Claudette right up there with Roz and Lucy and Mary Martin. But what Claudette's experience with that 'Julia' thing proves to me is this: Nobody, but nobody, can carry a show all by herself. At nine-ninety a seat, you don't pay just to see one person. And, when you think of it, is there anything wrong with that?"





YVES MONTAND: THAT OLD OOH-LA-LA

The idol of the French music halls, Yves Montand, has again brought his one-man show to New York, for a stay of two months, to be followed by a national tour. Two years ago, when he made his Broadway debut, his effect on female theatergoers was shattering: some saw the show five and six times, sitting mesmerized through his two-hour recital of popular French songs. The essence of his charm, underlying the appeal of his voice and his person, seems to be his ability to project, effortlessly, a quality of authoritative masculinity that is understandably irresistible to women. Factually, Montand is not French, except by osmosis and citizenship. He was born in Italy, near Florence, forty years ago; his parents were poor Italian peasants who emigrated to France when Yves was two. He grew up in the tough waterfront district of Marseilles, had almost no schooling, spent his youth working as waiter, factory hand, shipyard welder, longshoreman. Discovered by Edith Piaf, he sang with her at the Moulin Rouge, following World War II, and went on to achieve an immense European popularity, further enhanced by his appearance in French films, of which the best known in America are "Wages of Fear," a nerve-flaying melodrama, and a French version of "The Crucible," with his wife, Simone Signoret. Although Hollywood almost managed to emasculate his impact in mediocre movies like "Let's Make Love," "Sanctuary," and "Goodbye Again," his concert triumph once more puts him among the top spellbinders.



A guide for the perplexed
**What to Say
When the Mind Fails**
by William North Jayne

**AFTER SEEING A PLAY
BY JEAN GENET**

1. The play has its own independent validity.
2. To interpret the work with any accuracy, one needs a whole new set of definitions.
3. Its meaning cannot be made clear in English.
4. It might be interesting to see the part of the hero played by a girl.
5. Actually, it's a ballet.

**AFTER HEARING AN
OPERA BY ALBAN
BERG**

1. Have you ever heard Weltschmerz so brilliantly linked to *Sturm und Drang*?
2. It's unfortunate the conductor didn't follow Berg's original markings more closely.
3. If Krafft-Ebing needs any vindication, this is certainly it.
4. I feel the need of three additional measures at the end.
5. Nationalism has no place in music.

**AFTER
ATTENDING A
PERFORMANCE
BY THE
KABUKI PLAYERS**

1. One mustn't look for postulates everywhere.
2. The mistake is to judge them by any other standards than their own.
3. I can't help feeling that they belong in the round.
4. It almost hurts.
5. Nationalism has no place in the dance.



AFTER SEEING A MOVIE
BY INGMAR BERGMAN

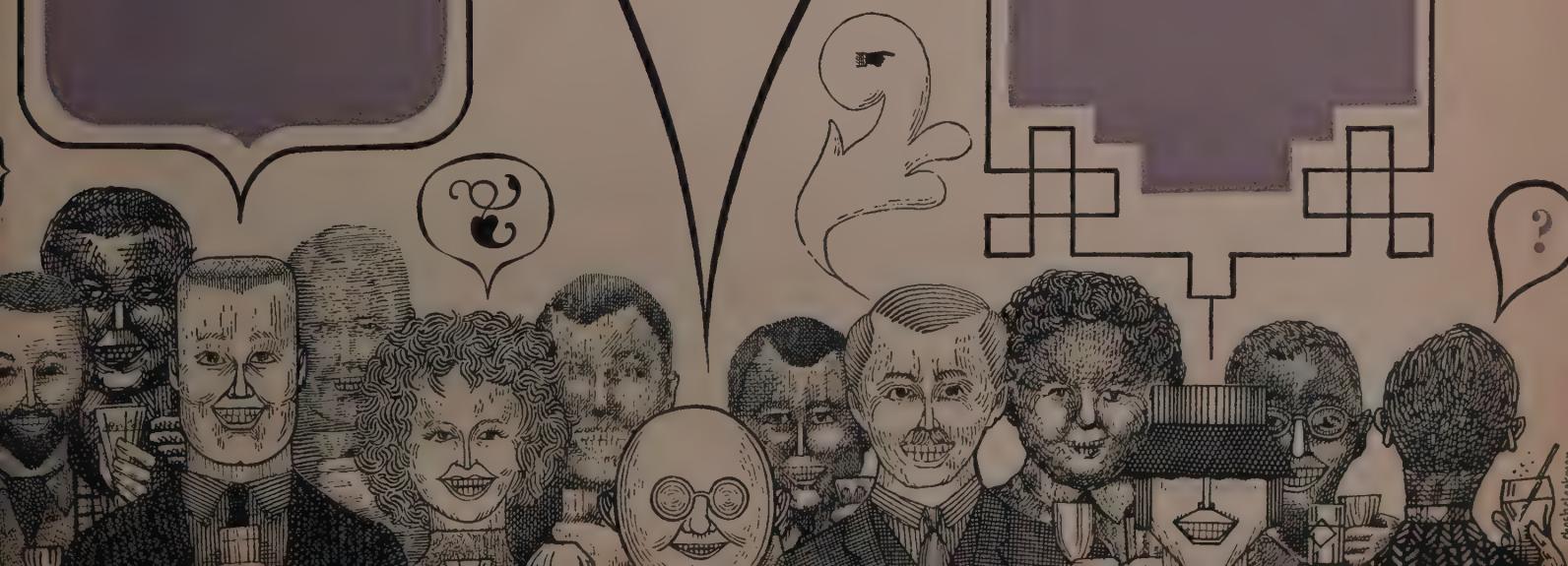
1. Don't analyze - just let it wash over you.
2. If one must take a text from life, I suppose Isaiah 51:19 is as good as any.
3. If only the subtitles had been more accurately rendered.
4. I wonder if he's really aware of his debt to Edison.
5. Nationalism has no place in films.

AFTER
EXPERIENCING
A COMPOSITION
BY JOHN CAGE

1. Did you know that Elsa Maxwell was born in Keokuk, Iowa?
2. What do you think should be done with Ellis Island?
3. I wonder how Tab Hunter's dog is getting along.
4. How do they determine the date of Easter?
5. Anyone know what T.C. Jones is doing these days?

AFTER
LISTENING TO
A RECORD
BY FABIAN

1. He underscores the historic fact of Presley.
2. In his own way, he's not so very different from Elisabeth Schwarzkopf.
3. In many ways, retrogression can be an advance.
4. I'm not altogether sure he understands his own message.
5. It will be interesting to see what happens to him in ten years.



A WEST END PORT- FOLIO

A few summers ago in London, I went to see a successful musical comedy called "Grab Me a Gondola," which was based on the highly untenable premise that there was something inherently hilarious in the idea of Diana Dors attending the Venice Film Festival. As a New York drama critic, I am accustomed to the luxury of aisle seats, but there I was trapped in the middle of a row, and while the audience roared with delighted mirth at what seemed to me an increasingly inane striving for humor, my unhappiness grew by the moment. London playgoing became a loathsome experience.

In retrospect, I realized that I have seen worse musical comedies on Broadway, but they haven't left any particular scars on my memory. Indeed, I have come to look back on one or two of them with a certain contemptuous affection. Yet I still think of "Grab Me a Gondola" with something akin to horror. And it is because the experience was exceptional. London certainly has its share of terrible plays and abominable musical shows, and even an American visitor who picks and chooses cannot always escape them, but theatergoing there is usually a pleasant experience for those of us who go with any regularity to the hectic theater in New York.

The difference between playgoing in the West End and on Broadway has been generalized in a cliché. Americans who go to the theater usually go because they feel a kind of social obligation to see the hits, while Londoners attend plays because they are fond of the theater. The result is that audiences here tend to be tense and skeptical, which is attested to by the fact that a New York reviewer is almost certain to receive more angry letters from readers when he has applauded a play than when he has denounced one, and London audiences are more relaxed and determined to have a good time. This may mean that more bad plays are successful in England than here, but it adds to the jollity of playgoing.

Professional reviewers are less influenced by the friendliness or hostility toward the play of the paying customers seated around them than is generally believed, but I know of one time when I must have found the relaxed and pleasant atmosphere of West End theatergoing affecting my judgment. I attended a performance of an intimate revue known as "Cranks" and thought it was fresh and charming, but when it eventually came to New York, with the same performers and the same numbers, I kept wondering what I could have seen in it, thereby understandably bringing dismay to its American sponsors, who had felt sure of at least one favorable notice.

In general, though, I don't believe there is anything in the old theory that some sort of mysterious sea change strikes down plays in transit between London and New York, automatically transforming one city's festive success into the other's dismal failure. Nor do I think the frequently violent difference in the critical and popular verdicts of London and New York is often traceable to contrasting national tastes. This obviously is sometimes the cause, but usually if a play that has merit and is a smash in one metropolis is a flop when it is subsequently presented in the other, it is because it was badly produced on the second occasion.

Granting that the tastes of British and American audiences aren't often irrevocably at variance, there are plays, themes, and subjects for satirical comment that are clearly of great pertinence to one country and pretty obscure to the other. On the whole, I am of the impression that we are rather less parochial in the range of our interests than they are. The average educated American is surely more familiar with English history, for one thing, than the educated Briton is with ours. But it isn't always possible to say in advance how the parochial element in entertainment is going to work out. "Damn Yankees," the musical comedy about baseball, wasn't a smash in London, but it had a good run, and it is difficult to believe that an English girl-and-music show having to do with cricket would attract equal attendance from American theatergoers.

The question of topical satire comes up in connection with "Beyond the Fringe," the current London hit which American visitors seemed most anxious to fight their way into this past summer. This is the intimate satirical revue written and played by four young men who, hard to credit though it is after you've seen them, aren't actors by trade. Their professions, which they carry on during their nontheatrical hours, include pathology and the teaching of history, and they aim their brilliant, delightfully malicious fun at targets ranging from Prime Minister Macmillan and the playing of "God Save the Queen" to hearty popular clergymen and civilian defense against the nuclear bomb. They are wonderful and they don't hesitate to be insular in their references.

The intention is to bring "Beyond the Fringe" to America next season with its original cast, and the reaction of Americans who have seen it in London is naturally of particular interest to its local sponsors. And a curiously snobbish reaction it is in many cases, too. I have talked to a large number of my countrymen who had placed it at the head of things to go to immediately after

Queue stools for the gallery, reserved for sixpence during the day, await the evening's performance



DURING ABSENCE
OF
SALESMAN
PLEASE OBTAIN
Q SHOW
TICKETS FROM
NEW THEATRE
STAGE DOOR



Intermission at the Saville Theater



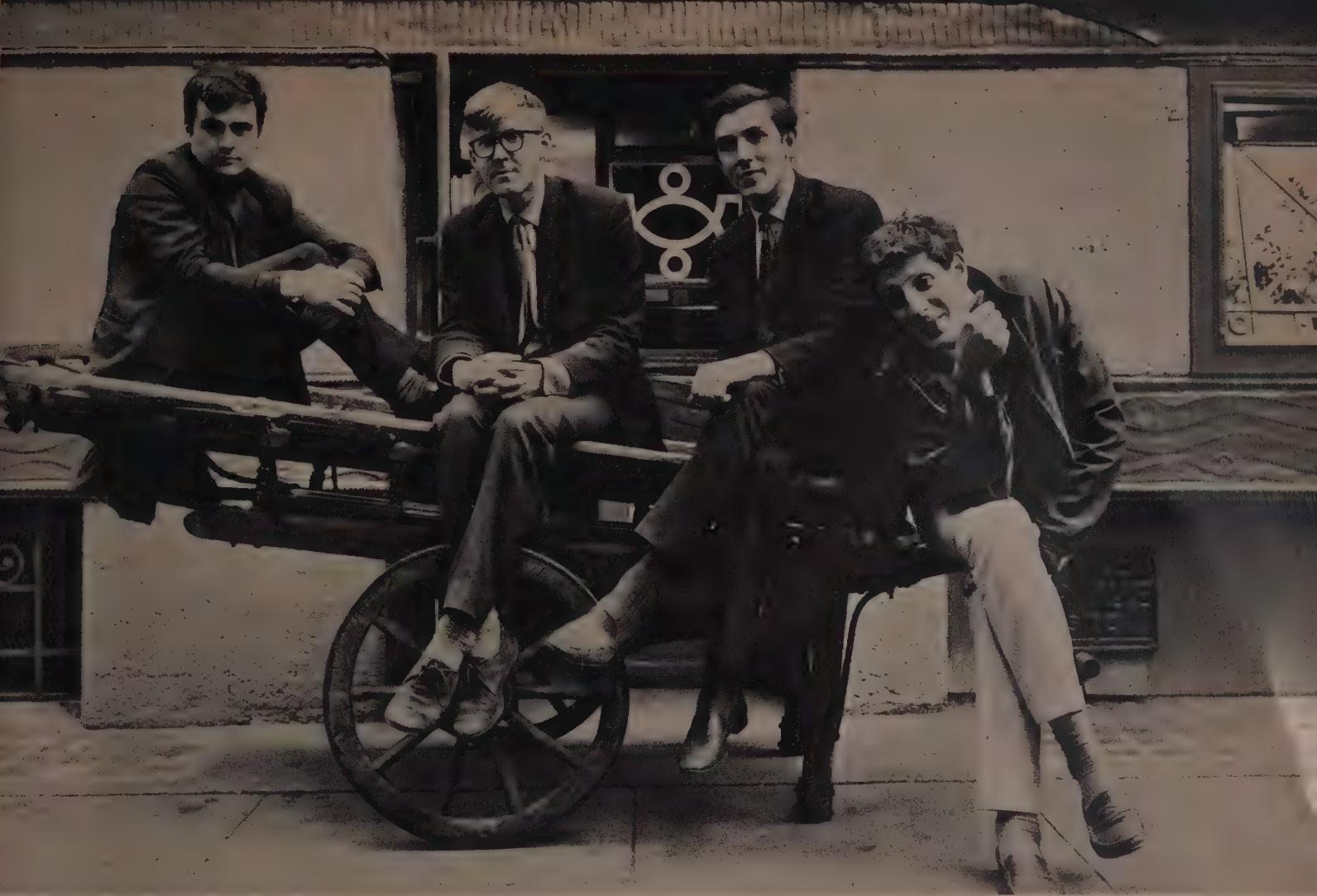
Opening night of "Luther": Albert Finney and writer John Osborne

their plane landed, and they almost unanimously loved it, but the majority added their doubt that the Americans at home would understand or appreciate it. None admitted that he himself had any difficulty with its intricacies; it was other and less traveled Americans all of them worried about.

Would it be wise, therefore, for the young players to make changes here and there in the text, putting in a few more American references and taking out some of the comments on Englishmen and English matters? My own opinion is that it would be a serious mistake. Any attempt to tinker with it in the interest of transatlantic clarity would injure its quality without making it more palatable to those who wouldn't understand it as it is. It is funny enough to stand firm, without appeasement. The popularity of the Gilbert and Sullivan operettas in America has never been imperiled by all the references to Britons long forgotten, if ever known here, including so obscure a figure as a Victorian fire chief named Captain Shaw in one of the loveliest songs in *"Iolanthe."*

While "Beyond the Fringe" is the most talked about, it is by no means the only current London hit likely to be brought to New York, with the casting in the leading roles intact whenever possible. Alec Guinness has already left the title part of "Ross," Terence Rattigan's drama about Lawrence of Arabia, but the role will probably be acted here by John Mills, who seems an excellent choice. The play that appealed to me most was Anouilh's "The Rehearsal," and, of the fine cast playing it in the West End, I should say Alan Badel was the player it was imperative to bring with it to Broadway.

Whether angry John Osborne's historical drama about an angry religious reformer, "Luther," will make the voyage westward this season seems uncertain, and, if it does, it will likely be without its brilliant young star, Albert Finney, since Mr. Finney is reported anxious to get back to the films. The casting of the all-important title role will be difficult and challenging. "Stop the World—I Want to Get Off," which there is talk of bringing over, will also represent problems. In the words of the trade, "it needs work," but it has a beguiling title, an attractive background, and an enterprising star in Anthony Newley. It would be interesting, too, to follow the Manhattan fate of "Fings Ain't Wot They Used t'Be," the strikingly original musical comedy, largely in Cockney rhyming slang, about the Soho underworld, written by a remarkable insider, Frank Norman.



London's literate lunatics: Dudley Moore, Alan Bennett, Peter Cooke, and Jonathan Miller of "Beyond the Fringe"

Opening night of "Luther": Lady Churchill out front





The Place by Richard Whedon

The relaxed atmosphere generated by a London audience as it settles down, not to a Cultural Experience, but to something which is a normal part of day-to-day life, is particularly striking to an American. He, of course, is used to Broadway, that strident stretch of pavement from whose neon the theater too often draws its style, its quality of ideas, and its manners.

It is not that Shaftesbury Avenue, the West End's equivalent of Broadway, is especially austere; it's simply that it feels no need to shout its pleasures and excitements. The man in the box office is likely to show full courtesy instead of offering a Shubert snarl when replying to a civil question. He is also likely to have a good supply of tickets available at a surprisingly pleasant price. Inside the house, the same *sotto voce* amiability persists. There's a good chance that you will be allowed to smoke in your seat. The usherette (who charges for the sealed, skinny, biography-less program) will be pleased to bring a tray of tea (but nothing more bracing) to your seat at intermission. Or you may stretch your legs at the bar, which offers inexpensive drinks and expansive conversation about the evening's performance.

There is a reason, beyond British reserve, for the West End's low-keyed atmosphere. That is the length of time it has lived with the Western World's grandest theatrical tradition. There have been theaters here since the sixteenth century, and in that length of time you can learn to get along very nicely with all the things that make up a tradition, no matter how awe-inspiring it may seem to an outsider.

The pictures on this page suggest the strength of that tradition. The young man in the heavy make-up (top) is Anthony Newley, and he has just written, produced, and starred in "Stop the World—I Want to Get Off," a *succès d'estime* that has caused his colleagues to make room at the top for him. The man in the center is a colonial whose style is squarely in the tradition of English acting: Christopher Plummer, appropriately enough, stars in "Becket," which is just the kind of French play that has always been welcomed more warmly in the West End than in New York. The two ladies at the bottom are Gladys Cooper and Diana Wynyard, both great ladies of the stage, re-







vered for their past triumphs, respected for their willingness to press on (at the moment as costars of an indifferent play), as though they had no laurels to rest upon.

Among them, Newley, Plummer, Cooper, and Wynyard represent the four ages of actors, and in their easy coexistence lies the current glory of the English stage. There is something there for everyone—for classic actors like Plummer, for brilliant satirists like Newley, for ladies like Cooper and Wynyard, whose natural habitat is the elegant drawing room where wit and style and grace make the crumpets go round.

The West End has long been famous for its eclecticism, and that extends far beyond the "U" theater we have thus far been considering. There is also a popular theater in which plays by Agatha Christie run endlessly, in which the music and the comedians have a lusty and endearing vulgarity that has long delighted the yeomanry. No one ever confuses the stuff of this theater (generally speaking, the lowest priced) with the stuff of art. The critics, unlike those in New York, apply different standards to this theater, and so does the audience. They treat it as if it were the cinema, and in its houses you have the feeling that most of the ladies have kicked off their shoes and most of the men have loosened their belts. It is possible that the sheer relaxation available to the audience in this theater is responsible for the easy air which, like the fog, lies lightly over the entire experience of theatergoing in London.

It is pleasant, too, not to hear in the West End the sound of the death knell. No one wonders aloud how or whether the theater can survive—topics much on the tongue in New York in recent seasons. And if you were to drop into one of the many pubs (like the one to the left) and raise such questions along with your pint of bitter, as suitable after-theater conversation, you would be regarded as having gone round the bend. Might as well ask a Londoner if he were in favor of preserving Westminster Abbey, or Cricket at Lord's, or the Royal Family. For, like these other institutions, the theater is a custom, a thing of comfortable usage which just keeps flowing along. In due course it will accept what is good in the stirrings of its lively, angry avant-garde, discard what is bad, and, no doubt, reward the leaders with knight-hoods for their contributions to the living, growing tradition of the English theater.

NOVEMBER

	1	2	3	4
5	6	7	8	9
12	13	14	15	16
19	20	21	22	23
26	27	28	29	30

1 America's first newsreel movie house (the Embassy) opens at Broadway and Forty-sixth Street, New York. [1929]

2 King Louis Philippe of France sponsors first flea-circus performance. [1846]

3

4

5 Feeling against smoking by women runs so strong that "Carmen" is presented in Kansas against a backdrop of a dairy, instead of a cigarette factory, while Carmen herself makes her entrance carrying a milk pail. [1912]

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10 Rome's Communist newspaper Unita calls Donald Duck "a militaristic Marine." [1951]

11

12 "The American Radio Warblers," an ensemble of canaries that sings to organ accompaniment, celebrates twenty-fifth year on the air. Station WHB, Kansas City. [1950]

13 Leonard Bernstein's "I Hate Music," a cycle of five songs including "My Mother Says That Babies Come in Bottles," is sung by Jennie Tourel at her New York recital debut. Accompanist: Leonard Bernstein. [1943]

14

15

16 Roman circus makes last appearance at the Colosseum, amid general thanksgiving. [DCLXVII]

17

18 Radio Peking announces new Red Chinese hit song, "The Community Dining Hall is Too Good to Talk About." [1958]

19 Louis Spohr guest-conducts London's Royal Philharmonic Orchestra, waving a little stick, and the use of a baton by conductors comes into vogue. [1820]

20 Film version of "Oklahoma!" starts shooting in Arizona because "Oklahoma doesn't look like Oklahoma." [1955]

21

22

23

24

25 Senaa Samma, reportedly the first sword swallower ever exhibited in the United States, creates a sensation among blasé New Yorkers. [1817]

26

27

28 Season's biggest turkey, "Sugar 'n Spice," starring exotic dancer "Sugar" Cain, folds after first backers' audition. [1956]

29

30

CRITICISM & COMMENT

Movies: One Vote for Anarchy

By Arthur Schlesinger, Jr.

The report that Harold Lloyd's great silent movie "The Freshman" will be around this autumn makes one wonder again what has happened to American film comedy. How long has it been since you laughed helplessly at a Hollywood movie (I mean at the places you were supposed to)? The last time for me, I think, was when I was lucky enough to catch Lloyd's "Movie Crazy" on television late at night. What has Hollywood produced lately that compares with half a dozen scenes in that glorious film—as when Lloyd, putting on the magician's dinner jacket by mistake in the men's room at a Hollywood party, returns to the dance floor to find doves, rabbits, and eggs appearing from each pocket and sleeve while he fox-trots respectfully with the producer's wife?

"Movie Crazy" and "The Milky Way," which I would also like to see again, were later and more sophisticated Lloyds. "The Freshman" exhibits the grace and precision of his slapstick, but against a background which the current younger generation may find intolerably naive. Do our children get the old-time comedy anyway? The other night, I urged my eighteen-year-old daughter to watch the Marx Brothers' "Duck Soup" on television, with particular attention to the scene in which Groucho, on one side of an open door, and Harpo, disguised as Groucho, on the other go through a sequence of movements as if the door were a mirror. I asked her later what she thought. She said that the mirror scene was funny but it went on too long and that most of the film struck her as silly. (In her defense, I might say her taste has not so declined that she regards Jerry Lewis as a comedian.)

Lloyd, the Marx Brothers, W.C. Fields, Buster Keaton, and, of course, Charlie Chaplin were masters of a humor which was at once profoundly controlled and profoundly uninhibited. They have almost no successors with the gift of producing the helpless response. Danny Kaye, among American entertainers, is the exception; but Kaye's most recent films have not been his best.

Perhaps the day of the great chaotic comedian is over. The old training grounds of vaudeville

and burlesque are gone. As Kaye recently said, "The young entertainer today has no place in which he can be terrible—and how can you be good unless you start out making mistakes?" And, if the young comedian shows signs of talent, television grabs him, consumes him, and discards him in a couple of years. For this or for other reasons, our contemporary comedy is essentially the comedy of manners rather than the older comedy of confusion.

In the comedy of manners, the thirties had a master, too—Ernst Lubitsch. I wonder how his films ("Ninotchka," say, or "Bluebeard's Eighth Wife") would seem now; all too few of them can be found on television. Lubitsch's heir today, I suppose, is Billy Wilder. Wilder's "Some Like It Hot" was a genuinely funny film, though a farce rather than a comedy; but "The Apartment," Academy Awards and all, struck me as very unfunny, an embarrassing mixture of themes and moods, and ultimately repellent. I find Blake Edwards' film version of Truman Capote's "Breakfast at Tiffany's" more in the Lubitsch tradition—in the vein, say, of the sophisticated sentimentality of "The Shop Around the Corner."

George Axelrod has prettied up Capote's upper East Side fable, and Audrey Hepburn's Holly Golightly is the most enchanting sprite who ever took a fifty-dollar bill to go to the powder room. But Edwards steers the film to the brink of whimsy without ever quite letting it fall in. It has funny dialogue, an excellent musical score derived from French New Wave films, lovely, subdued color, and a genuine feel, both satiric and sentimental, for life on the East Side. Holly's party is a perfect distillation of cocktail frenzy.

Like "The Apartment," "Breakfast at Tiffany's" has a disconcerting underpinning of noncomic material. In "The Apartment," Wilder never solved the problem of how to render acceptable the basic situation of a man who made his apartment available to his superiors for their affairs. Tolerable as farce or tolerable as straight drama, this situation became intolerable in a film which sniggered from one to the other.

"Breakfast at Tiffany's" has a similar problem. Not only is Holly a call girl, but she has a retarded brother in the Army, a husband, old Doc Golightly, back in Texas; and even the hero is a kept man. Edwards, like Lubitsch in another time, manages the shift from one level to another—from slapstick farce to sentimental drama—with considerable success. The film has style, gaiety, and taste, and I commend it to you.

The other new Hollywood comedies seem mostly to deal with young girls named Gidget or Tammy; some of the films, I understand, have twin girls in them. I do not feel that I can review films about people named Gidget without prejudice, so I am compelled to pass them by. I do, however, retain an ancient weakness for military farce. I have never forgotten an old Edward Sutherland film called "Sky Devils," in which Spencer Tracy, William Boyd (I mean the "What Price Glory?" Boyd, not Hopalong Cassidy), and George Cooper played three crafty idiots in the United States Air Corps in France during the earlier and now forgotten World War. In the years since, we have continued to do well in this vein. Jed Harris's "Operation Mad Ball," with Jack Lemmon and Ernie Kovacs, was brilliantly funny several years back; I greatly enjoyed "Don't Go Near the Water"; and the Sergeant Bilko series, of course, nearly made television bearable.

It was thus with high hope that I went to see "The Honeymoon Machine," a farce about United States Navy personnel in Venice who try to use a giant computer to break the bank at the casino and in the process are mistaken for Soviet spies. There are obvious opportunities here. But the development of the action is stolid and labored, the players lack charm, and the whole thing is devoid of spontaneity or wit. Jack Weston contributes the only funny moments as a drunk and be-fuddled seaman.

The best comic films recently have come from abroad. "Never on Sunday" is clearly the most delicious comedy seen anywhere for several years. It is another one of those fairy tales dedicated to the theme of what fun it is to be a prostitute. It is even more of a fairy tale than "Breakfast at Tiffany's," since Holly Golightly is an incarnation of very genuine panic, while Ilya in "Never on Sunday" apparently loves her work. Melina Mercouri is a full-

blooded delight as Ilya; and, though this is a minority opinion, I thought that Jules Dassin, the director, cast himself very well indeed as Homer, the self-righteous American. If there is anyone around who has not seen "Never on Sunday," I advise him to do so.

"Never on Sunday" is pure fun, though; its theme—whores teaching solemn Americans the joy of living—could hardly be more banal. Far more interesting as a commentary on our own troubles are the comedies of the young French director Philippe de Broca. I missed "The Love Game," but I have now seen "The Joker" (*Le Farceur*) and "The Five-Day Lover" (*L'Amant de Cinq Jours*). These have been wrongly billed as laugh-a-minute farces. They are, in fact, comedies of sex, which is to say comedies of identity; and, underneath their surface of hectic sexual gaiety and complication, they are strangely bitter and frightening movies about frightened people. In the actor Jean-Pierre Cassel, de Broca obviously has found an instrument perfect for his purposes. Cassel has a sensitive, eager, comic face; he walks with a faun's grace; he exists only in relation to women. But the relationship is a compulsive appetite, fleeting as to object, fleeting as to fulfillment. De Broca's theme is the ultimate self-deception of those who use sex as their means of searching for identity.

In form, "The Joker" is a parody of the classic Paris farces about adultery. There is the whole apparatus of insouciant lovers, excited wives, cuckolded husbands, co-operative servants, flights across rooftops, hiding in closets, and so on. Anouk Aimée, one of the beauties in "La Dolce Vita," plays the girl. But what gives the film its desperation of tone is its sense of the futility of philandering—of sex as the unfulfillable quest and love as the pathetic casualty along the way. Some find the denouement of "The Joker"—Cassel, ending up with his quarry in a bedroom in a cheap inn, turning his attention to the barmaid—abrupt and distasteful. To me it seemed appropriate and inevitable.

"The Five-Day Lover" carries the de Broca inquiry another step. Once again the mechanics of farce dominate on the surface: Cassel, kept by Micheline Presle, falls in love with Jean Seberg, not knowing she is Micheline's friend, while Seberg's husband... But it is all different. The figures go through the traditional quad-

rille, only everything is charged with dark and ambiguous emotions; it is the comedy of frustration penetrating through farce into an embittered pathos.

It is hard to convey the qualities of these films. Comedies can be sad when they employ humor to illuminate human desperation. In more careless days, Chaplin and Fields and Groucho Marx in their various styles laughed at desperation itself. "Never on Sun-

day" takes the easy course and denies its existence. "Breakfast at Tiffany's" detects the desperation, but keeps it well subordinated to charm, sentiment, and whimsy. In the de Broca comedies, the comic format remains, but desperation saturates and overwhelms it. I do not know any sadder comedies around than "The Joker" or "The Five-Day Lover"—sadder or more haunting or better suited to sad times.

Theater: How to Tell Good Acting From Bad

by Harold Clurman

The actor on the stage is not simply himself but another being as well, a creature of the playwright's invention. This is something we rarely think about. Usually we look forward to a performance because we know and like the actor from previous encounters, and what we like about him is our impression of his "personality." The matter of characterization or interpretation, though often mentioned, is rarely basic in the evaluation of actors' performances. The actor usually doesn't "make" a character, he "stands" for it.

Criticism of acting should therefore be a cinch. Yet, as any reader of reviews knows, pertinent criticism of acting is rare. To judge acting soundly, the spectator must cultivate his perception of character. He must have a feeling for people. This will enable him to avoid two of the main pitfalls in the evaluation of acting. One is to view the actor entirely on the basis of his outward semblance to the character he is supposed to represent; the other is to accept him as that character because of what the author says he is.

The usual assets ascribed to the actor are a good voice, an attractive or an interesting appearance, the manner and look of authority, natural ease, and concentration. These qualifications may be regarded as a starting point. They do not represent the essential.

What is omitted in most such accounts is the specific use that the voice, appearance, and concentration are put to. It requires no critical acumen to tell whether or not an actor is effective—whether he is, to use Willy Loman's phrase, well liked. The audience informs us of that. The critical sense is needed when we come to question the nature and relevance of the effect the actor has made.

I have seen the best of actors give bad performances. The actors, in these performances, have not been deprived of their permanent gifts. They are still proficient craftsmen, but their talent is not fulfilling its function, which

is to make a part in a play significant. Their performances, whatever else may be said of them, have little or no *content*. What is being expressed is either insignificant or false.

The matter of content is as crucial to the criticism of acting as it is to the other arts. Paintings are not valued simply because they invite us to gaze on pretty colors or appetizing shapes. They are admired because their colors and shapes create a form or an "idea" which communicates something we value, something which enhances our sense of life. So with acting, if it is to be viewed as an art.

But what is acting, anyway? It is not imitation. Mimetic ability may serve the actor, but it is not itself the crux of the actor's art. Many excellent mimics are hopeless actors. The good actor does not imitate something outside himself: he makes something of himself, with himself. He is, he lives, he behaves. Action is generated within him from the stimuli of the situations—people and circumstances—of the play. And he acts because he is acted upon.

If an academic definition is in order, we may say: To act is to behave under unreal circumstances as if they were real. The "unreal circumstances" are the stage, its setting, the dramatist's dialogue and plot, and above all the basic fact that what is being done, seen, and heard is presented for the benefit of an audience. The poison the actor takes is fake, but we are led by him to agonize over his death throes as if they were real.

In order to induce belief in us, the actor himself must believe. He must have the imagination to transform everything he does on the stage into something present and vivid. This may be called "actors' faith." How the actor arrives at this imaginative faculty is a matter of training and technique which it is beyond the scope of this article to describe. We are concerned here only with our own capacity for discernment.

Another vital part of the actor's equipment is mobility of

temperament. The actor must be able to react quickly, easily, and fully to each of the play's events. We all react in life; but the actor's peculiar talent lies not only in his fluency of reaction but in the exciting and memorable effect that his reaction has on us. It is not only important that the actor's behavior be "natural" or even more interesting than that of the average man, but that it tell us more, that it become archetypal, symbolic, exemplary.

Nothing comes from nothing. If we find that the actor carrying out some ordinary activity on the stage is many times more fascinating than our neighbor is while doing the same sort of thing in "real life," it may be because, apart from his special training, the actor is or has made himself into an intrinsically richer being. He not only "shows" more; he contains more—or should. Otherwise there would be little point in paying to see him.

When I speak of the "stage personality," I mean those people who are able to retain on the stage what makes them appealing in life. This is certainly an invaluable virtue professionally which it would be foolish to dismiss. Most famous masters of ceremonies, outstanding vaudevillians, a number of TV comics and nightclub performers have this kind of stage personality. (Shall we speak of George Jessel, Bob Hope, Jack Benny?) On a more exalted level, Ethel Barrymore had so overwhelmingly this sort of personality that one found it difficult at times to tell what part belonged to it and what part to genuine acting. In her case, it probably didn't matter.

Players who have it are not always actors in the sense that Charlie Chaplin was when he played the Little Man. They are not "making," transforming, or interpreting anything. Their mask and face are identical. They have the knack, acquired through practice as well as by instinct, to use themselves for purposes of public presentation. It is right that we should enjoy them, but they are seldom actors except in the trade sense.

The true actor's personality—let us call it his *artistic* personality—does not show itself directly as such. It is not what his acting is about or is designed to reveal. Yet we will somehow feel in his rendering of his role qualities of his personality—gravity, strength, sadness, playfulness, humor, hopefulness, as the case may be. It is just so that an Alfred Lunt, as much in light comedy as in somber drama, exposes the nervous, vulnerable, suffering being which dwells somewhere within him and which, willy-nilly, he expresses when he is at his best.

The kind of personality I have been trying to suggest may be described as a kind of music which emanates from an actor's

presence on the stage. But it is not a wholly abstract effusion. It is related to profundity of interpretation and characterization. The actor who is just a stage personality never really characterizes or interprets anything; he presents only himself. He needn't act, because he is engaged in no situation beyond that of entertaining us directly. The actor in a play (or a movie) is part of a whole. To make the play "work," the actor must make his part contribute to its theme and spirit.

What determines characterization and interpretation is the choice the actor makes from all the possibilities suggested by the dramatist's script. Often the actor's choice is only semiconscious; his instinct, his own inner constitution, leads him to his interpretation. Sometimes the director will help him find the right path. There is no saying arbitrarily which means will produce the most gratifying results. What counts is that in his choice of interpretation, as well as in his ability to carry it out, we recognize the actor's values, his real worth, as well as his skill. All the actor's technique and his special endowments are ultimately to be treasured only insofar as they serve to give a rich substance of human emotion to the characterization. All the rest is illustration, fun and games, exhibitionism.

There are actors, commonly called "character actors," who are only free to give of their most forceful insights when they are "masked"—made up, that is, to disguise their private faces. Paul Muni spent most of his youth playing old men, and other parts utterly "foreign" to him. He has never ceased to be a character actor; the mask, in his case, brings out the best in the man.

There are other actors whose appearance and manner never seem to change. "They are always the same," we often complain of them. The complaint is legitimate if we feel that the actor is doing nothing but carrying his stage personality onto the boards and is revealing nothing of the heart of the play. But the charge is not justified if the actor knows how to use himself—modulate, select, highlight some particular part of his own self for the uses of the play. Perhaps Henry Fonda is such an actor.

European audiences prefer character actors to what we call "straight" actors. Americans are occasionally delighted with the character actor, too—he smacks of the theater—but are more often a little disturbed by him. We are conditioned in our judgment of acting nowadays by the documentary nature of the films. We want to see a character plain, and tend to regard elaborate makeup or complex characterization as "ham." That is why the typecasting system is so strongly entrenched. Our insistence on the

"real" (the naturalistically unadorned) has its deplorable side, because we often get more reportage than magic, more statement than comment, more statistics than art. In the final count, what matters is not which category the actor belongs to; we must ask ourselves whether the actor, by whatever means, is creating a character who contributes to the play or adds something to our experience of life.

When I saw Laurette Taylor in "The Glass Menagerie," I saw one play. When I heard the same text with a capable French actress in Paris, it was quite another. The French actress played the part literally, so that all the selfishness, the pettiness, and a certain comically grubby conventionalism in Amanda Wingfield were unmistakable. When Laurette Taylor played the part, these qualities were still present but were transfigured by a baffled romanticism, a wounded tenderness which made that impossible mother more heroically pathetic than her disabled and rejected daughter or her escaping son. It was not simply a question of degree of skill: Laurette Taylor was more, felt more, saw more.

Sometimes an outer characterization is so clever, so engaging, that we are deluded into the belief that we are seeing a complete character. The deformity of wicked Richard III's back and the putty at the tip of his nose (plus the glint of the actor's eye) may make us overlook the fact that beyond the externals no real character has been created, only characteristics. Audrey Hepburn in "Ondine" looked lovely, moved picturesquely, and radiated personal enchantment, yet she had no inner characterization. Aside from the figure she cut, we were given no idea what it is to be an Ondine, an otherworldly creature exiled to our earth. Robert Morley was immensely entertaining in "Edward, My Son." He made an ordinary play thoroughly pleasant. But he hardly acted any of it. When he attempted to act, he was woefully inadequate. He was being a personality, entirely at home on the stage. He juked his way through the whole play.

Sometimes outstanding actors are miscast; their natures, if not their figures or faces, are at war with their roles or with the style of the play. They are to be forgiven; the producer or director is to blame. But there are times when the trouble is subtler. Laurence Olivier achieved some striking effects as Henry II in Anouilh's "Becket," but I thought his performance as Henry not only confusing but ugly. It had no true core. This puzzled me. I learned, after seeing the performance, that what the actor had attempted was to portray Henry as a homosexual deeply attached to Becket, his friend, the man who is obliged by his position in the Church to balk him. This

seems to me to have been a wretched choice of interpretation, impossible to justify in view of the play's theme—the honor of God. The play was reduced to triviality.

Other actors appear to have made a choice, possibly the "right" choice, of characterization, and they project it for all they are worth. But they do not satisfy us because we feel that they are "indicating," giving us an interpretation we may have expected, rather than allowing us to arrive at their meaning by observing their full experience of it. Their performances convey a colorful outline, not a rich substance.

But all of these are negative descriptions. What we must seek to define is the quality of greatness. I should begin by saying that we have a tendency, when we are highly pleased with an actor, to pronounce him "great." But there have been very few great actors in the history of the theater—not more than two or three in every generation. The very few who have achieved greatness have done so with acting which thrills us in terms of feeling and brings light in terms of meaning, fires our emotions and elevates our spirit, and, ultimately, achieves something like the inevitability, the incontrovertibility of a natural force. This it can do in realism, in poetic drama, in stylized theater forms, including farce and musical comedy, in hot plays and cold, in plays of artifice and plays that are "true to life."

I should like to continue with descriptions of Pauline Lord in "They Knew What They Wanted," John and Lionel Barrymore in "The Jest," Michael Chekhov in "The Inspector General," Jacob Ben-Ami in "Samson and Delilah," Chaliapin in "Boris Godunov." They would all serve to amplify my theme. But the perfect embodiment of that theme was the great Eleonora Duse. She was one of those actresses who seemed to "do nothing" on the stage. She didn't characterize in any marked manner, nor was she what we ordinarily consider a beauty, but she made plays like "Ghosts" and "The Lady From the Sea" shine with an incomparable clarity. The master French director before the second World War, Jacques Copeau, once said of her: "I was never sure I was watching an actress. I was certain I was confronted by a great moral force. She changed one's life."

In other words, she had the ability to embody the basic passions of mankind in her performances. Only such acting is what the illustrious Italian actor Salvini called "serious." The rest is only useful. It is the duty of the audience to salute the "serious" as great, just as it is its duty to learn to tell the difference between the serious and the merely useful.

Television: A Sistine Chapel Every Tuesday by Warren Miller

As the international crises multiply and deepen, our nostalgia for the past grows ever keener. We recollect in turmoil the time of tranquillity when Mary Janes were a penny and life was a long summer day during which we gazed at Toby Wing on a Dixie Cup lid, read a Big Little Book, listened to a Hal Kemp record, worried some over little Gloria Vanderbilt's plight, mourned for Jean Harlow, and at eventide listened to Jack Armstrong, the All-American Boy.

So unhappy with the present have we become, and so dismayed by thoughts of the future, that even the recent past now seems to us a time when everyone was gayer and every prospect more pleasing—even 1960. (After all, we survived it, didn't we?) As New Year's Eve in West Berlin (or *Walpurgisnacht*, as the locals call it) comes closer and closer, we may even reach the point of looking back with nostalgia on last month, last week, yesterday; and we will hear friends saying, "Remember last Thursday, when the new Glenn Ford movie was still at the Capitol and Coconut Crunch Pie was the Good Humor man's flavor of the month and..." Ah, those were the days.

These morbid thoughts were occasioned by listening to the Federal Communications Commission's hearing (or inquest) on the state of television. I tuned in just as a co-operative witness, David Susskind, was taking the stand.

I must announce at this point that I have no intention of participating in the show called "Open Season"; it is a panel program in which people from all walks of life—they may be your own next-door neighbors—throw stones at Mr. Susskind. I'm not playing that game because Susskind is one of those rare Davids who has stood up to the Goliath who feeds him and has bitten his hand. I am even one of those—and I'll admit we're not exactly legion—who thought his Khrushchev interview not bad at all. What I objected to was the post-interview congress of pundits (a pundit is a newspaperman over thirty-five who does not work for a tabloid) who had been assembled to tell all us simple folk what we were supposed to think of what we had just heard and seen.

Mr. Susskind's testimony went on for a considerable time; for the most part, what he had to say—about ratings and Philistine vice-presidents, for example—was predictable and unremarkable. Like most of the tough old TV professionals, Mr. Susskind gave the impression of having been overgenerously endowed

with innocence. Apparently he was shocked, downright shocked, when he entered Hucksterland, to find it peopled by (imagine it!) Hucksters.

One wonders what he expected to find there. Men of culture, evidently: Sarnoffs who had taken a course designed by Mortimer Adler, program directors who were Renaissance types—all this, at least, was to be expected. Susskind and his colleagues, the ex-writers and ex-directors and ex-producers of TV, present themselves as victims of disenchantment, and on their peak in Darien cry out with a wild surmise, having discovered among the quizmen only mediocrities, and among the wagon masters only frontier accountants.

This spectacular display of innocence need detain us only long enough for me to say that I don't believe it. Innocence simply serves the self-proclaimed innocents; it provides them with a way of saying, "We didn't surrender, we were forced out."

But why, one asks, is such a statement necessary? No explanation, and certainly no apology, is required of an artist who wants to try his hand at a new medium; who wants to turn from television, in this case, to movies or the theater.

Which brings us to the point in his testimony at which Susskind's voice grew husky with nostalgia. He was talking, of course, of the Good Old Days, the days of "Kraft Theater" and "Studio One," a period of creative excitement and achievement. Listening to him and his codeponents talk of that era, I had the awful feeling that I had lived through a Renaissance and hadn't even known it.

In that time, all unknown to me, Robert Alan Aurthur was painting the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel one night a week from nine to ten; and, while my back was turned, Beaumont and Fletcher (Paddy Chayefsky and Tad Mosel) were ushering in a new Elizabethan Age. Suddenly it ended. The Decadence (that old devil) re-established itself; and, sometime later, when our memory of the Old Days had sufficiently dimmed, they became the Good Old Days.

To turn to the seven-inch shelf which holds the classics of that era, to read the collected works of the writers of the Great Age, is to be brought jarringly back to reality. There is nothing like Chayefsky's preface to his "Television Plays" to clear the head of the haze of memory. Lines like "Philco-Goodyear expects a certain amount of artistic effort" work wonders on congested passages. Three out of five New York

doctors recommend it.

Common to all but one of these writers (Gore Vidal is the exception) is a total commitment to the notion that ordinary men in ordinary situations—"Ernie, you haven't grown with the business!"—is the very stuff of great drama. Chayefsky lists them: "... your father, mother, sister, brothers, cousins, friends"; these, he tells us, "are better subjects for drama than Iago."

No one, of course, is demanding a Shakespeare; all we are looking for is a writer of consequence. Television has yet to produce him. Along with a common belief in the ordinary, the TV writers also share a painful lack of that genius which brings to the ordinary the insights and gifts of language needed to raise it to the level of art. The necessary transformation never takes place.

We have heard a great deal about the keen ears of these writers; Chayefsky, especially, has been applauded for the tape-recorder accuracy of his speech. Shall we examine this, you and I? Let us, then, bear in mind J. M. Synge, who, before writing "The Playboy of the Western World," went to the Aran Islands and, through a chink in the floor of his room, listened to the speech of the servants in the kitchen below.

What was Chayefsky listening to? What inspired lines like:

George, have one of these cookies. Naomi just made them right out of the oven.

We can only conjecture; but my guess is that it was "The Goldbergs" he was listening to. And what Abbey Theater short course did he take to tune his ear to the language of the Irish? Was it a cram course, with Morton Downey as teacher, that produced such speeches as:

He was struck down in the prime, and what will his family do? He left behind him only a pittance of insurance, which has gone into the rental of the hearse and a plot of grave.

"A plot of grave" is very good; it teases the mind with possibilities for further invention: a jot of title, a flot of jetsam. Cleverly packaged, it could become a popular game at adult parties.

As if this were not enough, there is a shocking immodesty in the claims of these writers for themselves and for their infant medium. One writer tells us that in a given year there were five TV plays (which he does not name) that were better than anything Broadway had to offer. Another asks us to believe that this "infant medium" has achieved a "maturity which . . . surpasses the standards set by motion pictures over the past forty-odd years." Rod Serling, who is now on the Coast trying to scare us with old ghost stories, was moved

to write of his own play, "Patterns": "As to the play—it was good, perhaps better than good."

Gore Vidal invites us to join with him in the illusion that he has caught and changed every bad line, because "every badly written line reverberates like thunder in my head when I hear it spoken by an actor." Vidal's "Death of Billy the Kid" contains lines that should have set his skull to resounding like mad. What should have been as simple and moving as a ballad contains Hollywood set pieces like this one:

No, it's not the law you want him for, Pat . . . it's for yourself.

For myself?

Because you're afraid of him, because he is all that you would like to be, because you think by killing him you'll be the larger man . . .

If memorable moments ever emerged from these TV dramas, it is, in the main, the actors and directors we must thank. Most of the work was left to them. Serling's "Patterns" is a case in point; at the play's most crucial moment, words fail Mr. Serling. Speech, which is all a writer has to work with, is replaced with stage directions:

Something happens to Andy at this one moment. I have to describe it this way: His guts cave in. His pride . . . oozes out in a flood tide. His manliness collapses . . .

It is as if the author of "Hamlet," which was also a good play—and perhaps better than good—had inserted the following directions:

I have to describe it this way: Hamlet is suddenly stricken with indecision. He is wondering whether he should take the knocks or fight his troubles. The actor must indicate that he is thinking about suicide. The director should find some means of showing that conscience is making Hamlet cowardly.

Along with the fantastic claims made for their medium, nearly all of these writers register their protests against censorship. Chayefsky declares that you cannot write about "almost anything that relates to adult reality." When writers start protesting that it is censorship that holds them back and thwarts the full flowering of their talents, there ought always to be someone present to remind them that Tolstoy and Turgenev and Dostoevski produced some rather nice little things—and perhaps better than nice—under a censorship more savage and senseless than any existing anywhere today. Talent will find a way, if it is there.

It was there, but only to a very modest degree. Reginald Rose gives us an honest estimate; television provides the writer with a

means, he says, of earning a living "while learning his craft." Mr. Rose—refreshingly—does not consider himself a master. He knows that the amateur enjoys a great freedom: experiment. Much more than any of his colleagues, he has attempted to exploit this new medium, to advantage himself of the technical possibilities of camera and sound. His fantasy, "The Incredible World of Horace Ford," is confused and badly worked out; yet it is, in my opinion, the best play ever written for television. It is literate, imaginative, and original; and it is unfortunate that he and the other television writers have not pursued the rich vein of fantasy further.

I think that we need more amateurs with a sense of their amateur status; more writers bearing the knowledge that no art form ever reaches the end of its possibilities. TV drama has

racked up a record, of sorts, in one decade: it has achieved "maturity" (like "passing on," this is a genteel word for "death"). Playwrights and painters, sculptors and composers, working in forms that are thousands of years old, still continue to struggle, to push on to the new territories that are always beckoning. The TV writers are ready to submit to the Carbon 14 test; they have become fossils without ever having truly lived.

Nostalgia has euchred us into an absurd position. We find ourselves with a strange ally, the FCC, demanding a return to something that wasn't very good to begin with. I suspect we spent the Good Old Days of television longing for the Good Older Days of television; I suspect that during the commercials a lot of people were saying, "Remember Uncle Miltie? Ah, those were the days!"

Music: Leontyne Price Onstage

by Vincent Sheean

Leontyne Price happens to be an American Negro born in Mississippi, and this circumstance has added nonmusical elements of interest to her career. These need not concern us; the singers of the past, for the most part, also had modest origins (think of Caruso or Emmy Destinn, for example). What does concern us is her voice and what she does with it in that mysterious composite called an opera performance.

I heard Price for the first time at the Metropolitan in "Il Trovatore" in the midst of the great blizzard of Saturday afternoon, February 4, 1961. Struggling through the polar wastes of the empty streets, I reflected that I was likely to have the whole theater to myself; not many would undergo this ordeal to get there. But on arrival I found a seething mob, a good part of which had no hope of getting into the sold-out house. From her first entrance, Price was mistress of the stage, both vocally and dramatically, and by the end of the afternoon I found myself wishing that poor old Verdi, who never could get a singer to do anything right, had been alive to hear her performance.

She did not come to the Metropolitan unprepared or unknown. She had been singing in the leading opera theaters of the world, but it was at the Metropolitan that I heard her first. Thousands apparently felt, as I did, that what we were hearing and seeing verged on the impossible; in view of her origins, we could hardly believe that this ultra-Italian and supremely Verdian creation could be what she was. I found myself being reminded of singers who

had not been heard for decades—Rosa Raisa, Claudia Muzio, artists of my youth—and then wondered, as we all must, whether memory plays tricks in such matters. But then, was not Rosa Raisa by birth a Russian Jewess, and was she not also the most Italian of artists on the operatic stage? This kind of bewilderment befalls those who hear Price for the first time, and, as I have suggested, it comes from mundane considerations which, properly speaking, ought to make no difference.

In the five operas of her first engagement—"Trovatore," "Aida," "Madame Butterfly," "Don Giovanni," and "Turandot"—Price showed a versatility which is not in itself too unusual today; there are other celebrated artists, notably Maria Callas, who range even more widely. Still, from the ethereal, floating high notes of the slave girl Liù to the dramatic urgency of Aida is quite a distance, and the florid passages of Leonora are not a bit like the classic ornamentation of Donna Anna. Vocally, each of the five parts is utterly distinct from the others. With Price, not only style but the very color of her voice seemed to change with the character. As Butterfly, for example, she achieved a childlike sound in some passages which made the character seem indeed less than sixteen years old (particularly when Butterfly speaks of her happiness). Each of the five personages was thus characterized by the voice alone in a manner which, if we were speaking of painting, we might describe as the brushwork of a master.

Dramatic outbursts, strong high notes, and the like are not subject to this sort of character-painting. A high C is a high C, and it would be difficult to guess at a character by the sound of it; but the passages which hold the drama together—the crucial passages which build character—are rarely written to reach extremes of vocal display. Nor can they easily be played upon, as Price plays upon them, to build up in our aural imagination the personage the composer had in mind. (Too often what the composer had in mind during his long, solitary labor is not at all what we see and hear on the opera stage, and almost every composer has said so.) Price seems to compose each character from the inside out, so that a living being comes into existence through the music; she sings what is written in the score, and she is uncannily accurate about it. Her versatility is qualitative, not quantitative, and depends not so much on the number of different things she does as on how she does them. It is that rare thing, acting-through-the-voice, and it is essential to an opera singer of real grandeur.

Price also has the other kind of acting talent, which is the ability to express dramatic situations or emotions by means of the body. However valuable, this seems to me a secondary attribute for a great opera singer. Most of our opera theatres are too big for subtlety or suggestion. Thirty years ago, we were told that Mme. Lotte Lehmann "exaggerated" in the first act of "Die Walküre" when she pointed out, with a majestically extended arm, the magic sword which Siegmund was to draw forth from the tree. In orthodox Wagnerism, she should have indicated it by a look. How many persons in the Metropolitan Opera House would have known what she was doing if she had indicated the sword by a look? Nothing less than a broad gesture enables the whole audience to understand what is going on at that point. This is the problem of all acting in opera: it must be broad, strong, and obvious, or most of the audience cannot see it.

Miss Price had theater experience before she sang opera, notably in the revival of "Porgy and Bess" which traveled all over the world. Something of the technique of smaller theaters has remained in her consciousness. She is capable of very effective details of look and gesture which may not be altogether visible from the gallery. Her Butterfly is full of these small touches. Even her Aida, although on the grand scale, has them: she thanks Radames with her eyes for having demanded the freedom of the captives, her friends and relatives. Even if each detail is not perceived by everyone, these small effects, accumulated, give a consistent impression of the char-

acter she builds.

Her art penetrates the vastness of the Metropolitan mainly by its coherence in the larger lines, in the main intention. Thus it is precisely in the absence of movement—the classic stillness—that her Donna Anna makes its most profound visual effect. Except in the struggle with Don Giovanni at the very beginning, Price hardly moves during the opera. She walks a little at the *festa*, and uses her arms when she is demanding that Don Ottavio avenge her father's murder. Otherwise, she seems generally still, still, still. She is always intent. She is single-minded. Not a finger moves. She does not frown or smile. Above all, she does not grimace. She is living for one thing only: revenge. Yet there is a hope, at least, of joy, but it shows only in the voice. The Metropolitan has seldom been privileged to offer its stage to a performance of such austerity and beauty.

On a quite different scale, her Butterfly is as revealing as her Donna Anna. She condenses her body into a small space, her movements into the pervasive ballet of the geisha, her feet and hands and arms into a style that almost suggests a person confined in a straitjacket, her very head into a different physical, and therefore psychological, relationship to the world. She becomes a Japanese child bride of about 1900, with a candid willingness, even eagerness, for the act of love. The high D-flat at the end of the first act is rapture in anticipation; here, if anywhere, the vocalism and the acting are the same thing. (On the night I heard it, I was oblivious of the tenor, even though I suppose he must have been singing that same note.)

In Aida, there are lines in the text which take on new poignancy and depth when she delivers them—those about slavery and freedom, for instance. If she had an Amneris of her own rank at the Met (such as Giulietta Simionato), their clashes on that subject would be a revelation.

One vital and little-noticed asset she has for characterization is a feeling for the Italian language. Most of our American singers (and many other non-Italians) learn Italian parts by rote; hardly any of them can order a meal in a restaurant when they get to Milan. No matter how many teachers and coaches they may have, no matter how carefully they may enunciate on the stage, and no matter how letter-perfect they are on dictionary translations, such singers, thinking in English, cannot feel all the meanings in Italian poetry. True, the poetry in opera is seldom subtle or even good, but it contains all the echoes, associations, and subliminal suggestions of a great language. Price can put the full meaning into her words because she has absorbed them and,

to put it plainly, because she can order a meal in Milan and read the newspapers and get around the town and understand what people are saying to her, and because she likes Italy and the Italians. This constitutes a sense of Italy, and I never have understood how opera singers dare to go on the stage in Italian repertoire without it.

Generally, "acting" is hardly a word that applies literally to opera, where the conditions of work are so different from those of the speaking stage. At the Metropolitan, singers must be forever watching the conductor's baton—and not only his, but that of the cue conductor in the second prompter's box—as well as listening to the vociferous word prompter himself; it is seldom that they can afford, musically, to turn toward the person they are supposed to be addressing. To look away from the conductor and the prompters on the opera stage requires a confidence in one's knowledge of words, music, and tempo which few have. Price can sing with her back to the conductor and never get off the beat by a fraction; so can Callas.

There is another part of operatic acting which is radically disjoined from anything we know in the speaking theater. Everything done on the stage in an opera must be, to some appreciable degree, akin to the music. Slow, stately strides like Isolde's, or the hop, skip, and jump of Don Giovanni, are determined not only by the character but by the music itself. This fact cannot be circumvented in an opera house. All the Broadway stage directors Rudolf Bing has been able to entice into the Metropolitan have not overcome this fundamental rule that is so ingrained in the singer's instinct. What they have to do is almost insuperably difficult—all those words, all those notes, all those stage directions. If they were to try acting in counter-tempo to the music, they would probably collapse.

So the singers trap themselves into doing everything in time to the music. This is fatal, because within a very few minutes it will move any audience to ridicule. It tempts singers because it is easy, and it arises naturally from the task. Thus it was that Amalie Materna, fifty or sixty years ago, began to wave her scarf to the exact beat of the music in Act II of "Tristan and Isolde." Unfortunately, it became a tradition that has long been honored without question; only in recent years has the sequence been broken down into something less than calisthenics.

Price acts neither against the music nor in time to it; she acts in relation to it. She has that natural adaptability which is instinctive. You never see her flapping her elbows or nodding her head in puppet fashion. In Act III of "Aida," she throws herself into the duet with the tenor

(the "ugly" cabaletta," Verdi called it, the only thing in the opera he seems to have disliked afterward) with an abandon that is only frustrated by the woodenness of the tenors she faces. Her entrance in Act II, Scene 1, when she is abject and despondent in the presence of the imperial Egyptian princess, is wonder-



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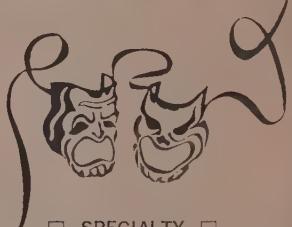
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fully in the mood of the music without being based on its metrical count.

But acting, even in all the special senses the word assumes in opera, can never be the main achievement of a great operatic artist. That must always be the *fusion* of the elements, the interweaving of many strands of ef-

fort and achievement, voice ever first but never to the exclusion of the others. This fusion includes all sorts of things, makeup and costume among them, an awareness of lighting, and an absorption in the music to the point (at high moments) of forgetting the audience. Price is not yet fully aware of lighting and its powers. Not many opera singers are. Callas has a genius for it; when she does not have, or cannot get, the kind of lighting she requires, she adjusts her stage movements to get the closest possible approximation. If the light is wrong and cannot be changed, she simply moves out of it. Under her ideal conditions of performance, the light does not follow her; she follows the light. The Greco-Italian production of "Medea," which she took to London, Athens, and Dallas, was a high example of the technique, with, at moments, stupendous effects.

This was Price's first season here, and she may not yet realize the perils of the Metropolitan stage. In her final scene of "Don Giovanni," she was placed far upstage on a platform from which she could not really have heard the orchestra. She could have seen Mr. Boehm's beat, especially since he kept it high and she has good eyesight. She did not deviate an atom from pitch or time, conveyed all the meaning of her aria, and vocalized with unequaled virtuosity, all without descending from her classic stillness; yet the lighting was wrong for her. Having been Spanish all evening, she suddenly became Caribbean, because they had thrown a yellowish light on the remote perch where she was obliged to sing. It was not a thing an older singer would have welcomed; nor is she likely to take to it a second time.

A great operatic artist (not singer alone, not actress, but operatic artist) excels by intertwining all the elements, some internal and some external, into the whole which is the creative performance. There are few such artists at any time. When the phenomenon occurs, as it does with Price, we try to dissect, analyze, and specify, but the fact is that there is something baffling in it, something beyond and above what we can label. There is a hard core of sheer genius in every such performer, the mysterious something which differentiates, which sets each apart from all others. Talent and hard work, however necessary to the singer, are not enough to explain the awe and wonder that fill us when Price sings "Il Trovatore" or "Butterfly" or "Aida" or the others. In everything she does, we have a weird sense of discovery: no matter how often we have heard the music before, she makes it seem new, and again, as has been true of other exceptionally gifted beings of the past, we are hearing, absolutely for the first

time, something we thought we had known for most of our lives.

Price, being the artist she is, will never allow her American success to separate her permanently from Milan and Vienna. She gets a higher quality of cooperation there—better casts, in general—than American theaters can afford. She is devoted to Herbert von Karajan as a conductor, and since he, too, is enamored of Italian style, they are said to produce remarkable results. (She has exceptionally long breath, and he likes her to use it for sustained cantilena, even when it is not called for in the score, thus giving a seemingly endless vocal line.) Her first triumphs in Vienna and Milan were achieved with great artists as her colleagues, and she acknowledges their help with gratitude; Simionato was her first Amneris at La Scala, for instance. She has had no such luck at the Metropolitan or at other American opera houses, where, as a rule, one "star" (or at most two) is considered enough for one evening. This weighs heavily on an opera like "Aida," which demands four or five singers of the first rank. What with illnesses from Manhattan weather, the present well-publicized union-management hassles, and the continuing financial problems, such casting is not possible in New York at this time.

Leontyne Price is only thirty-four, and it is possible for us to look forward to a series of new creations in the years ahead.

There is much for her to do in the Italian repertoire. She has just begun on the inexhaustible treasures of Verdi, for instance. The time will come, no doubt, when she will be claimed by some German works, too. This season she is also singing "The Girl of the Golden West" (for the opening) and "Tosca" at the Metropolitan, and although some of us have only a limited enthusiasm for Puccini, it will be difficult to stay away from the house where she brings those old war horses to life. For such an artist, anything is possible.

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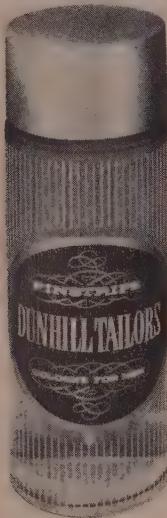
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Popular music: TOP TEN, Top Ten, top ten

by Douglas Watt

I've just been listening to the ten most popular single records of the moment in America, the Top Ten, which you can catch on the radio in the last hour of many long-winded disc-jockey programs.

This is an area of music, played at 45 r.p.m., that is created for, and often by, the very young, and I, who do my phonograph listening almost exclusively at the appropriately slower speed of 33 1/3 r.p.m., normally encounter it only in the summer months, when I switch on the car radio and get yelled at by one or another of today's nonsinging sensations. This year, I decided to look into the situation more thoroughly. Late in the summer, I bought a copy of a trade magazine, tore out a page headed HOT 100, and circled the first ten records listed. The first record store I visited, it developed, could only supply me with three of the singles: the magazine list was already obsolete. So, early in the fall, back in the city, I telephoned a local radio station

and, after being graciously supplied with a new and almost totally different list, bought seven more records and piled them up on the turntable in this order, following the radio station's lis-

- "My True Story" (The Jive Five, Beltone)
- "Take Good Care of My Baby" (Bobby Vee, Liberty)
- "Michael" (The Highwaymen, United Artists)
- "Does Your Chewing Gum Lose Its Flavor (on the Bedpost Overnight)" (Lonnie Donegan, Dot)
- "Hurt" (Timi Yuro, Liberty)
- "Look in My Eyes" (The Chantels, Carlton)
- "Little Sister" (Elvis Presley, Victor)
- "Last Night" (Mar-Keys, Satellite)
- "Bless You" (Tony Orlando, Epic)
- "A Little Bit of Soap" (The Jarmels, Laurie)

Playing the lot through at on

tting, I learned several things
ght off:

(1) The Top Ten represent the
orts of ardent, primitive vocal
nd instrumental groups, shrewd
rofessional ones, and combina-
ons of both;

(2) Rock and roll is a very
ose term signifying, in the
ain, a clattering performing
yle rather than a particular
ind of composition, and al-
ough there is a lot of rock and
oll in the Top Ten, there are
ther styles, too;

(3) The kids are as susceptible
o sentimental expressions of un-
equited love as they were in my
ay, and the commonest word,
ide from "love," seems to be
cry";

(4) Most of the time, the in-
trumental force consists of a
small band in which the percus-
sion is dominant;

(5) A good many of these
works are, to borrow a phrase fa-
vored by reviewers of serious
music, "not easily accessible."
This is primarily because the vo-
cal soloists substitute fervor for
ing ability and simply can't
peak English properly. (I had to
listen to half of the Top Ten many
imes over before I was able to
cipher the elementary lyrics.)

I found "Michael," a gentle folk
ong on a Biblical subject, the
ost disarming of the works. Its
imple, eight-bar musical theme,
epeated over and over, may grow
monotonous after several hearings,
but it is, nevertheless,
taunting, and it is artfully ar-
ranged and sensitively played
and sung by a male quintet called
The Highwaymen.

A quarter of a century ago, the
oung were in the process of re-
ouncing the more sentimental
ffusions of Tin Pan Alley, as ren-
dered by various white crooners
nd white dance orchestras, and
ere embracing swing as prac-
iced by bands that included
Negro musicians and featured
arrangements by Negroes. Basic-
lly, the music was the blues in
the classic twelve-bar form cre-
ated by Negroes and sustained by
hem through the first half of the
entury. When, late in the War,
the big bands had played them-
selves out and the crooners
(Frank Sinatra, Nat "King" Cole,
Ferry Como, et al.) and their
female counterparts began to
ake over, the younger citizens,
musically untrained but eager for
oot and holler, provided fertile
ground for the simple, instantly
communicated stuff that had once
een the exclusive province of
the Negro audience. The final
reakthrough came ten years
ater, largely through the efforts
of a white performer, Elvis Pres-
ley, a singer-guitarist of no spe-
cial distinction other than that he
pened up the vast repertory of
"race" music, with its irresistible

beat and racy jargon, to white
youth.

In the Top Ten under consider-
ation here, only two of the pieces
are in the blues form: "Little
Sister," a deftly constructed
number by professional song
writers; and "Last Night," a
backwoods, gutty "instrumen-
tal" played by its creators and
given extra impetus by two vocal
outbursts. They are also the only
items on the list that could be
called suggestive. "Little Sister"
is the more so; the singer, frus-
trated by Big Sister's fickleness,
appeals to Little Sister, whose
pigtailed he once played with but
who has since matured, to be
more constant than Big Sister.
The other is, as nearly as I can
determine, a voluptuary's satis-
fied recollection of the night just
gone by.

"Does Your Chewing Gum
Lose Its Flavor" is an oddity. It
is a jaunty, straightforward re-
vival of a 1924 novelty in whose
authorship Billy Rose played a
part. Then it was called "Does
the Spearmint Lose Its Flavor";
purists may be interested to
know that the extra syllable in
the new, and probably more basic,
title poses no problem for the
singer. I wouldn't be at all sur-
prised to find that other Rose
gasser, "Barney Google," making
the lists shortly.

What of the others? Well,
they're—they're, like, the *end*.
"Look in My Eyes" is the com-
mand, expressed by some shrilly
imperative female voices, of an
extremely impatient young woman
an who is prepared to stalk off
promptly unless the man states
plainly that he "lu-huvs" and "wa-
hants" her. The extension here
of a monosyllabic word through
several tones—as, say, in a Hand-
el oratorio — interested me.
It is a centuries-old technique,
adopted—probably uncon-
sciously—by a whole group of
rock-and-roll performers. "Hurt,"
a teary ballad differing in no
way from the countless self-
pitiful songs of a generation or
two ago, gains its momentum
from a strong contender named
Timi Yuro, a young woman who
even manages to sneak in a couple
of artful sobs on beat. "My
True Story" (Number One) is a
dilly, as we used to say. It is,
characteristically, a lament about
two lovers. The lovers must "cry,
cry, cry," and their names, as
nearly as I could figure out after
endless hearings, are "Stuvey"
and "Earl," though toward the
end the maddeningly uncommuni-
cative and ungrammatical soloist
states that "names have been
changed, dear, to protect you and
I." From what, I cannot possibly
guess.

The relative positions of boy
and girl in much of this stuff, I
have discovered, are those of
puppeteer and puppet. The girl
is almost always yielding, loved,
abused, manipulated, to which I
raise no objection. And so it goes

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mer is an easygoing, rocking,
conventional plea by a chap who
lost his inamorata because he
was unfaithful and wants her
back if his successor tires of her.
The other is a fuzzy-voiced decla-
ration of gratitude for favors
received, expressed with all the
passion and awe of Beethoven's
third "Leonora Overture."

We arrive, finally and ineluct-
ably, at "A Little Bit of Soap."
What this has to say is that the
title product can rid a man of
lipstick, powder, and even, in
time, perfume, but can never
wash away his tears. That's right
—soap. Washing the eyes with
soap.

In this world—subnormal or
magnificent, as you will—there is
room for an occasional bit of sav-
ing humor. "More Money for You
and Me," which has been scam-
pering up the lists, is a refresh-
ing example. For here, in an ex-
cerpt from a concert by a vocal
group called The Four Preps that
was taken down by Capitol, is a
lightly amusing satire of most of
the things that we have been
considering. It consists of sharp,
accurate take-offs on the various
groups and soloists who have
made the Top Ten, and I can give
it no greater encomium than to
tell you that here and there I have
heard it blaring from transistor
radios surrounded by teen-agers.



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DATELINE—LAOS:

Peripatetic Propagandists
by James Jerrold

The whole world may sit in judgment of Laos's fate, but the life of its people has not changed in the past two hundred years. For Laos, the monsoon rains, music, and the flow of the Mekong River establish the pace of life. The Mekong begins its 2,600-mile flow to the South China Sea high in the mountains of Tibet. Courting through China's Yunnan Province and forming the border between Burma and Laos, then Thailand and Laos, it floats the Laos' opium to market, irrigates their rice, and spawns their fish.

On both sides of the Mekong in Burma, Laos, and Thailand, the people belong to the Lao race. They know no nation. To most of them, a village elder or a priest is an acknowledged leader. Light-brown-skinned, they are charming, superstitious, earthy yet graceful. They like to sing, gamble, and make love. The Laotians have few printed newspapers, only a few transistor radios. The Lao understands best the call of the *khen* pipes. Their plaintive sound, like bagpipes in the highs, flows in deep waves. The *khen* and the songs of the *mohlam*, the wandering minstrels of Laos, evoke sky, water, earth, and man.

The *khen* is made from a series of smoked bamboo sticks of progressive lengths, placed together like two sets of Pan pipes. They are joined at the end by two half gourds held together by wax to form an air chamber with a small, circular mouthpiece. As the *mohlam* blows into the gourd, air strikes narrow metal strips in the upper part of each bamboo pipe, sounding several notes at once in perfect harmony. The sound continues as the player breathes in or out, forming a wave of music that is lingering, repetitive, hypnotic.

To the accompaniment of the *khen*, the *mohlam* (literally, "man singer") weaves a tale of love or heroic adventure, prayer or prophecy. In peacetime, Lao audiences have been known to sit for ten hours listening to a *mohlam* team made up of one *khen* player, a man singer, and a woman singer.

True minstrels, *mohlam*s follow the temple festivals, traveling up and down the Mekong from village to village. Their ballads recall great kings and bold elephants, recount how the Lao race was born when a lazy god let a ripe melon swell in the sun until it burst. Into their songs are woven references to recent events, births, deaths, and the affairs of royal personages. The *mohlam*s are both balladeers

and living newspapers. As contemporary historians, they are important in the villages, respected and believed. *Mohlam*s sing at *bouns*, feasts to raise money for temple buildings—all-night entertainments kept afloat by draughts of *choum*, a heady rice wine drunk from coconut shells. At *bouns*, the *mohlam*s may provide the background music for love courts, where young men whisper sweetly into the ears of young ladies. Or they may entertain with the bawdy wit and earthy allusion that appeal to the Laotian personality.

Dressed in bright plaid hand-woven cotton sarongs, the *mohlam*s extol the joys of Laotian life. Unabashedly graphic, their words turn around the pleasures of sex, courtship, or comparative anatomy. They recount the wonders of a bouncy wife or sing with scorn the sorrow of a nagging woman who avoids the conjugal straw mat.

There is no written music in Laos, and all *mohlam*s play the *khen* by memory, improvising as they go along. Sometimes the songs are delicate and sentimental. With the *khen* rising and falling in the background, a *mohlam* tells of a young man wooing his lady:

*Like the bird of paradise,
with its delicate wings,
you flutter around me.
Gaze on me, oh, my friend.*

Even sophisticated, French-oriented, neutralist Prince Souvanna Phouma bares his Laotian soul for *mohlam*s and *khen* music. Souvanna, who is Moscow's and Peking's leading candidate for Prime Minister of Laos in a coalition government, also has his more creative moments. In an article on the joys of Laotian music, he wrote: "Is there anything more melodious than the delightful melody of the *khen* alternating with the notes of love songs falling from young lips in the limpid night?" The refrain Souvanna likes best for young lovers is:

*My beloved is like the turtle-dove which cannot bear to be caged.
She flies away, full of joy.
Why not let the friendly bird live in your cage and accustom you to it?*

By the time the United States Information Service arrived in Laos in 1955, the *mohlam*s were a vanishing legend. At first, USIS used its traditional program of pamphlets, libraries, lectures, and movies. In the villages where films were shown, the audiences,

who could understand neither French nor English, sat entranced and demanded that the sounds and colors be played back three times in succession. USIS was operating in a land where, as the story goes, one CIA operator was sent on a secret mission to place a picture of the late King Sisivong Vong and a Laotian flag in every village of Luang Prabang province so the people would know they were Laotians and that Laos was a nation. By 1958 it became apparent that if the American aid program in Laos was to be effective, it had to be directed to the villages.

To reach the villages and explain the aims of the United States and the Royal Laotian government, USIS turned to the *mohlam*s. There were still *mohlam* teams on the Thai side of the Mekong, and USIS recruited them and began sending them around Laos. The idea was as effective as it was simple. Not only did the *mohlam*s sing the traditional sexy ballads, but they sweetened their pitch with bits about American aid, national unity, and the evils of the rebel Pathet Lao. USIS had found a way to get its message across. The appeals were basic, but they were ones the Laotians understood and enjoyed. One song:

*A Communist is like a man
who cannot make love.
He's a fox without a tail.
He wants all men in the village
to be like him.
But women, they know that's
no way to be happy.*

The *mohlam*s told the people that the Pathet Lao's politics were bad, like maggoty rice. If they took over the villages, it would be like living with a bossy wife, and no Lao needs to be told twice how bad that is. In a song urging villagers to build a well or a market place, the appeal was not to God and country. Its theme: "By building these things you will attract many pretty girls who will coo softly in the moonlight."

As the effectiveness of *mohlam* teams increased, USIS found it had more villages to cover than there were teams available, so it went into the business of *mohlam* movies. USIS now has many film packages, which are still being shown despite the poor security conditions prevailing during the cease fire. USIS film officer Everett Bumgardner, with a submachine gun at his side, drives to villages outside Vientiane, the capital, to show the *mohlam* films. One of the most successful is called "Patrol," and is the story of a village attacked by Communist guerrillas. The film opens on a *mohlam* team, sitting around an open fire, announcing the theme. Then they sing of how the Lao army will hunt down the "shadow" village from which the Communists operate.

Actually filmed in the jungles with the Lao army in search of

guerrillas, the USIS film is effective and realistic. A *mohlam* singer describes the Communists:

"The 'shadow enemy' is like a man who has married a very bad wife with many sisters. He is unhappy and miserable. His only joy in life is to make all his friends miserable too by trying to get them to marry his wife's evil sisters."

Mohlam films are now shown in packages of three, which last two to three hours. *Mohlam*-narrated films include such themes as Communist collectivization of farmland and fishing waters, or deal with the impression of a youth from a village to fight with the Pathet Lao against his own family. Other films in the group include a current-events feature presenting the Royal Laotian government position and a made-in-U.S.A. color film chosen purely for entertainment.

The *mohlam* program is under the direction of thirty-year-old Ivan B. Klecka, a bearded University of Chicago graduate who heads USIS field services in Laos. Klecka, who is now based in Vientiane, travels around the countryside showing *mohlam* films in villages and to front-line units. He also dreams up themes for *mohlam* songs and movies. When he gets an idea, Klecka meets with the *mohlam*s, and off they go to rehearse a new tune. In a day or so they are back with new songs. There is also a daily *mohlam* radio program that sings the day's events to the background of *khen* music and is played in villages through a loudspeaker.

Throughout its *mohlam* program, USIS has aimed primarily at showing how Communism will destroy the traditional easygoing pattern of Laotian life. But it has also stressed and urged support for such simple, positive acts as road and dam building, and the importance of village development. In story and song, USIS has tried to show the link between the American aid program and the basic unit of Laotian life, the village.

But the *mohlam* program is but a beginning at a game the Communists have played in Indochina and Laos since 1954, and funds for *mohlam*s are limited. Perhaps more than any other part of American policy and programs in Laos, the *mohlam* operation has succeeded because it implies acceptance of Laos and its people for what they are and what they believe in. It recognizes the character of Laos, and it presents ideas in terms the Laotian can understand. Unfortunately, the rest of the American aid program has not been directed to the Laotian village and to rural development. Instead, the United States has tried to build Laos into an armed anti-Communist state. In its basic success, the *mohlam* program underscores the broad unreality of that grand design for Laos.

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THE OTHER REVOLUTION IN CUBA

A stunning color essay by photographer Bruce Davidson and a sophisticated, knowing appraisal by Helen Lawrenson of the explosion in the performing arts and their curious role in a continuing revolution.

A CHRISTMAS SURPRISE BY WALT KELLY

From the ruler and master of Pogoland, an unusual tale of the origins of a joyous performing art.

ARTHUR SCHWARTZ AND HOWARD DIETZ

A brilliant song-writing team, examined through the perceptive eyes and ears of Douglas Watt, who writes a witty account of their lives and careers and, in the process, says most of what there is to say about the Broadway and Hollywood musical.

JOHN CROSBY

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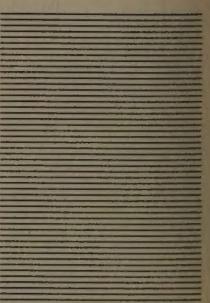
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